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about  
REALKIRK

GILLESPIE

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# ROUND ABOUT FALKIRK:

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF THE HISTORICAL AND ANTIQUARIAN  
LANDMARKS OF THE COUNTIES OF

STIRLING AND LINLITHGOW.

(Second Edition.)

BY

ROBERT GILLESPIE,

LATE EDITOR OF "GLASGOW EVENING STAR;" AUTHOR OF "GLASGOW  
AND THE CLYDE," ETC.

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GLASGOW:  
DUNN & WRIGHT, 176 BUCHANAN STREET,  
AND 102 STIRLING ROAD.

1879.

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HUGH MACDONALD'S WORKS.

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AND

DAYS AT THE COAST,

WITH INTERESTING MEMOIR.

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TO

John Russel, Esq., of Mayfield, J.P.,

PROVOST OF FALKIRK,

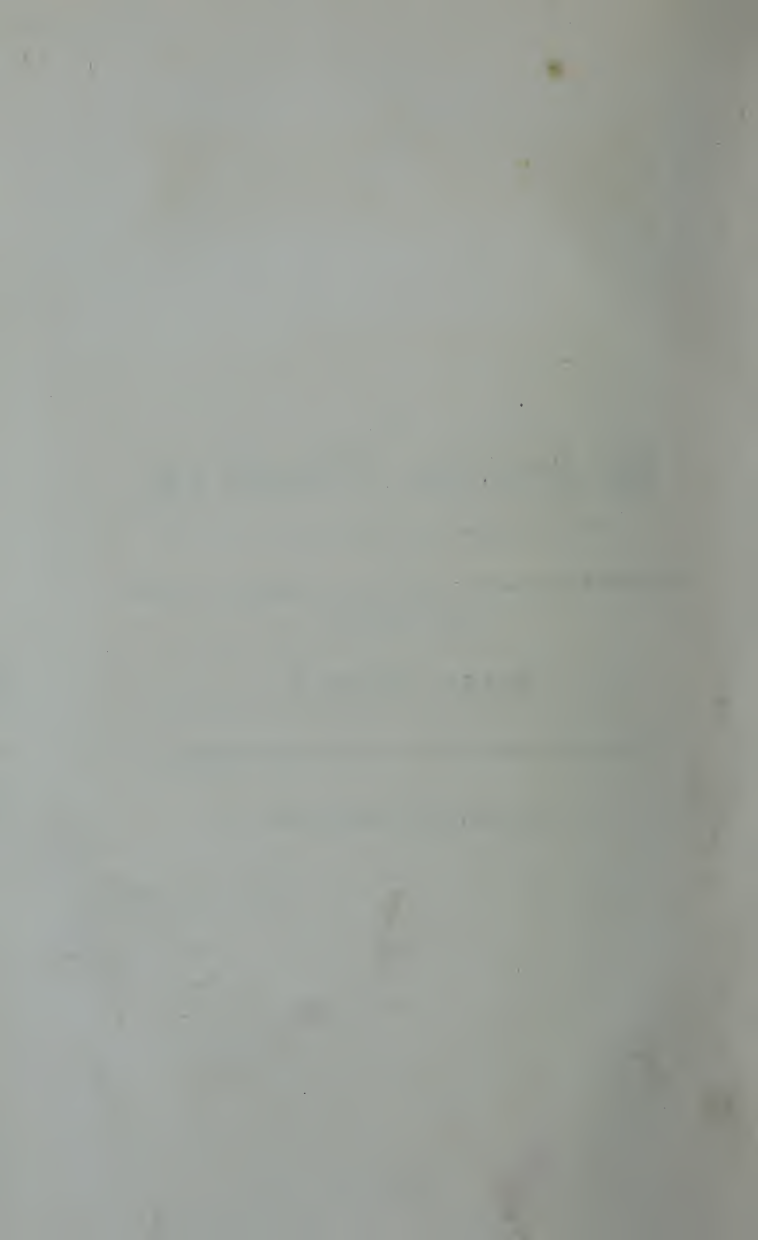
A GENTLEMAN WHOM ALL THE "BAIRNS" RESPECT  
AND HONOUR,

THIS WORK

THE SECOND EDITION OF "ROUND ABOUT FALKIRK,"

*IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY*

THE AUTHOR.





## P R E F A C E .

---

“O THAT my grandfather had written a diary!” is the heart-felt wish of thousands of the human race. A desire to know something of those who once occupied the places we now fill, and to be able to trace the changes which have occurred in the localities we now inhabit, is inherent in the human breast. Yet how few, comparatively, possess the means of gratifying this natural curiosity. My object, by the republication of “Round About Falkirk,” is to meet the desire expressed by many to get possessed of a copy of the work which has, for some years, been out of print; and I refrained from presenting it again before the public until I had leisure not only to revise the various chapters which formerly appeared, but also to bring the whole of the districts described down to date in their topographical features.

Another end I have in view, apart from entertaining and instructing the reader, is, as Fuller said, to “procure some honest profit to myself.”

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, addressing a meeting in the Glasgow City Hall a few years ago, observed, “that the land to which he had come, though small, was as full of memories as the heaven

is of stars." There are certainly few places in Scotland to which this remark may be more truthfully applied than to Falkirk and its neighbourhood. There are objects here full of interest to the tourist as well as to the archæologist; to the mere sight-seer as well as to the historian.

I am aware that the several localities treated in my little book have been far from exhausted of historical and antiquarian ties; and I might also have given, to the interest perhaps of many, a variety of reminiscences of the great, good, and gleeful men who have shed a lustre on the place of their birth or adoption; but there is so much room for the application of local knowledge, and so much scope for criticism of authorities on the Roman and other antiquities, that in such an attempt as the history of the two sister counties one student can hardly be successful. Whatever of importance has been necessarily or otherwise omitted, I leave for some stronger-winged aspirant of the flock of our unfledged topographers.

R. G.

*March, 1879.*

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## ROUND ABOUT FALKIRK.

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### FALKIRK AND ITS BATTLEFIELDS.

IT has been said that "the very crow croaks music in our native field." But the Falkirk "bairns" may well dispense with such local attachment, in their admiration of the magnificent landscape seen from Standalane. There is not in the wide world a parallel to their valley, so full of august traditions, complete in rural elegance, and suggestive of the utilitarian spirit. Beyond the immediate foreground, in which Falkirk smokes serenely, we have Grangemouth, with its airy array of masts; Carron iron-works, blazing high and bauld; Larbert viaduct, kirk, and village; and to the west, the Campsie and Denny hills, now mottled with the gay and innocent riot of sunshine and shadow. The Ochils, majestically girdling all, and striped even in mid-summer with "Lady Alva's Web," are also in the distance, with the kingly "Ben" towering with sun-kissed peak above Demyat, Ben-Cleugh, Ben-Ledi, and Ben-Voirlich.

And what a scroll, too, of Scottish history may be

unfolded in the same martial amphitheatre ! Heroic associations, many and interesting, press upon the mind everywhere. There is not a point, in fact, upon which the eye can rest, but has been the arena of some illustrious combat. The glorious plain, when we think of it, stirs our blood like the martial notes of the bugle. But as it is our intention in these rambles to steer widely clear of the depths of hoar antiquity, so shall we also shun giving details of remote and historical military actions.

“ We have no taint of that unlovely scorn  
That sees no beauty save in things long dead—  
No sweetness in the world we live amongst :  
We feel that in the new, as in the old,  
Great deeds are possible.”

The first of the Falkirk battles was fought between the armies of Wallace and Edward I., on the 22nd July, 1298. The encounter was a bloody and desperate one—as an infantry battle, unmatched, perhaps, in the annals of warfare. We will not here discuss the disputed point as to where the engagement actually took place—whether at the “ Redding Muir,” on the rising ground east of Mungall, at Campfield, or across the ascent on which part of the town is now built, and which is said to have been covered with the troops and tents of Edward, while the plain below was occupied by the band of warriors who formed the forlorn hope of Scotland. It is, however, worth noting that the northern part of the town is still called “ The Garrison.” From present evidences Mungall Bog—extending from Bainsford (so called from an English knight, Brian Le Jay, getting slain

by his horse sinking into the morass), up to the rivulet that runs below the canal at the new Camelon Iron Works—seems to have been the *locale* of the battle; and there is a mass of testimony that points conclusively to the district round Merchiston House as being the exact spot where the Scottish army was attacked by the English forces. Many traces of this bog, which terminated at the north end of the Terrace Plantin', still remain. The word Mungal, in its Celtic derivation, means "Bog of loss or disaster," and is strikingly common in the district. Thus we have Mungal-Head, Mungal-End, Mungal Cottage, Mungal Mill, and Mungal Bog, all of which point to the existence at that time of an extensive morass, impassable to cavalry. Terrace Plantin' is an elevated circular plantation, with a series of deep trenches on the slope of the eminence; and from its formation it would appear to have been the best fortified part of the field. Round Plantin' was a two-acre clump of trees that stood at the Bainsford end of the fortifications, but these were totally rooted up a few years ago. We must also add that the utilitarian farmer has lately been levelling and clearing the field on the north of Merchiston for crop cultivation, and whoever would see openly the last "landmarks" of the battle of 1298 must hurry at once to the ground. But your hand, our respected and enterprising agriculturist! We have a whisper to make. By this utilising step of yours you are grieving the heart of many patriotic "bairns." Like a true Scotchman, do have some trifle of veneration for even a hillock associated with one of

our country's most memorable battles. We say no more, because you are, in spirit, no mercenary vandal.

“ Time to me this truth hath taught,  
’Tis a truth that’s worth revealing,  
More offend from want of thought  
Than from any want of feeling.”

Northwards from the morass, which the canal now intersects, is a level plateau, stretching towards the Carron. The Scottish army, numbering about 30,000, protected by the morass in front, were drawn up in four orbs, with archers between them; while Comyn, with a thousand cavalry, occupied the rear. All was in order for prompt action in battle, but a dispute arose amongst the three Generals, who should lead the van; when the English put an end to the controversy by charging swiftly forward. The traitorous Comyn, however, with the bulk of the Scottish cavalry, instantly turned bridle, and rode off the field. And then, alas! the elegiac sequel. Edward’s “foot,” comprising archers and slingers, proved too many for the Scottish schiltrons. Wallace was utterly defeated, and with the pitiful remainder of his army had to beat a hasty retreat to the *Oakhall* at Torwood, which gave Edward once more the sovereignty of Scotland south of the Forth. What made the terrible massacre of Wallace’s followers all the more sad and appalling to him was the irreparable loss of his dear compatriots, Stewart and Graham. A short distance to the north-east of the town, in a locality called “The Bottom,” stood until recently an old yew, which, *according to tradition*, marked the spot where the latter gallant hero fell.

Blind Harry, the minstrel, in his well-known romance, has done ample justice to the knightly prowess and herculean strength of the great Saxon monarch ; but as yet we have had little notice taken of Wallace's more remarkable military genius, which qualified him so pre-eminently for the leadership of a down-trodden and bitterly-exasperated people.

At Wallace Ridge, a pillar ten feet high marks the spot occupied by the noble warrior and a portion of his troops the day previous to the arrival of the English from Linlithgow. On the north side of the stone is inscribed, "Hic stetit, 11 die Auguste, A.D. 1298 ;" while on that facing the south, "Erected to the memory of that celebrated Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace, 3rd August, 1810." A rather good story is told of the original slab, which stood a short distance to the west. Some local collier, as the legend goes, coolly took the block from its hallowed place, and made a hearthstone of it ; but every night thereafter the bagpipes began to skirl, and created such a din that the whole neighbourhood became alarmed, fancying that an army was advancing. The result was the compunction of the collier, and the restoration of the slab to its former site.

South Bantaskine was undoubtedly the field of the Jacobite rebellion. There are, in fact, many still living who can speak of certain incidents of the battle, which they heard related by those who were its eye-witnesses. The blood-lettered story is not yet so very old. It was on the 17th January, 1746, that Prince Charlie, with his brave Highlanders, here scattered and routed the English dragoons,



notwithstanding their fresh garlands from Fontenoy. We append a brief, and, to the best of our ability, a comprehensive summary of the leading incidents of the engagement, which was short and sharp. Prince Charlie's army—a motley band of some 4000, many of whom were chiefs of the northern clans, with their vassals and retainers—getting safely across the Carron at Dunipace, from their rendezvous at Bannockburn, took possession of a hill to the south of the town, as already described, with the view of attacking the royalists from this point. The Hanoverian troops, numbering somewhere about 5000, were at this time encamped in the valley to the north; not dreaming, certainly, of any present encounter with the Gallic-bolstered Jacobites, but simply resting there on their march from Edinburgh to the relief of Stirling Castle. Judge, then, of the commotion and surprise in the Royal camp when the alarm was given, at noon, that the rebels were advancing—news that all the more strikingly threw the royalists into excited disorder on account of General Hawley's temporary absence from the field, enjoying the hospitality of the Countess of Kilmarnock at Callendar House. Hawley, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in place of Sir John Cope, beaten at Prestonpans, had an infinite contempt for the “Highland militia,” as he was pleased to call the Young Pretender's troops, and for a time cavalierly treated the challenge of the Jacobites. At length, however, he was brought to a sense of the exigency of affairs; and leaving the hospitable table of Lady Kilmarnock in excited haste, he galloped up

to his troops with head uncovered, and otherwise in *deshabille*. The dragoons rode up a narrow lane, still known as Maggie Wood's Loan. The foot followed with a similar show of promptitude and pluck; and the artillery, consisting of ten pieces, came last of all, driven by a band of local carters, who, with their horses, had been hastily pressed into King George's service. Whether from accident or dragging design, the artillery stuck in a swampy spot at the end of the Loan, beyond all power of extrication; and the drivers then, cutting the traces of their horses, galloped back to the town. Prince Charlie saw his opportunity. Down upon the Hanoverian army the Highlanders brought their broadswords and guns with deadly execution. A violent tempest of wind and rain from the southwest also greatly favoured the rebels—the bitter hurricane pelting right in the face of the royalists prevented them from directing their return volleys with anything like accuracy and effect. About three in the afternoon we find the armies standing some hundred yards apart. The dragoons now get the order to advance and meet the Highlanders sternly, sword to sword. At such a game, however, they soon find themselves on the losing side; and, quick almost as thought, several companies perform the "wheel" evolution, and, putting their spurs sharply to the flanks of their horses, gallop with life and death haste from the field. By such a retreat, the left wing of the Hanoverian army was left entirely open to the hot fire of the rebels, and, by a flank manœuvre on the part of the latter, was thoroughly broken and scattered. It need not

be added what party kept possession of the ground. The loss, however, on both sides was close upon 300.

Campfield was, without doubt, the ground upon which Hawley and his troops encamped. Surprised by Prince Charles, and not having time to strike their tents, the royalists burned them to the ground, which may account for short pieces of tent poles, ironshod at ends, having been got at Grahamston Foundry, during excavations a few years ago. The wood of one of the relics, which has suffered less from the teeth of time than the others, measures 15 inches in length, and the iron into which the wood is inserted is nearly 5 inches long and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches in diameter, tapering to a point. These seem to be the remains of tent poles, broken off at the surface of the ground in the hurried breaking up of the camp. Other interesting relics in the shape of cannon balls have been found at former times somewhat further south ; also, a hammer of a peculiar form, supposed to have been used in wedging up the field pieces.

After the battle Charles was conducted by torch-light to a lodging which had been provided for him in the house of a Mrs Graham, the widow of a physician, a Jacobite, and a woman of superior intelligence and manners. This house, which stands opposite to the steeple, was then the best in the town ; but, according to the fashion of the times, the best room, and that in which Charles was obliged to dine and hold his court, contained a bed concealed within folding-doors.

During the short stay of the Highlanders, they treated the inhabitants with extraordinary lenity, on account of their connection with the Earl of Kilmar-



nock, and the readiness which they displayed in serving the cause of the Prince. But this general forbearance was not without exceptions. A small party, on the day after the battle, laid violent hands on a flaming Jacobite named David Watt, then the principal innkeeper in the town, brought him out to the street in front of his own door, and, setting him down squat upon the causeway, deliberately eased his feet of a pair of new shoes with silver buckles. He protested his Jacobitism to save them; but the spoliators, perhaps accustomed to such shallow excuses, disregarded his declaration, ironically observing, "Sae muckle ta better—she'll no grumble to shange a progue for ta Prince's guid." It is added that David's principles were a good deal shaken by this unhappy incident.

At the close of the engagement a large trench, it seems, was dug, into which not only the dead but the dying were unceremoniously consigned. One of others—a poor native of Skye—was relentlessly dragged to the edge of the pit. He earnestly entreated his burialists to spare him to his friends. "Jist gang in wi' quiet," was the cool reply, "for ta Prince may be angry." Amongst the royalists killed was Sir Robert Monro of Foulis, who, deserted by his regiment, gallantly fought for life against tremendous odds. His body was buried in the churchyard of Falkirk by the Macdonalds, who, with all their Jacobite infatuation, could not leave the bloody scene without paying that mark of respect to the valour of a noble soldier.

But how different the disastrous and fatal issues

of Culloden ! Poor ragged scion of a line of kings ! The darling hero, too, of many a mournful song. Pitiful, truly, his mad and fruitless career ! Hither and thither he flies—from mountain heath to hamlet and city—more in need, one would think, of shoes for his feet than a crown for his head.

“ Oh ! by his bonnet’s faded plume,  
His plaidie rudely torn,  
He seems some weary traveller  
Deserted and forlorn.”

The Pretender’s Well is still to be seen in the Blackneyhill Wood. The water lies in a mossy basin at the foot of a larch.

Like the oak which Tennyson found garrulously given—a babbler in the land—the wells of Falkirk furnish many an interesting story. The old Cross Well, which was built by the Earl of Callendar, must have been a somewhat imposing ornament. A “lion,” from whose throat ran a plentiful supply of good water, faced the street ; while another, on the apex of the building, bore a shield with the family arms. Here on one occasion, when riding the fairs of Falkirk—the tenure by which the vassals of Callendar held their feus—the Earl drew up the pageant, and with a “quaich” of the well water, drank a bumper to the local wives and bairns. Then there is Christ’s Well, or what is now called Greenhorn’s Well, to which flocks of invalids in the olden times were wont to resort for the virtue of its medicinal waters. And its situation, before utilitarian demands bereft it of its sylvan shade, was exceedingly picturesque. The well lay in a little nook, thickly covered

with bushes and wild-flowers; while the streamlet which flowed from its copious fountain sported and sang down a miniature glen. On the 12th June, 1628, a number of persons, it would appear, were brought up before the Kirk-session on the charge of going to Christ's Well—now a small trough of water at the base of a stone dyke—on the Sundays of May, “to seek their health.” The record says:—“And it is statute and ordained that if any person or persons be found superstitiously and idolatrously, after this, to have passed in pilgrimage to Christ's Well, on the Sundays of May, to seek their health, they shall repent in *sacco* and linen three several Sabbaths, and pay twenty lib., *toties quoties*, for ilk fault; and if they cannot pay it, the Bailies shall be recommended to put them in ward, and to be fed on bread and water for aucht days.” The Minister's Well, which is still to be found in a circular recess at the foot of the old glebe, has associations even more sacred in its history, having been the consecrated fountain from which the monks of the eleventh century drew their supplies of “pure water.” Of Marion's Well there is scant record. According to tradition, it got its name from Marion Livingston—a nun of the house of Callendar, who, in the performance of the sacerdotal vow which kept her from the world, visited the well at intervals, and used its soft waters as a pediluvium. The original well which was built round with stone, stood at the bottom of the Cladden's Brae, on the bank of the East Burn. It was further protected by a circle of upright slabs—the great resting-place of the water maids, and the scene

of many a happy "touzle" as the stoups or pitchers were sent rolling and rattling down into the brawling brook. And ever since little Rachel at the well of Haran met her suitor Jacob, who there and then opened an interesting courtship by assisting the fair one to water her fleecy flock, the public fountain, strange to say, has been a favourite trysting-place with the world's Romeos and Juliets. Within the Callendar wood there are several old well-fountains, over which the "bairns" for many years held a right. The stintmasters, however, parted with the "heirship" for a petty consideration.

But what of the old Churchyard? Another spot, truly, of deep historic interest. Here lie the remains of two illustrious knights. One of these was Sir John the Græme—the bosom friend of Wallace. Surrounding the four blocks of stone over his grave there is now a cast-iron railing, surmounted by a Gothic cupola, and which unites in the centre with a gilded coronet and the Scottish lion rampant. North and south is the family crest, with the words "Ne oubliez;" east and west, a shield with the motto, "Virtus vivia post funera." But a closer inspection must be made within. On the topmost of the grave-stones may be read the following Scottish inscription:

"Heir lyes Sir John the Grame, baith wight and wise,  
Ane of the cheefs who reskewit Scotland thrise;  
Ane better knight not to the world was lent  
Nor was gude Grame, of truth and hardiment."

Below, on a raised tablet, are also the Latin lines—

"Mente Manuque Potens Et Vallæ Fidvs Achates  
Conditur Hic Gramvs Bello Interfectvs Ab Anglis.  
22 Julii Anno 1298."

Or literally—"Here lies Græme, strong alike in head and hand. The faithful friend of Wallace. He was slain in battle by the English, 22nd July, 1298."

When Cromwell's soldiers were here, one of the officers, who was anxious to know the meaning of the above, was, however, furnished with the following translation by James Livingstone, the parish schoolmaster:—

"Of mind and courage stout,  
Wallace's true Achates,  
Here lies Sir John the Grame,  
Felled by the English baties."

There is another edition of it in "Watson's Historical Collection," London, 1657—

"Here lies the gallant Graham,  
Wallace's true Achates,  
Who cruelly was murdered  
By the English baties."

The word "Batie," signifying "Dog," seems to have been contemptuously aimed at the "Round-heads."

Over the tombstone there has lately been fixed a well-executed casting of the two-handed sword used by the hero on his last warfield. The following are its inscriptions. On one side of the blade:—"Casting of the sword used by Sir John de Græme at the battle of Falkirk, 22nd June, 1298;" and on the other side:—"Cast at Falkirk Ironworks, 3rd May, 1869, from the original in the possession of the Auchterarder No. 46 Lodge of Freemasons." The length of the sword over all is now 5 feet 4 inches, and of the blade 4 feet. But as it was originally 6 inches



longer, the extreme length, at one time, would be 5 feet 10 inches.

The other brave soldier sleeping here is Sir John Stewart of Bonkill. A plain, coffin-shaped block of stone, however, is all that marks the grave of him who did even more for his country than the patriot Græme. Inscribed on its rugged face are the words—"Here lies a Scottish Hero, Sir John Stewart, who was killed at the battle of Falkirk, 22nd July, 1298." It is supposed that the body lies a few feet to the south or west of the present position of the stone.

In memory of Sir Robert Monro, 27th baron of Foulis, and his brother, Doctor Monro, who were both killed at Falkirk, we have a really handsome monument. On the side facing the north, there are such emblems carved as muskets, cannon, flags, drums, &c. On the south are the family arms, with the motto, "Dread God." On the west there is a Latin inscription, of which the following English translation is given on the side facing the east:—

"Here lies interred the body of Sir Robert Monro, of Foulis, Knt. and Bar., Colonel of a Regiment of Foot. The life he had spent in the Parliament and Camp with honour, he lost in the cause of Liberty and Religion, near Falkirk, on the XVII. of Jan. mdccxli., aged lxii. years. As long as history narrates the battle of Fontenoy, his courage and conduct on that day, in the command of the Highland Regiment, will be remembered. Sincere and active in the service of his friends—humane and forgiving to his enemies—generous and benevolent

to all, his death was universally regretted, even by those who slew him.

“With Sir Robert Monro was killed his brother Doctor Duncan Monro, of Obsdale, aged lix., who, unarmed, would not forsake his wounded brother.”

About four yards to the south-east of Monro’s tomb, there is a flat stone, with the following inscription:—

In memory of  
William Edmondstoune,  
of Cambuswallace,  
Captain-Lieutenant in  
the XXVII. Regiment of Foot,  
who  
bravely fighting  
in defence of his King,  
and of the liberties,  
Sacred and civil,  
of his country,  
fell  
in battle, near Falkirk,  
the XVII. day of January  
MDCCXLVI.,  
Aged xxxii. years.

Close by the east gate of the burial-ground may be seen the tomb, now sadly dilapidated—in fact, quite sunk in dust and rubbish—of the old Laird of Abbotshaugh. It contains a long inscription, purporting that it is erected to the memory of Patrick Muirhead, of Rashiehill, in 1723. Rashiehill was rather a considerable man in his day, and like a

number of the neighbouring gentry, had his town residence at the east end of the town, where *Rashie-hill Close* still preserves his name. Connected with the funeral of the worthy squire there was a somewhat amusing incident. Although the distance from Abbotshaugh to the Churchyard is little beyond a couple of miles, it was two days after the corpse had been removed from the house ere it reached the scene of interment. On the afternoon that had been fixed for the burial, the funeral party, *en route* to the grave, got "jolly" over the customary refreshment, and the corpse, which was being carried shoulder high, was necessarily left in a "half-way house" till the following afternoon. The morrow, however, brought with it a drifting snow-storm, and thus the funeral party were again prevented from proceeding on their burial errand. The third day the churchyard was safely overtaken, and the poor old laird entombed with a reverently murmured "Peace to his manes!"

But we must be going, and leave unnoticed many tombstones that arrest the eye and touch the heart.

"'Tis an old, old grave; the snows and rains  
Of a hundred years have left their stains  
On the broken slab, which some kind hand  
Has pieced with an iron bolt and band,  
Long since,—for the headstone leans awry,  
Like a wheat-sheaf when the wind sweeps by."

This old burying-place, as well as the other grave-yards in the burgh, have been compulsorily closed for a number of years, provision for interments having been made by the opening of the new cemetery at Camelon—a spot, as Shelley said of the



Protestant burying-ground at Rome, lovely enough to make one in love with death.

Had our space permitted, several good stories might have been given of the sextons of the town. Robert Hannah, who for nearly half a century exercised the trade of gravedigger in the burial-ground attached to the Secession meeting-house, had many of the professional peculiarities of his tribe. For instance, Robin would exert himself in accommodating a good person, or one for whom he entertained sentiments of friendship, and proportionally grudged his labours in behalf of persons comparatively worthless. Somebody one day remarked to him that the sod upon a particular grave was very fresh and green—"Ay, it's a bonnie turr," he observed, emphatically; "but it's a pity to see it putten down on the tap o' sic a skemp." On another occasion, some one observed him suddenly stop in the newly begun work of forming a grave, and take his way towards the place where his implements were deposited, from which he selected one, and then returned, with a peculiarly happy expression of face. On being questioned as to his motive for so acting, he answered—"Od, he was sic a fine chiel (meaning the person for whom he was digging the grave), that I jist thocht I would howk his grave wi' the new spade."

Regarding the Parish church and its tower of mediæval times, a volume might be written. The old kirk, it is said, was composed of patches of architecture, belonging to different periods; while the stones of its oldest portion seemed, from their

blackened appearance, to have formerly had place in some fire-consumed buildings. These, in all probability, were part of the remains of ancient Camelon—that old Pictish city having, as it is supposed, been destroyed by fire. We read that in 1166, the Bishop of St Andrews made a donation of the kirk, with certain neighbouring lands, to the monastery of Holyrood House. The present building, however, is totally without architectural pretensions; and, in spite of its Gothic windows, now pictorially filled, has a look of grim melancholy. It dates, moreover, no further back than 1811, the year in which the old edifice, originally founded by Malcolm III. (or *Canmore*, from *Cean More*, a great head), was razed to the ground. And in the course of that demolition, a most interesting relic was turned up out of the *débris* in the shape of a slab of white marble, about a foot square, bearing two inscriptions—one in memory of the thane Robert Graham, the brave chieftain who first broke through the Roman Wall in this neighbourhood, and gave the rampart the local title of “Graham’s Dyke.” The lettering ran thus:—

“FVNERATVS  
HIC DEZN  
ROB. GRAHAM  
ILLE EVERSVS  
VALL. SEVERVS  
A. C. D15  
FERGVSVS. II.  
R. SCO.”

The other inscription related to the foundation of

the monastery, and had the date in Arabic numerals—a mode of notation which was introduced into Europe by the Saracens of Spain, but which was little known until the beginning of the 14th century.

“FVNDATVS  
MALC<sup>o</sup>M<sup>o</sup> III.  
REX SCOTIA  
A. M. + 1057.”

The letter °, it will be observed, appears considerably less than any of the other figures or letters; it having been the custom of the ancient Greeks to have the omega, and indeed all circular letters, cut smaller than their companions. The A. and M. immediately before the date, are no doubt the initials of Ave Maria, and the commencement of a prayer to the Virgin, that she would bless and prosper the monastery.

In the lobby, or porch, of the church lie four life-size figures cut out in freestone. A pair rest on each of the two substantial pedestals of stone, erected on the east and west sides of the main entrance. There is the following inscription on the monument to the right, as we enter the church:—“These effigies, believed to be memorials of the earliest feudal lords of Callendar, originally lay in the south transept of the church. In 1810 when the church was rebuilt, that transept being taken down, these figures remained exposed to the weather and to injury from the feet of passengers, until April, 1852, when they were placed on this monument by William Forbes, who, as proprietor of the estates of Callendar, feels himself called on to protect from further injury these

memorials of the former barons." Two of the figures, however, seem to have lain outside the transept of the church, and they are not so perfect as those which lay within the aisle. Here there is also a memorial to the Rev. John Brown Paterson, A.M., who was minister of the church from 1830 till 1835. In the centre of the tomb there is some beautifully carved marble work; while at the side of the altar, over which droop the leaves of a few branches, stands a full size figure, pleasantly but pensively looking down on the profile of the deceased.

To Falkirk, as a town, we might reasonably give the strictest go-by. It is, in fact, not unlike the Reedham referred to by Sarah Tytler in the "Huguenot Family"—an old-fashioned town, beautiful in its irregularity, and of which that "temple of detention," the Jail, is amongst its chief ornaments. In the High Street, as has elsewhere been said, every second house or land seems elbowing past its neighbour, and "birzing yont" to get a commanding situation. The steeple, however—irrespective of what the roving rascal race, in memory, may think of it—is, to the eye, a very pleasing and graceful structure. But even some thirty-five years ago, its accommodation frequently proved quite unequal to police requirements. Mr Rue, then superintendent, and "Long Peter," his only constable, were one evening passive spectators of a free fight between a couple of carters, when a townsman passing, asked Mr R—— if that was what matters had come to at last? "Lo'd, man," was the reply, "the steeple's fou already, and, as ye ken, we've nae ither place

tae put the fellows. Sae lang as they jist thresh themselves, and dae nae harm tae ither folk, we'll quietly leave them alane." Close by the base of the old prison stands an admirable representation in stone of Wellington at the head of a noble and actionful steed. Remarkable genius and fidelity are displayed in the general execution of this massive memorial of Britain's Duke. As in all similar equestrian works, the horse, of course, is the most striking object represented; but the figure of the renowned warrior, wrought out in martial uniform, when caught eventually by the eye, alike charms and impresses with its careful and masterly workmanship.

That Falkirk is a town of some antiquity, as well as of historical note, cannot be doubted. In 1600 it was erected into a burgh of barony by James VI.; and in 1646 into a burgh of regality—these charters being still on record. The boundaries thus fixed, were, however, indefinite; but the ancient burgh extended about 400 yards to the north of the present steeple, 350 yards to the south, 540 to the east, and 550 to the west.

The origin of burghs belongs entirely to the Romans. These municipal institutions were introduced by Numa, who, upon his accession, divided the rival factions of Sabines and Romans into various small societies, consisting of every profession and trade. Towards the close of the seventh century, the most important of the Italian cities united in a close and compact body, and formed themselves into communities to be ruled by magistrates of their own



choosing. Ere long, the innovation found its way into France. Louis de Gros was the first in the front of this reform. He not only enfranchised the inhabitants of his own domain, and abolished all servitudes; but likewise constituted the people into guilds and corporations to be governed by their own councillors. The great barons followed the example of their monarchs. In the course of a few years, the practice was universal in France; and, spreading into Germany, was successively adopted in Spain, England, and Scotland. No doubt the great alterations which the Continental cities, in their internal government, underwent in those times, led to a remodelling of our Scottish towns. In fact, the charters to our old burghs are all dated about that period, and differ triflingly from those which passed abroad. Our Town Council corresponds exactly with their Senate. Their Consul is our Provost; their Prætors, our Bailies; their Edile, our Dean of Guild; and their Decurions, our Councillors. From some of our old statutes, we find that the term burgh was known in this country as far back as the beginning of the eleventh century; but the *Leges Burgorum*, or Burgh Laws, written or collected by a private lawyer at the request of David I., were the constitution of the ancient burghs of Scotland. And here are a few specimens of their enactments and regulations:—"That the magistrates and council in every burgh be not continued longer than a year; the old council to choose the new. Magistrates must be substantial burgesses, merchants, and in-dwellers within the burgh; and the best and wor-

thiest inhabitants of the town. No stranger to continue in burgh above twenty-four hours. Provost and bailies to regulate what is taken by the innkeepers from travellers. Burgesses not keeping inns restrained from entertaining travellers, and travellers ordained to lodge in inns only, and not with their friends or acquaintances." These are random extracts, but from such samples the reader may form an idea of the stock. Several of the enactments, especially those affecting the election of magistrates and their qualifications, are excellent, and worthy of more general adoption.

The site of the High Street was feued out of the "*Terrae de Fawkirc*," by Lord Livingstone to fifteen different proprietors, about the end of the 15th century, who began to build upon the rights they had then acquired, and in a short time a new town arose, superior in extent, and in the style of its construction, to the old. On one of these original tenements being taken down, the date 1513 was discovered. The building was steep-roofed, and presented its notched gable to the street. In 1606 Sir Lewis Bellendean conveyed the lands of Falkirk to his brother-in-law, Alexander, seventh Lord Livingstone, who possessed the barony of Callendar; and ultimately, in keeping with this "lordship," we read that no person durst prosecute any calling in the town unless he had previously obtained leave from the lord of the manor, who granted him a sort of feudal charter, expedite under his signature, and the sign and subscription manual of the clerk of the court of regality, which was called

a Burgess Ticket. The following is a literal copy of the only one now known to be in existence :—

BURGESS TICKET FOR ANDREW HUTTON,  
WRIGHT, 1679.

*“ At Ffalkirk, the Second day of September, the year of  
God, Jajvj and Thriescore Nynteine Years.*

“THE QUHILK DAY, ane noble and potent Earle, Alexander Earle of Callender, Lord Livingstone of Almond and Ffalkirk, freilie receives and admits Andrew Hutton, Wright in Ffalkirk, to libertie and freadome of ane neightbour and burges within the burgh of Ffalkirk, with power to him to bruik joyse use and exerce the haille liberties, priveleges, and immunities pertaining yrto; siclyke and als frielie in all respects as any oyr nightbour and burges may exerce and use within the said burgh of baronie and regalitie in tyme comeing; in suae far as concerneth the said noble and potent Earle his lops; present liberties yrof allenerlie venting and running of wyne, being alwayes excepted and reserved furth heiroyf; and with this speciall and express provisione, that the said Andrew Huttone shall use noe other tread nor calling, but onlie his owne tread of Wright, and noe other; and yt he shall concur and assist the sd noble Earle and his lops, baillies and officers in all things necessar and requisite to be done be ane nightbour and burges in assisting of them. And the said Andrew Huttone has made faith heirupon as use is subscribed be the said noble and potent Earle, and extracted furth of the court books of the said regalitie



of Ffalkirk.—By me John Brown, noy, pobliet and clerk yreof, witnessing heirto my signe and subt-ne manuell, &c., &c., &c.

“CALANDER.

“JO. BROWN.”

There are different opinions as to the etymology of Falkirk. M. Blœu writes:—“Falkirk prend son nom de sa situation esleve, car Fal ou Fil signifie un lieu eminent du mot Grec Phalos templum et Kerk ou Kirk qui vent dire un circle, de Grek Kerkos car ces anciens temples de Dieux estoient rond,” which shows that the writer believed that Falkirk was derived from the Greek words “Phalos” and “Kerkos,” alleging that Fall or Fell, signifying a lofty place, is derived from the former Greek word “qui idem significat;” and Kerk or Kirk from the latter, which signifies circular, because the most ancient temples of the gods were round. Mr Pinkerton thinks it Gothic, and in a list of analogous names, in the various countries which have formerly been possessed by Goths, he finds Falkirk and Falkenan, in Livonia, derived from the same source. Others suppose that it may have been derived from the Latin word Vallum, a wall, and the Saxon word Kirk. The derivation given by Blœu has been described as “a fantastical etymology.” Pinkerton’s seems to be too far fetched; and as regards the “Vallum and Kirk,” we could hardly expect that the name would be a mixture of Latin and Saxon. With as great propriety we might say that Fal was derived from Val, part of the Pictish word “Penval”—the name given by the Picts to the eastern termination of the Val-

lum of Antoninus. But while we are not prepared to stand to any etymon in particular, the most plausible of the many derivations of the name is "Eglais bhreac," or the "spotted church." It was so called in Gaelic; also "Eccles brae"—"the church on the brow;" and Eglais bhris—"the broken church," or, to put the latter word properly, "Eglaise bhriade." It is stated in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that "its original name was Eglisbreckk, which signifies the speckled church." Buchanan translates it into Latin, "Varium Sucellum;" and in a charter, dated 1240, the church is called, "Ecclesia de Egillisbrek quæ varia capella dicitur."

The early management of the town's affairs was chiefly in connection with water and cleansing, and these matters were in the hands of a body called "Stint-masters," 28 in number, for considerably over a century prior to 1859, when it was superseded by Commissioners of Police. This former body assessed the inhabitants annually in about £200, according to a rude method of guessing at the "means and substance" of the ratepayers. Another corporation, which has probably existed from the beginning of the 16th century, is the "Feuars," representatives of the fifteen from Lord Livingstone, and who still, through a committee annually elected, manage the property which attached to the original feus, now split up into small lots. Their yearly income is devoted to general purposes for the benefit of the town. It was this body who, in 1859, erected the late Corn Exchange—a handsome and commodious building—which might of itself have been regarded as a sort

of monumental witness of their civic zeal and enterprise. The decoration of the walls was Italian in style—a display of chaste stencilling, lightsome and elegant. The bottom lining was surmounted by a tasteful bit of fret-work, of imitation oak. The panels were of a lavender tint, with yellow moulding, and divided by harmonious pilasters with an arabesque scroll; while a frieze gracefully overran the whole. The figures represented agriculture, commerce, and the fine arts. The centre panel of the orchestra ceiling bore the town coat of arms, which had the well-known motto: “Better meddle wi’ the deil, than the bairns o’ Falkirk.” Another version of the same is to the effect—“Touch ane, touch a’.”

It was a period, of course, marked with extreme party spirit while the Police and Improvements Bill lay at the mercy of public opinion—its fate uncertain, whether it would sink or swim. Here it may not be far out of place to recall the exciting character of one of the earlier public meetings. On Friday, 1st November, 1850, a considerable crowd of people met in the Court-room, Bank Street, for the purpose of passing various resolutions condemnatory of the Act. One of these was to the following effect:—“That the Act 13 and 14 Vic., cap. 33, entituled an Act to make more effectual provision for regulating the police of towns and populous places in Scotland, and for paving, draining, cleansing, lighting, and improving the same, *is unsuited to the Parliamentary burgh of Falkirk*, and if put in execution here, *would prove arbitrary and oppressive, and weigh heavy pecuniarily on the public*; and that, moreover, it is calcu-

lated to create much local jealousy and *expensive litigation*, and therefore it ought to be condemned and rejected, and not adopted by the burgh of Falkirk." An hour prior to the meeting, a large body of workmen marched in procession through the streets to the music of a couple of instrumental bands, carrying at the same time banners and flags with certain stirring watchwords inscribed thereon:—"Taxation without representation is tyranny, and ought to be resisted." "No vote, no tax." "Let the Whigs of 1850 fulfil their promise of 1830." "The proletarians are determined to be free." "We will only support *those* who will support *us* in rejecting the Police Bill." When the polling day came, however, the friends of the Act came forward in no *stinted* style, far outnumbering its enemies; and it must be admitted that in the hands of intelligent and disinterested commissioners, it has done good work as a special sanitary reformer. Mr Thomas Kier, of Linns, was returned Provost under the new *regime*, and filled that office till November, 1867, when Mr John Russel, of Mayfield, J.P., was elected in his stead, and who has since occupied the position of chief magistrate with unceasing devotion to the interests of the burgh. Under this gentleman's guidance an immense stride has been made in various improvements in and around Falkirk, affecting the roads, drainage, and water supply. In recognition of these good services to his native town, Mr Russel was entertained to a public dinner on 15th November, 1877, and presented at the same time with a magnificent dessert service, to which there had been nearly

1000 subscribers, including numbers of the working classes. The centre piece of the epergne is of classic design, with a group of four figures emblematical of Art, Justice, Floriculture, and Agriculture, and on each side are two boys holding greyhounds in leash, and two small Cupids holding glasses for fruit. These stand on an oval-shaped plateau, with Provost Russel's crest enamelled on shields, on one shield being the arms of Falkirk, and on another opposite those of Stirlingshire. At the base are two round fruit-stands with three figures, with two smaller, to hold flowers and fruit, and a pair of flower-pots or wine-coolers, with medallions representing fishing, shooting, coursing, and hunting. The entire service consists of eight pieces, and weighs nearly 700 ounces. The work was executed by Messrs D. C. Rait & Sons, Glasgow, and cost 500 guineas. For ourselves, we only add that a man of more genial character and kindly feelings never breathed. Many men are liked; John Russel is one of those who are loved.

We also go back briefly upon the history of the political contests in connection with the Falkirk District of Burghs. In December, 1832—the first Parliamentary session after the passing of the Reform Bill—Gillon of Wallhouse, and Murray of Dunmore, were the competing candidates; when the former was placed at the head of the poll by a majority of 153. Then, in 1841, Mr William Baird of Gartsherrie opposed Mr Gillon, and was victoriously returned by a majority of 51. In 1846, Lincoln and Wilson were in the field; when the former—a man of decided intellectual mark and



senatorial accomplishments—was elected by a majority of 11. In 1851, the candidates were Baird and Loch; when the former won the day without a struggle, and kept his place until 1857, when he was unseated by the late Mr Merry. At the following general election, Mr Merry, however, was somewhat dangerously opposed by Sir Frederick Halliday, who had been a member of the Supreme Court of India, and more recently Deputy-Governor of Bengal. In his electoral address, Sir Frederick certainly showed himself capable of grasping an idea—a man of undoubted earnestness and practical insight. The present member for the Burghs is Mr John Ramsay of Kildalton; and for the county, Admiral Sir William Edmonstone, of Duntreath.

For its trade prosperity Falkirk is wholly indebted to local manufactories. In short, it derives its chief importance from being the seat of an extensive iron trade which has been developing of late years with amazing rapidity. About a mile northwards, on the south bank of the Forth and Clyde Canal, we have the Falkirk Foundry, within which several hundreds of workmen are employed, and whose shipping arcade, articles of skilful produce, and general order, are a treat to be seen. The works, now the second largest of their kind in Scotland, were started some sixty years ago by a number of enterprising workmen from Carron, and only fell into the hands of the present proprietors in 1848. From the outset their success was decided; but especially during the last thirty years the development of the foundry in its various branches has been altogether

remarkable. The buildings now cover close upon eight acres of ground, and the employés, numbering 900 (men and boys), turn out upwards of 300 tons of castings per week. Here an extensive trade is done in the ornamental class of goods, which, when bronzed, look chaste and beautiful. The Messrs Kennaird also supplied the castings for the Solway viaduct, and such contracts form but a fraction of the tonnage of their foreign orders. One of their late commands from abroad was for telegraph poles, which have taken the place of the wooden ones previously in use, and which are similar to those common in our own country. Their stock of patterns for such goods as register stoves, hat and umbrella stands, dog-inks, &c., is, without doubt, unrivalled, both as respects elegance and variety. Few foundries, in fact, have risen so rapidly into importance and fame, and none certainly show greater promise of being able to "hold their own" in the vast competitive field of iron manufacture.

A short distance up the canal bank, to the westward, are the works of the Burnbank, the Gowanbank, the Grahamston, the Parkhouse, and the Camelon Iron Companies; while at Lock 16 we have the Union Foundry, with the Port Downie, and the Forth and Clyde Iron Works. In addition to these eight establishments, there are three of recent date to the eastward of the Falkirk Iron Works, also on the canal banks. These are the Abbot's, the Gael, and the Etna foundries—the last mentioned being a branch of the Etna works in Glasgow. There are likewise two new foundries



situated close to the branch of the N. B. Railway at Grahamston, the one being called the Callendar Iron Works, and the other the Vulcan, which belongs to Mr Malcolm Cockburn, of the Gowanbank Iron Works. Here is also the extensive engineering establishment of the Messrs Blackadder. The reason of so many foundries having been thus recently started to the north of the town is not far to seek. Middlesbro' "pigs," which are now chiefly used in the manufacture of castings, are brought by steamer to Grangemouth, and thence conveyed per Forth and Clyde Canal to Glasgow (Port-Dundas); while the manufactured goods are also forwarded along the latter route to Grangemouth for shipment to London. Hence the great and double saving in carriage to the Falkirk ironfounders—the distance to Glasgow from Grangemouth being nearly seven times the distance to Grahamston. The following table, which we have just got up, by a visit to the various establishments, will show the rise and progress of iron-working throughout the district:—

			Started.	Hands employed.
Carron Iron Works,	...	...	1760	3000
Falkirk Iron-works,	...	...	1819	900
Union Foundry, ...	...	...	1854	100
Abbot's Foundry, ...	...	...	1856	120
Burnbank Foundry,	...	...	1860	140
Gowanbank Iron-works, ...	...	...	1864	300
Grahamston Iron-works Company,			1868	350
Dobbie, Forbes & Co. (Larbert),			1870	150
Camelon Iron Company, ...	...	...	1872	180

	Started.	Hands employed.
Parkhouse Iron Company, ...	1875	100
Gael Foundry, ... ..	1875	40
Port-Downie Iron-works, ...	1875	100
Forth and Clyde Foundry, ...	1876	80
Springfield Iron-works, ...	1876	20
Etna Foundry, ... ..	1877	120
Callendar Iron Company, ...	1877	80
Total iron workers, ... ..		5780

We cannot here note the other industrial works of the locality, but the chief of these are timber yards, and three well-known chemical works, belonging respectively to Messrs William M'Laren & Sons, Mr James M'Alley, and the Lime Wharf Chemical Works Company—lately Mr James Ross, by whom the latter manufactory was started in 1845.

Adjoining the Burgh buildings there is a popular and prosperous Auction Mart, which was opened by Mr Thos. Binnie, Auctioneer, in 1875. The sales, which take place weekly, create considerable stir, the fat stock brought forward for the hammer from the farms of the surrounding districts being large and varied. But we have also to notice the far-famed brewery (Messrs James Aitken & Co.'s), situated in the west end of the town. The business which has been conducted for four generations by the same family has, from first to last, been very successful on account of the excellent quality of the brew; and year by year "Aitken's Ale" continues to gain wider ground as a favourite beverage. That beer making has passed through

many stages is a matter of history. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors drank a sweet beer or mead made either from malted grain or from honey, partially alcoholised or fermented; and it was not until the introduction of hops at the beginning of the sixteenth century that any change in national preference for bitter over sweet beer occurred. For some time, indeed, the taste for mead remained, and the old conservatives of the days of Henry VIII. were those who resented the introduction of the new-fangled notion from Germany that hops and malt made the best brew. Those who had overcome the repugnance to the bitter flavour, which was first given by means of cloves, wormwood, camomile flowers, &c., to preserve the beverage for prolonged periods, were obstinate in their opposition to the foreign invader, and it required one of Henry VIII.'s sharp laws to make the employment of hops compulsory and universal.

As a further example of the importance which Falkirk is obtaining commercially, it may be mentioned that the Excise Department of London and Edinburgh have unanimously agreed to transfer the Excise office from Linlithgow to it. Premises, with suitable accommodation, have been taken in Bank Street, and there can be no doubt that the removal westwards will be found more central and convenient both by the public and the Revenue. The present turn-over per annum is considerably beyond half a million.

With a state of trade so prosperous, it is not surprising that of late years the local population has

been greatly on the increase. In 1832, the boundaries of the burgh were considerably extended and definitely determined by the Reform Act, at which period the inhabitants numbered about 8500. At the last census, in 1871, the population of the Parliamentary Burgh was 9547, and on the lowest calculation it must now be over 12,000. In 1873-4, the valuation of the burgh was only £23,487, and in 1876-7 it had increased to £29,811—the half of which increase (£6324) was in the immediately preceding year; but so briskly have building operations been carried on during the last twelve months that an additional increase of £3000 may be confidently expected in the valuation roll. On account of the influx of population, the demand for dwelling-houses has of late far exceeded the supply; and had it not been for the operations of local building societies, serious evils must have resulted from overcrowding. One society, consisting almost entirely of persons of the operative class, has been the means of forming three new streets off Graham's Road, where most of the houses are semi-detached cottages with gardens, and are the property of the members. Another private building company has conferred a great boon on the town by feuing a field which was formerly the Parish Church glebe, and erecting upon it houses and shops of a superior sort. The small estate of Forganhall, too, was lately bought for £3810, the intention of the purchaser being to feu out the property in lots suitable for workmen's houses. But the most striking of recent buildings for domestic life are to be seen southwards. The

Arnothill is already almost covered with villas and cottages. One of these latter—designed, along with several others, by a young local architect, Mr George Roberts—deserves special notice. From its mansard roof, what would simply be an attic with a part of the ceiling sloping on each side, is in this structure a fine square room about ten feet high. This result is obtained by the roof being raised at a gentle angle to a height of about eleven feet, when it becomes a flat square surface, and is surrounded with an ornamental cresting. Another novelty in connection with Mr Roberts' houses is the introduction of electric bells. Two palatial buildings have also been erected here from plans by Mr T. B. M'Fadzean of Edinburgh, one of which is the property of Mr Melville; while the other, with its tasteful tower, will shortly be occupied by the well-known architect himself. Then it is not unlikely that Mr M'Lean of Bantaskine, and Mr Stark of Summerford will join in continuing the road westwards from the eminence named, and arrange for the feuing of Bantaskine estate on the south, forward to and including the grounds of Summerford, which extend to 26 acres. A more sheltered, interesting, and finer site for villas than that is not to be found in the county. Thus, if houses are wanted in the Falkirk district, there is no lack of suitable land for building purposes. In connection with the Callendar estate alone, about 320 acres are offered for feuing, and many portions of the same are most satisfactorily situated both for scenery and soil.

Of late several important and imposing public



buildings have been erected here. Passing, with a word, the National Bank and Jail—two elegant edifices of the Scottish Baronial order—we notice the new Burgh Buildings, which were begun in 1876, from designs by Messrs A. & W. Black, C.E. and architects, the masons being Messrs J. & A. Reid, the joiners, Messrs A. & J. Main, and the plumber, Mr David Draper. The building, which has now been completed, is also Scottish Baronial in style, and pains have been taken to produce a bold and effective exterior without any unnecessary ornament or lavish expenditure. A prominent feature of the erection is a mansard roof on the south-east tower, surmounted by a highly-ornamental cresting and terminals, and with arched stays and flag-staff. The height to the top of the terminal is 60 feet. On the ground floor the principal entrance from New Market Street leads to a spacious hall and vestibule, from which doors lead to the different rooms. On the right or east side are the Town Clerk's rooms, behind which is the Fiscal's office. On the left are the Collector's room and two rooms for the keeper, who has also a private entrance from the back. The entire frontage on New Market Street is 42 feet. From the hall a stair leads direct to the top flat, and under the stair are placed lavatory and W.C., and an entrance is reserved to the Police-Office and cells contemplated to be built, which will have thus direct communication with the Court-Room. The Court-Room, lighted entirely from New Market Street, is 36 ft. long by  $21\frac{1}{2}$  ft. wide, and 19 ft. high. On the other side of the passage is

the Council-Room, 27 ft. in length by 19 ft. in breadth, lighted from New Market Street and Glebe Street—the window in New Market Street being a large oriel supported on a column. Adjoining these are witness rooms and committee room—the latter having a communication with the Council Chamber. The amount of the contract was about £3000.

Directly opposite these buildings the Corn Exchange, or Town Hall, is at present in course of reconstruction—a now much needed work, which was first moved for by Mr Borthwick Watson, accountant. According to estimate, the alterations to be made will cost about £5000; but, with these completed, the body of the Hall and galleries will seat about 1700. The memorial stone is expected to be laid in April next, by Mr W. H. Burns, preses of the feuars. The contractors are Messrs Howie & Dalziel, the joiner, Mr M. M'Lintock, and the plumber, Mr Patrick Mickel.

A handsome new church has been erected recently in the northern district of the town, mainly through the active exertions of Provost Russel. It is called the Grahamstown Quoad Sacra Church. The South United Presbyterian body are likewise building in Graham's Road, and, unlike most of the other congregations in Falkirk, their site is a prominent one. Judging from its present appearance, the edifice promises to form one of the finest architectural features of the place. In the centre of the front elevation there is an arched projecting door, at the sides of which there are columns with carved capitals and bases. Above this doorway there is a large



three-light ornamental arched window, with quatrefoil and circular openings at the top, and finely carved stone panels in the lower portion. On each side of this window there is a single-light arch-headed window. The upper or south side of the front wall is ornamented by a spire, which is square at the base, and is to rise to a height of 110 feet, being of an octagonal shape above the eaves of the church. The spire is to have eight square panels of quatrefoil design, and also carved projecting grotesques at the angle of the octagon. The side elevation, which faces Galloway Street, has five two-light arch-headed windows, and a side door leading to the area of the church. The back wall has two double-light arched pulpit windows, and a circular light trefoil opening, in which stained glass will be placed. The church, which is in the meantime only to have an end gallery, is to accommodate 600 persons. The pulpit is to be placed on a raised platform at the east end, opposite the gallery, and will have an ornamental curved railing front and an arched back, with precentor's chair, communion table, and elders' seat, with ornamental screen rail. At the back of the church are situated the session-house and vestry, and there is also a hall at the back, with the front to Graham's Road, which will accommodate 200 persons. The whole building will cost about £3300, the architect being Mr Alexander Watt, Glasgow.

In its schools, Falkirk is quite abreast of the age. The education afforded at the chief of these—where the accommodation is not less excellent than the

teachers are efficient—is sound, liberal, and enlightened, and would perhaps do credit to towns with greater pretensions. Six years ago the School Board of the burgh was called into existence under the Education Acts of 1872, and it has been of great service in providing ample means of instruction for the younger “bairns.” The schools under this Board are four in number, viz., the Southern, the Central, the Northern, and the Bainsford Public Schools. Niebuhr once said the office of a school-master was “one of the most honourable, and, despite of all the evils which now and then disturb its ideal beauty, for a truly noble heart, the happiest path in life.” The master of the “Southern,” Mr George Liddell, who has taught, and superintended the teaching, in the same building for upwards of 18 years, seems to us a genuine example of the “dominie,” whose heart and soul is in the work of his high vocation. Few teachers indeed have been more successful in training the young to the field-paths of intellectual acquirements. Here, too, the late Dr David Middleton, chief of H.M. Inspectors of Schools for Scotland, held the position of classical master for several years. It may be that some readers of these pages were, with the writer, pupils under this large-hearted and manly rector. We are silent over his yet fresh grave, whither he went lamented by a wide and attached circle of friends.

Down the “Randygate,” there is also a Certified Industrial School, which is doing an incalculable amount of good. Here, according to the statistics of the last report, some seventy friendless and outcast

children of both sexes are daily fed and educated; and not instructed simply in the three Rs that they may be wise, but also in the great principles and examples of Christianity that they may be virtuous. The school was opened in the winter of 1857, so that it has been in operation over twenty years. At intervals, however, neither few nor far between, it has been in the pitiful position of insolvency. In 1867 a splendid bazaar was got up under the auspices of those evangelists—the Ladies Bountiful, for the benefit of the institution, and which placed the handsome sum of £500 in the hands of the treasurer.

“ ‘But I’ll bid higher and higher,’  
Said Crime, with a wolfish grin;  
‘For I love to lead the children  
In the pleasant paths of sin.’ ”

Not readily could we overrate the service which is being rendered society by the domiciliary and educational advantages of such a school. The number of our orphan waifs is legion. They are abundant as the leaves in Vallambrosa, and crowd upon each other just as poppies grow thickly in the soil charged with their seed.

In September last a new Science and Art School was opened in Park Street by the Earl of Rosebery. That the building was called for will not be doubted when it is stated that Mr Wright was only able to accommodate about forty students in his former quarters, and that, notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which he laboured, his class has, since the introduction of the bonus system, occupied the first position among similar night classes in

Scotland, and out of 700 like classes in Great Britain has stood fourth or fifth. Upwards of 130 pupils are now being taught the various branches of drawing, by the talented master named, of whom a large proportion are ladies belonging to the town and neighbourhood, who find accommodation in one of the upper rooms, which is freely furnished with a variety of those classical figures common in our Art Schools. The erection, which was first proposed and energetically pushed forward by Major Nimmo, is of a plain Italian style, two storeys in height, and is entered from Park Street by a large arched door, surmounted by a pediment, and supported by two columns. The various rooms are well fitted up, and are altogether admirably adapted for the purpose for which they are intended. Mathematics are taught by Mr Chas. G. Dewberry, M.A., of Blair Lodge Academy, and chemistry by Mr Robert M'Alley. The total cost of the building was about £2700. Mr Boucher, architect, Glasgow, furnished the designs.

Even at the risk of the reader remarking of us, as Allan Cunningham did of John MacDiarmid, from his copious and minute details of London life, "This writer seems to think that he has *discovered* Falkirk," there is another important institution which we notice here—the local Rifle Corps. This fusing together of civil and military life is indeed a matter of which to be proud. And we have it on reliable authority that many of these volunteers manœuvre with as much apparent facility, and perform not only battalion but divisional movements with as great precision and accuracy as if soldiering were the business of their

lives. The annual shooting contests, while they may not be, perhaps, for the advantage of drill efficiency, assuredly do good work in banding the force together. The interest which such manly competitions ever throw into the rifle ranks is intense and general. The Ladies' Cup, especially, is always an object of keen and beneficial rivalry.

“And the power on earth that dwelleth,  
Well we know will never fail us,  
If the daughters of creation,  
With their kind assistance bless us.”

But the permanence of the volunteer movement is now a glorious fact. Few even of its bitterest enemies longer dare to call our “cheap defence of nations” a mere myth; or have the boldness to deny its *prestige* as a moral and physical power in the land. Yet it must be admitted that not a few of the more effeminate class—cowardly in the legs, though no doubt brave enough at heart—made their way out of their rifle costume almost as quickly as they entered it, their nostrils not being accustomed, it might be, to the smell of gunpowder.

Nor has Falkirk ever been wanting in “wags” and “wits.” We have heard various jests emanate from the punning brotherhood. Here is one:—Mr H.—“Very cauld the nicht, Mr G.” Mr G.—“Many are called but few are chosen.” Mr H.—“If they are not chosen they won’t be lang cauld.” On another occasion, Mr H. having lent a professor of the Terpsichorean art about £20, was rebuked by his own brother, who had casually seen the I.O.U., for his too ready and liberal spirit in thus accommodating



all and sundry in his circle of friends. "Hoo can ye ever expect, Sandy," said John, "tae see sic a sum in your hands again frae an itinerant dancing-maister?" "Leave that tae me," was the reply; "if necessary I can easily take *steps* to recover it." It is also said that a poor and industrious woman in the neighbourhood was "sair fashed wi' a guid-for-naething ne'er-do-weel o' a man," who often sorely tried her patience. On one occasion he had annoyed her beyond measure, which exasperated her to such an extent that she said to him—"De'il tak ye, I wish ye were in the yird. I'm sure the hoose would be weel quat o' ye." "I wish I was ready, woman," said he, "for I dinna get muckle sympathy here." "Ready! say ye! Ready!" replied the guidwife, "ye're ready eneuch. Just gae wa as ye are!" Then there is the story of the town piper, in the olden time, who was sentenced to be hanged for horse-stealing. On the night before his execution he obtained as an indulgence the company of his brother pipers; and as the liquor was abundant and their instruments in tune, the noise and fun grew "fast and furious." The execution was to be at eight o'clock in the morning. The poor piper in the midst of his revelry was recalled to a sense of his situation by the morning light dawning on the window. He suddenly silenced his pipe, and exclaimed, "Oh, but that wearyfu' hangin' rings in my lug like a new tune."

Of all Falkirk's gala days from January to December, none for stir and "daffin" can compare with the half-yearly Feeing-day. Let us attempt to re-



call something of the spirit-stirring spectacle. A merry crowd, indeed!—in which there is the very extreme of gaiety and *abandon*. Everywhere, along the public street, the swarming, streaming mass roar and jostle in riotous merriment. The lasses—coarse and coaxing—appear in the strongest colours of gala attire; and as they seldom get the opportunity of rigging themselves out with their “Sunday feathers,” they literally come to town on a Fair-day with their wardrobes on their back. Jolly beyond description are one and all of the jubilant throng. A fiddle, above all things, they cannot stand. Its music evidently takes their heels, just as intoxicants take their head. But when the weather is wet, the “droukit” and drunken scene is truly pitiful. Then it is that the taverns are also crowded with a roaring rabble, and from out these lower dens the country lads, “fouish and frisky,” swagger and reel, ripe for any amount of rudeness. Sandie Hay, in his hugging and kissing, could not be a whit more amorous though he were wooing Nancie Pail under the milk-white thorn:—

“And in a fit of frolic mirth,  
He strives to span her waist;  
Alas! she is so broad of girth,  
She cannot be embraced.”

But it must be remembered that manners in the country are different from those in the town. Were certain city belles—modest Flora, for example, who puts the legs of her piano into pretty frilled trousers—present to see how their rustic cousins fare at

harvest-homes, how their feelings of propriety would be shocked. Rudeness to peasant girls!

“Tut! you know them not;  
They like hard knocks, and to be won by force.”

But what of the dancing? Such an impassioned scene gives the lie to the French impeachment, that we take our amusements dolefully. We have frequently been spectators of the rustic festival; and our country cousins are *par excellence* the dancers. They are a noisy but joyous race, who seem to feel gladness more than any other class. No doubt their Terpsichorean frolic is somewhat vulgar and boisterous. We could scarcely speak of the festal hall as a temple

“Where love possessed the atmosphere,  
And filled the breast with purer breath,”

but even a rude joviality of temper is surely neither sign nor proof of an utter disregard of morality. They are indeed greatly at sea who would have the cheery and happy lot placed on the same platform with the drunken Helots of old, who were a laughing-stock for Spartan boys. Why should “The Hay-makers,” for example, be to the rustic lads and lasses, on a feeing-day, another “Danse Macabre?” And if there is nothing wrong, but something rather commendable, in a volunteer or foundry ball, why should our isolated ploughmen and their sweethearts be denied similar festive recreation? Jock and his Jenny may not be quite so deft and graceful as their more airy and elegant town cousins; yet, for all that, they have just as reasonable a right to appear upon

the boards. Many a time we have seen "the doves censured while the crows were spared."

Recently a Cockney critic gave a clever, but somewhat distorted and exaggerated picture of a Scotch feeling fair. He describes the lads and lasses as dressed out "in their best"—the former with well-groomed heads and brilliant neckties, and the latter with "staring gowns," "flaunting ribbons," and towering chignons of "frizzled wool and horse-hair." He sees, moreover, only the crowds and the dissipation, and discovers in the scene an easy and unerring clue to all the national scandal which figures in the Registrar's returns. Surely this sweeping conclusion errs in so far as it seems to ascribe too much good behaviour to all the rest of the year. The *Saturday* reviewer takes no account, for example, of the temptations which prevail at other seasons, such as the "coming through the rye," the wooing "when the kye come hame," or the gallant convoys "amang the rigs o' barley." We may rely upon it that the great majority of the ploughmen and dairymaids who attend the feeling market, and share in its exuberant hilarities over much hearty renewal of acquaintance, know very well how to take care of themselves. Not in vain have these agricultural serving men and maidens attended parish schools and churches, and been present at the "Saturday nights" of venerable and pious cottars. The writer in the *Saturday*, aiming, not without success, at a highly spiced literary performance, clearly makes too much of it. He has endeavoured to produce, in prose, a kind of com-

panion picture to Burns's "Holy Fair," and, unduly slandering our honest rustic population, has laid on the coarser colours with much too unsparring a brush.

But while we conscientiously refuse to rank the hind community with the ruffians of the "Inferno," and to regard the hiring-fair ball rooms as nurseries of lust, let it not be supposed that we are blind to the dissipation, vulgarity, and vice which are ever conspicuously mixed up with such motley gatherings. These are phases of revelry—common to all promiscuous assemblages of pleasure-seekers, where a certain number invariably hold high carnival with the glass—that we would not for a moment think of extenuating; and it would be well were recreation everywhere made subservient to the higher purposes of mental and moral improvement. But in this world there is nothing perfect; and, truth to tell, much far worse than these half-yearly outbreaks of rustic *abandon* is to be glaringly met with in general society. The social condition and character of the hind, however, must be elevated, and that by means altogether apart from even the absolute extinction of the hiring market. Already the step, onward and upward, has been manfully taken. It is a saying worthy of all acceptance, that Providence helps those who help themselves. And we have heartily to congratulate the class on the courageous, and as yet temperate attitude they have assumed for the redress of wrongs connected with their hard and cheerless toil. High in promise, too, of their future social improvement is such general

union; without which thorough banding, man to man, no section of the people can hope to make themselves a power in the land. No doubt we must at the same time regret the utter dissolution of those old ties of love and respect by which, in former days, the farm servant to his master was bound. Once on a time the two sat at the same table, and slept under the same roof. But gone are such terms of social intimacy. And recently we have had very striking evidence of the "family" disunion—the ploughmen standing out in firmest phalanx, and bodily dictating to the farmers the minimum rate of wages. They insist upon the abolition of bondagers, and the fee of fifteen shillings per week, with free house and coals driven. The masters, indeed, would sadly wrong themselves to deny the men a reasonable increase of wages. What, naturally, would be the upshot of the dogged continuance of low fees? What the result of the farmer responding to the hind in the language of the nail to the hammer, "The longer you drive me, the firmer I stand?" By-and-by, none but the most ignorant and stupid of clodhoppers would remain at farm service. And British agriculture, ever growing more and more scientific, will yet have greater need of labourers of skill and intelligence. Even now, thousands of the younger men are fast making their way into more lucrative employment—some migrating to the town, and others emigrating, with all the Scotchman's pluck and perseverance, to golden lands beyond the seas; and it is, as we have said, the really enlightened and enterprising



that so seek escape from the miserable rewards of their unenviable servitude.

But let us look somewhat closely into the principle of the strike question. Everywhere we see capital pitted against labour, and labour against capital. The very backbone, in fact, of the great industrial system would seem to have somehow got out of joint. Let us boast no more for the present of our unrivalled success in the paths of the Baconian philosophy. One of the most unhappy signs of the times is unquestionably the lamentable enmity and discord that has of late years sprung up between the workman and capitalist; and if the general trade and commerce of Britain is not to be utterly paralysed, a more harmonious spirit must at once be introduced into the intercourse of masters and servants. Assuredly they are not the pioneers of our industrial progress—sworn enemies, forsooth, to all order and prosperity—who, in the guise of benefactors of the race, strut stumpingly in public, and, with irritating discussions on the subject of wages, stir up strife and widen the breach for peace and good-will between the employer and the employed. Yet let us not be misunderstood. In France, some few years ago, twenty-eight miners of Auzin were imprisoned as felons, for simple combination with a view to raise the wages of their class; but in this country, thank Heaven! strikes are no longer put down by the influence of terror. Here, the days of feudal servitude, with their penal code and red-hot brand, have been left behind. British labour is completely free to determine its price; and we



further hold, that it is the workman's bounden duty to sell his vigour of limb or mechanical skill in the best market.

There is a specially important fact, however, that must be forcibly urged upon the ploughmen guild. They must be led to understand, that it is by the cultivation of their mind and morals chiefly, by a more general diffusion of intelligence throughout their ranks, that they can either elevate their character or increase their power.

“They sleep, they eat, they toil : what then ?

Why, wake to sleep and toil again.”

We frankly grant, at the same time, the peculiar difficulty of such an educational task. It would be no joke, the attempt to keep the hind awake over a book demanding close mental application. His work during the day, stiff and stiffening, has the tendency to make him dull and drowsy within-doors at night. Whenever he sits down by the blazing hearth, sleep potently overcomes him, unless his eyes are amusingly kept open by eerie story-telling, or by the singing of his own rude roll of ballads. Yet the effort to instruct the class would not by any means be as futile as the pouring of water into a bottomless bucket. There are many improvable intellects amongst the fustian heroes of our farmsteads, as there are also not a few of their number—sober, industrious, and provident—who nobly rise above the unhealthy influences of their bothy sphere, and, wherever they go, live as a vital and elevating power.



## CAMELON AND THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

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LIKE the sun, we hold on our course westward. From the Camelon Road, the summer tourist must step aside, first, into Arnotdale. "Oh! where is nature's simple, unelaborate modesty?" exclaimed David Gray; and here, with "a passive feeling sweeter than all sense," we are overpowered with the blaze of gay and gaudy blossoms. Still, from the exquisite commingling of colours, the loveliest, if not the grandest, of the floral beds, is that in which the grey centaury, with its richly-powdered leaves, alternates with the "cloth of gold" geranium, the blue lobellia, and the dwarf beet. Many beautiful shrubs and trees are likewise artistically set throughout the grounds; including the golden yew; the delicate Wellingtonia; the weeping gean, with its drooping foliage and bridal blooms; the gorgeous rhododendron plant; and the golden-tressed laburnum. But on the south lawn there is, perhaps rarest of all, an old Scotch yew, which was transplanted into Arnotdale from Mungahed, some sixteen years ago.

Mayfield, too, with its grounds sloping south, and sparkling aquarium, looks quite tropical. Here the eye is utterly bewildered with the emerald beauty of the velvety sward and the brilliant blooms of the

surrounding slopes and parterres. The geranium borders, especially, quite remind us of Jerrold's plots, that were tickled with the hoe till they fairly laughed in blossom. Trees, shrubs, and flowers of the most varied kind, and drawn from remote regions of the globe, are here grouped so as to yield the largest amount of pleasure to the eye. In his conservatory, Provost Russel has also a rare assortment of cordylines, maratas, orchids, dracænas, and tree ferns. One of these latter, the *assophila Australis*, has already reached a height of fully thirty feet. In quite out-of-the-way corners are likewise seen beautiful sedums and saxifrages, forming a lovely setting for the larger growing varieties of *echinocactus*, and *echeverias*, which Mr Sorley, the gardener, has dotted or massed, as the habit of the plant suggested, with an effect altogether indescribable. The collection of roses, too, is superb. And the rose is unquestionably the queen in the kingdom of Flora. It combines in its numerous varieties all that is desirable for calling up the most pleasing sensations. Look into the heart of this full-blown specimen, and mark how each petal varies in its depth of colour under the influence of light and shade. And do you want fragrance? Then visit a bed of roses in bloom in the balmy air of an early summer morning. Or do you desire varieties of tints, and these tints of the most decided character—combining all that is soft and beautiful as well as all that is gorgeous and commanding? Then you have these on the one hand in the pearly white Madame Noman, and on the other in Charles Lefebvre.

But there are several other elegant villas lying

serenely in the back-ground. Kilns, the residence of Mr John Gair, is a really handsome mansion, with a charming frontage of sward; and, in the pride of the rose and rhododendron seasons, its terraces revel in a perfect blaze of bloom. Bantaskine, too, has its own peculiar attractions. Delightful is the walk along the avenue to the mansion. Among the ornamental trees, thick and umbrageous, are magnificent specimens of the chestnut, plane, and larch. Two years ago, this old estate—than which a finer, for its extent, lies not within the bounds of Scotland—was purchased from General Haggart by Mr Alexander M'Lean, one of the most respected and successful of the younger Glasgow merchants; and since the property fell into his hands great improvements, under his own direction, have been made by way of rendering the richly-wooded grounds still more beautiful and picturesque. We cannot but congratulate Mr M'Lean upon his spirit and taste. The famous fragment of the Roman Wall, which lies immediately to the east of the mansion, has now been thoroughly cleared of the *debris* with which it was formerly filled; while a variety of saplings have been planted along the banks of the verdant ditch, now lying under the shade of a magnificent file of trees which seem to stand stately and naturally for its protection. But everywhere signs of recent dressing are seen. The house itself—externally a plain, yet most substantial, edifice—has undergone refreshing renovation; the avenues have got a shining silvery gravel from the sister isle; while the carpet-like lawns, in this dazzling day of May,

are exquisite in their emerald freshness. But now for a seat and a smoke. We adjourn under the shade of an old yew—a real patriarch—and here we enjoy a siesta. The circumference of the tree is stepped, and the result is a round of 70 yards. As we leave, news are heard of another “hostage to fortune” given by the lord of the manor. A lassie! Well, wee dooie, we drink your health. May your life be as sunny and cloudless as the day we spent at Bantaskine.

At Glenfuir, the famous ditch may also be seen to splendid advantage; and for upwards of nine hundred yards to the west, its vestiges retain the same striking boldness of character. Leaving Bantaskine, it crosses the Arnothill, and enters the gardens on the south side of the town, where a fort of considerable dimensions once stood. About the beginning of the present century, an immense quantity of stones were dug from two of these gardens, with which several walls were built in the neighbourhood. Fire-places were also discovered, still bearing blackened stains of their former servitude; while amid heaps of rubbish were found a number of fire-seared vessels of a clayey compost, and of grayish colour, about an inch thick, and upwards of a foot broad. There was likewise a vessel of exceedingly beautiful workmanship, about the size and shape of a common slop-dish. The material was very hard, and resembled red sealing wax. It bore on the outside the figures of four lions, and other hieroglyphics, with the word NOCTURNA. On one of the stones dug up, the word FECIT was dis-



tinctly traced. In another garden a fine coin was found, having on the obverse the bust of Antoninus, with the legend Antoninus Avg. Pivs. P.P. So has the present grown up upon the ashes of the past.

This once important rampart, which formed the northern boundary of the Roman Empire, was first marked out in the year 81, by Julius Agricola, who, from his genius, energy, and wisdom was entrusted with the unlimited command of the forces in the invasion of Caledonia, and was completed in the reign of Antoninus Pius by the General, Lollius Urbicus. Unlike the wall of Hadrian, which was constructed throughout of solid stone, this barrier was a mere earthen one—more of the character of a great outwork than of a permanent frontier. What Agricola did for the line of defence, was the formation of a row or chain of forts running from the Firth of Clyde to the Firth of Forth, and these certainly formed the germ of Graham's Dyke, or Greim's Doig—"the strong entrenchment." Lollius Urbicus, however, to strengthen the bulwark, utilised the gaps between the forts by constructing a huge ditch the whole length of the isthmus, and also built several new stations, so that there might be a fort every two miles. With the earth got from the military trench, which was 27 miles long, 40 feet broad, and 20 feet in depth, a rampart, 20 feet high and 24 feet thick, strengthened with stones and turf, was raised close along the south or Roman side all the way, having a platform for the soldiers; while to the immediate south of the whole was a military causeway, 20 feet broad, and well compacted with stones, those in the



centre being everywhere large and coarse, and those adjoining the ditch small and altogether fine in quality. In applying the Antonine Itinerary to the English map, we must use 12 Roman for 11 English miles, the Roman mile being 5000 Roman feet, and the English mile 5280 English feet. 12 Roman miles, of 5000 feet each, thus make 11 English and 6 feet:—

1760 yds.  $\times$  3 = 5280 Eng. ft., (1 mile Eng.),

Subtract 4840 do. do. (1 do. Roman),

and the difference is 440 Eng. feet less to a Roman mile than to an English. Then, 440 multiplied by 12 = 5280 feet, which is the English mile. The legions which, assisted by the auxiliary cohorts, constructed the barrier, were the Second, the favourite of Octavius Cæsar, and called Augusta, with the symbol of a sea-goat; the Sixth, named the Vanquisher, with eagles' heads curiously executed; and the Twentieth (Agricola's old corps), known as the Valiant and Victorious, with the emblem of a wild boar. Each legion had a certain section of work assigned to it, generally a stretch of three Roman miles; and the soldiers, as we shall see in the course of our survey of the wall, were accustomed to erect at the end of their respective stations slabs with inscriptions recording the number and title of the legion to which they belonged, and the quantity of work executed. Most of these slabs are dedicated to the reigning Emperor, Antoninus Pius, who was a great favourite with the soldiery.

Chapelhill, which lies a short distance west from the village of Old Kilpatrick, was, without doubt, the

western extremity of the wall. In 1693, two tabular stones were found here, and from the inscriptions they bear appear to have been erected by the sixth and twentieth legions of the army, to commemorate the barrier, and to perpetuate the memory of the Emperor Antoninus Pius. On one of the stones is a figure of Victory, with a laurel wreath upon her brow and an olive branch in her hand. Several earthen vases and coins have also been got at Chapelhill. From the discovery of certain legionary stones, a fort, it is thought, must have stood near the church of Old Kilpatrick.

To avoid the semi-fabulous, or merely mythical, we will say little regarding Camelon's associations with pre-historic times. The notorious stone of Bill Stumps never fails as a wholesome check upon our speculative bent when we take to the antiquarian field. Much, however, could be written of that old Roman town, by way of gratifying intelligent curiosity. Previous to the ninth century, Camelon, it would appear, was exclusively occupied by the painted Picts; but in 839, Kenneth, King of Scots, utterly destroyed the city, and without compassion slew young and old of its inhabitants, "sparing neither age nor sex." So, at least, we gather from the ancient chroniclers; and one thing is certain, that the Scots, under Kenneth MacAlpine, gained a great victory over the Picts, and succeeded in permanently establishing a Scottish dynasty. But we are further informed, with striking minuteness, that from the systematic slaughter of the Picts, only two were excluded—a father and son—who, with the promise of

life, were expected by the victors to reveal the brewing secret of a "divine" beverage then known as "heather ale." The father made an odd request. He said, if they would kill his son, he would put them in possession of the coveted receipt. The bloody deed was done ; when thereafter the father told them exultingly that now the secret was safe—no tortures they could inflict upon *himself* would wring it from him. And thus passed the brewing of heather ale from the thirsty world.

Camelon, no doubt, took the position of a military town at the time of the Roman invasion. But that it was at any period a British town before the days of Agricola, who must have marched from here to the battle of the Grampians, is not to be thought of—British towns being, as a rule, built in the heart of a deep forest, where they could be more easily defended ; while the round beehive-like houses of which they were formed lay clustered upon rising ground adjoining some flowing stream. Even three hundred years ago it showed considerable ruins, Buchanan telling us that in his time it resembled the ruins of a moderate city, the ditches, walls, and streets being visible, though many of the stones had been carried off to build houses in the neighbourhood. But let us hear Buchanan's own words :—"That wall," he says, "where it toucheth the river Carron had a garrison on it so situated, and the ways and passages so laid out, that it was like a small city, which some of our countrymen, though by mistake, do think to be Maldon. It was a Roman station of greater magnitude than those

on the direct line of the wall." The absurd Hollingshed has spun a marvellous tissue of legends around Camelon, which are too amusing not to quote :—"Previous to the departure of Agricola," he says, "strange marvels were seen in Albion. It rained frogs in Angus ; Kalendar wood appeared in a flame at night ; battles were seen in the air ; and the bishop of Camelon, while performing divine service in his pontificals, was struck with neid fire, and his staff of office burnt."

From Tamfour Hill issued the Roman way leading to the station and town of Camelon. At one time the sea seems to have washed the slopes of this platform, giving to old Camelon the character of a seaport where vessels might land provisions for the Tungrian soldiers stationed on the wall ; and no great stretch of the imagination is required to picture the sea rising to the base of that old coast line of bold cliffs, and ascending the valley of the Carron, with Roman galleys scudding up the estuary. On various occasions, ancient anchors have been dug out of the local soil ; and even a complete boat was found about ninety years ago, embedded beneath some five fathoms of clay. Sir Robert Sibbald, writing in the early part of last century, speaks of an anchor and Roman coins which had been discovered, and describes the vestiges of regular streets with vaults underneath. But, here, we do not require to go back so far for such antiquarian curiosities. A comparatively recent period afforded a rich supply of coins, including an alabaster vase or tazza, the neck of a

wine-jar, and several sorts of iron instruments. These were disclosed by the cutting of the Polmont Junction Railway, in 1851, which exposed a drain of remarkable size, built of squared blocks of freestone, and covered with slabs of the same material. This drain has long provoked the wish of many an antiquary for a thorough exploration of its contents. The energy of a neighbouring gentleman, Mr Wilson of Banknock, has gone so far to satisfy this desire. About eleven years ago, he, with a band of willing workmen, devoted two days to the task of excavation, in which he met with ready co-operation from Mr Ralph Stark, the farmer of the ground. Penetrating as far as was practicable on each side of the railway cutting, they reached strong foundations of walls, two on the south and one on the north side of the railway. The points on which they struck were the corners of the buildings, which were found to rest on a pavement of flagstones bedded in clay. Above these walls, and all around, was an accumulated mass of *debris* of ruined houses, through which were dispersed bones of the ox, sheep, pig, and deer, fragments of pottery (some of which were of Samian ware), handles of amphoræ—on one of which were distinct letters—many bricks, and bits of tile flues. A circular disc of bronze about the size of a florin, attached to a nail, was found in one of the buildings, as also the shell of an oyster, and considerable quantities of charred wood. On a large square brick was the impression of a dog's foot, a circumstance which has been noticed in Roman bricks found near



Hexham, and in the buried city of Uriconium, near Shrewsbury.

No traces, however, of the noted Watch-tower, which had its site here, are now observable. The probability is, that the building fell under the ravages of fire—an opinion we hold from the fact that the late Mr James Stark, in clearing away its remaining *debris* many years ago, came upon some half ton of lead which had evidently been melted by a conflagration. That same gentleman told a good story of the voracious maw of the Highlanders of 1746. When a child on the farm of Stoneyrigg, which was then occupied by his father, a band of the hungry heroes entered the biggin', and demanded a substantial meal. The gudewife at the time was occupied with the cradle; but in illustration, as it were, of the maxim, that no man can afford to be shy if needful, one of the starving tatterdemalions generously offered to rock the infant (James) while the feast was being prepared, requesting Mrs Stark, too, incidentally, to "heeshtie wi' a pickle preed an' sheese, until ta petter meat was ready." But the *kitchen* regalement, which followed the lunch, did not by any means satisfy the grasping greed of these lawless loons. The stable came to be inspected eventually; and here, amongst other horses, was a fine grey mare, with which they marched off to Stirling. Mr Stark, feeling that his guests were making rather free with his property, at once hoisted the white flag to the house-top; but the winter afternoon being far spent, the distress signal was not seen. In



the hope, however, of wiling his favourite animal from the clutches of the Highlanders, he took staff in hand, and kept close on their track to headquarters. Here he had an audience of the Prince, to whom he related the circumstances of his errand. Charlie at once asked a sight of the mare, and then coolly replied, "Well, gudeman, you might be proud that you had such a rare animal for the Prince's service."

But to return to Camelon's relics of Roman rule. In the front of one of the dwelling-houses of the village, there are two stones, which, with their rude decorations, bear unmistakeable evidence of having passed through the hands of the Roman mason. With respect to Camelon's twelve gates of brass, "in the days when it was an important arm of the sea," we must own to have got at nothing authentic. Some few years ago a gentleman anxious for enlightenment in historical memoranda, visited the "ancient city;" and, reaching the village in the early part of the day, asked of an old inhabitant where Camelon's brazen gates were alleged to have stood. "Canna tell ye, I'm sure, sir," was the blunt reply; "they ha'na been standin' onywhere about sin' I cam' into the locality, at ony rate, and that's the feck o' auchty year noo." "Never expected such a thing," exclaimed the antiquary; "good morning, sir,—good morning!"

Several other pointed replies by the old beadle were given to the would-be wags that occasionally crossed his path. The late Rev. Mr Oswald having a number of sheep feeding in the churchyard, a gentleman passing along the Denny road enquired

of John, then busy with a grave, to whom the animals belonged. "Weel, if the information can dae ye ony guid," replied the sexton, "they're jist the minister's." "And how is it that they are all black sheep?" further asked the stranger. "Jist, I suppose, sir, that the black coat g'ies them a' the mair o' a ministerial leuk." And here is another good story, thoroughly characteristic of the man. Shortly after the ordination of the present pastor—the Rev. Mr Scott—old John got three shillings from one of the session, that he might purchase a pair of slippers for Sunday use in his capacity of beadle. The shoes were duly bought, of course; and the "ruling elder," on seeing them for the first time, courteously asked their cost. "Twa and ninepence tae a penny," was the frank reply. "And what did ye make of the other threepence, John?" added Mr R——. "Weel, I jist took a dram wi't; and dinna ye think it was little enouch for gawin' the message?"

But what of modern reminiscences? Many, not yet beyond the heyday of life, will be well able to recall the "Owlets" and "Swifts" that once sped gaily through the Forth and Clyde and Union Canals. The late Mr Thomas Wilson of Tophill, and latterly of Grangemouth, built the first iron boat for the Canal Company, which was launched at Fasken, on the 20th May, 1818, and christened the Vulcan. This was the commencement of the use of iron in Scottish shipbuilding. Two small boats had previously been built of iron in England, but with these exceptions, the Vulcan was the first iron vessel constructed. Her builder had great difficulties to contend

with. In an account of the same, which he wrote some years ago to a friend, he said:—"There were no angle iron in these days, nor any machinery except an old-fashioned piercing machine, a cast-iron grooved block to form the ribs, a smith's fire, and one foot knic'd at a heat was considered good work." The vessel was designed by the late Sir John Robinson, of Edinburgh, and was so substantially constructed that she is still afloat and doing duty. From time to time, iron inventors have come forward and patented what they fancied new improvements in the construction of iron ships; but when the way to prosperity seemed clear before them, an examination of the old Vulcan ever proved that they had been forestalled, and consequently the patents became null. In 1826, the Cyclops followed from the same builder; but while the former vessel may still be seen on the Forth and Clyde in all her original simplicity, the latter was eventually altered into a paddle-wheel steamer by Mr John Neilson of Oakbank. The journey between Edinburgh and Glasgow, per the Vulcan, occupied some twelve hours. In 1678, an arrangement was made to run a coach and six between city and city, the double trip to be performed in a week. But in these rattling locomotive days the same single distance can be "done" within eighty minutes. By-and-by, however, came the Rapid, the first of the swifts, and was built at Tophill. On the day of the launch, so high rose enthusiasm that the "bairns," who mustered numerously, carried the boat shoulder-high to Lock 16, from whence she started on her first trip to

Port-Dundas. And the whole travelling arrangements were now complete and elegant. An exciting spot—gay, heartsome, and bustling—was the “16” of those days; and few hotels more stirring and comfortable than that of which the jovial and gentlemanly Rankeillor was host. The Rapid made the journey to Glasgow in some three and a half hours. Yet, “Prodigious!” will no doubt be the vehement exclamation of many a fast youngster of the present *special* years of grace. “Three and a half hours to go some twenty odd miles—or say thirty at the longest stretch! Who could stand the *ennui* of such slow-coaching, even with a surcharge of the finest Manillas?” Perhaps these may be the *express* feelings of the rising, and even risen, generation; but it is necessary that they should know the full story of the good old Rapid days—which, after all, were swift enough for the times then concerned. And they were what may be truthfully termed the glorious social days of travelling. What “bairn,” for example, beyond the meridian of life, has forgot—or, indeed, can ever forget—those jolly and courteous captains of the swifts, Napier, Risk, and Hay? But the passage, from first to last, was replete with interest of the most stirring sort. Smoothly and gracefully the trim little skiff cut through the water, in the yoke of a smart pair of horses, jockey-driven; and on nearing any village vicinity, the bugle was merrily sounded, as a warning note of approach for such as remained to be picked up on the passage. Willie Teenie, too, and latterly “Blind Bob,” were daily on board with their

fiddles—playing the very cream of reel and strathspey music to occasional Terpsichorean parties.

We may also note here that the hull of the first steamboat—the Charlotte Dundas—lay for many years in a creek of the canal, between Locks 8 and 9. The vessel was built in 1801, for Symington, by Mr Hart, Grangemouth. She was fifty-six feet long, eighteen feet beam, and eight feet deep from deck to keel. Some twenty-eight years ago, Mr James S. Stewart painted an excellent little picture of the boat as she lay wasting in the creek; while, not further back than 1860, a fine stereoscopic negative of her hull was taken by Mr John Aitken, Darroch. Of his earlier experiments Symington thus writes:—"I proceeded to erect a steam-engine upon the principle for which I had previously procured a patent, having two cylinders of four inches in diameter, each making an eighteen inches stroke. This engine having been constructed by my direction and under my eye, I caused it to be fitted on board a double-keel vessel then lying upon a piece of water near the house of Dalswinton; and this being done, an experiment was made in the autumn of the year 1788, when the boat was propelled in a manner that gave such satisfaction that it was immediately determined to commence another experiment upon a more extended scale, which was made on the Forth and Clyde Canal. The machine was executed at Carron Iron-works, under my direction, and was erected in a boat belonging to Mr Miller, which had been previously built and fitted up with paddle-wheels for the purpose of making experiments as



to the effect of these wheels turned by the labour of men already prescribed. I fitted into this boat a steam-engine with two cylinders, each eighteen inches in diameter, and making a three feet stroke; and in October, 1789, in presence of hundreds of spectators, who lined the banks of the canal, the boat glided along, propelled at the rate of five miles an hour." But while the Charlotte Dundas was, some years ago, totally sundered, her timber for the most part has been respectfully preserved. A great deal of it, in fact, has already passed into appropriate models and articles of furniture; while Mr Ralph Stark, of Summerford, still holds a considerable quantity of her "ribs," which will no doubt also find their way in some form or other into British drawing-rooms and museums.

It must, however, be borne in mind that one Jonathan Hulls, of England, in 1736, obtained a patent for the propelling of boats by steam; but the engine of that gentleman's vessel was so imperfect, as regarded the application of power, that the "invention" in his hands never came to aught. And we have heard the old Comet spoken of as the first steamboat. What inexcusable ignorance! The credit of such a performance certainly can neither be given Bell nor Fulton. The former, we know, long before the Comet came out on the Clyde, was a close and frequent inspector of Symington's vessel during the many years that she lay in a creek of the canal near Bainsford Bridge, and was likewise a spectator of the experiments in 1789. Fulton, too, in 1801, called purposely on Symington to see his



boat, when he candidly remarked that such an invention would even be of greater importance to North America than Britain, on account of the many navigable rivers and lakes in the transatlantic country, and the ease with which timber, both for building and fuel, could everywhere be had. And need we note that it was 1806 before Fulton's steam vessel made its appearance on the Hudson river? Symington would assuredly have made more of his invention in 1789 had the Forth and Clyde Canal Company not flatly given him the cold shoulder. And the reason for such discouragement on their part was the grievance thus stated:—"The undulation of the water from the paddle-wheel movements would have the effect of washing away the banks of the canal." The poor inventor obtained not the slightest reward—at least no reward worth the name—for his great and inestimable services. It is true that on two occasions he got from Government paltry sums, amounting in all to £150—but a poor recompense for his long and arduous labours, to which we owe our magnificent modern steam navigation, and which, while they have promoted the wealth and best interests of his country and the world, made him poor, and debarred him from rising to that position of affluence which, had he exercised his talents in pursuit merely of wealth, he would, in all likelihood, have attained in some more paying department of his profession. His last patent expired in 1812 or 1813, and immediately thereafter sea and river began to teem with steamships—the direct fruit of his unconquerable perseverance and brilliant inventive

genius. He now reposes in the humble churchyard of St Botolph's, London, without even a stone to mark his resting-place. Could national ingratitude further go? If the local poet, who roughly sang the achievements of "the first practical steamer," could rise from the grave in which his bones must still be fresh, and be treated to a trip in a Cunard liner, we fear his second dying would be brought about by wonder. This is how he was impressed by the Charlotte Dundas:—

When first I saw her in a tether,  
Draw twa sloops after ane anither,  
Regardless o' the win' an' weather  
    Athwart her bearin';  
I thought frae hell she had come hither,  
    A privateerin'.

A sentence will suffice for a note of the present industrial resources of Camelon. For upwards of a century, nail-making has been its chief trade, giving bread to hundreds, and for the foreign article especially it has got a wide and promising fame. There are, however, in the immediate vicinity of the village, several foundries, which are rapidly expanding their iron wings. These are noticed under another chapter. But we have also two extensive chemical works, a small but thriving shipbuilding yard, a prosperous nail manufactory, and a distillery at Rosebank, which was established some thirty-six years ago, by the father of the present proprietor, Mr R. W. Rankine. Many, too, in these days, have been made familiar with the name of the "ancient city" through the "kingly" prestige of its instrumental band.

Here, also, we have the rural burial-field for Falkirk and neighbourhood. And sanitary considerations apart, it is well that country cemeteries have been brought into fashion. Formerly families visiting the graves of the dead they had buried out of their sight, could enjoy little of that peaceful seclusion which the bereaved mourner covets above everything. Nothing surely could have been more trying than having to ask the beadle for the key of the churchyard gate every time they came to pay a visit, or having to make their way to the grave in the populous ground, with crowds staring in through the railings from the thoroughfares. The cemetery, which extends to 11 acres, was acquired by the Parochial Board, from the Earl of Zetland, at a cost of about £8000—a sum which is being repaid by the selling of permanent ground. The main entrance was purchased from the Misses Baird, of Camelon, and presents a broad carriage approach leading from the street to the lodge—a handsome little building, treated in the modern Elizabethan style. Fortunate in possessing a fine situation, and having been tastefully planned and planted by Mr Wm. Miller, superintendent, who is no mean landscape gardener, the cemetery forms a rather notable feature in the view from the north.

A more wretched-looking village than Camelon, not many years ago, could not be imagined. Everywhere over it hung the air of squalid misery and mire. But Mr Ralph Stark, together with other philanthropic gentlemen, have of late deeply interested themselves in its sanitary improvement and the social elevation of its inhabitants. Through their

exertions chiefly a Savings Bank was opened in 1867; and the scene presented on a Saturday night by the crowd of children running proudly with their books and pennies to the bank, is a most interesting one. Even these very "bairns" have got fully impressed with the importance of having an account at their banker's, and display little short of a grasping eagerness to make every penny a prisoner that falls in their way. Amongst them there exists a positive rivalry in their weekly lodgments in the bank. One will boast of her pound, and another of his thirty shillings; while both will be found thoroughly alive, too, as to how their account will stand with a full year's instalments, minus the needful withdrawals. On an average, the money deposited in one hundred transactions will amount to six pounds, several of the adult members lodging, of course, the maximum sum of five shillings. The penny bank is thus proving a greater success than was anticipated even by its most sanguine promoters; and, viewed simply as a moral training for the people, it is without question an admirable enterprise. "Pit ye in aye the ither stick, Jock," said the careful old Laird of Dumbiedykes to his son; "it'll grow when ye're sleepin'."



## LARBERT, THE CARRON, AND DENNY.

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LARBERT, notwithstanding its significant etymology, is no field of action: simply a quiet and "humdrum" village, with a parish population of about 5000. The hamlet, in its water-power, offers rare resources, however, for manufacturing; and the wonder is that some busy mill has not ere now been erected here. The Caledonian Railway also runs within gun-shot; while an abundance of female labour might likewise be had from the adjoining districts. Entering the churchyard, the ruins of the "old kirk" first arrest attention. The house, which was of oblong form, and severely plain, was built by Robert Bruce of Kinnaird, who for many years officiated as pastor. But nothing whatever of the old sanctuary remains save the walls of the session-house, within which lie the dust of several members of the ancient families of Elphinstone and Dundas. Immediately by the entrance to the church stood the "Deil's Stane," so called from its having borne those foul images of mortality, the skull and cross-bones. Infinitely more worthy of a Christian country the spiritual symbolism which heathen philosophy and art delighted in—a butterfly arising from a chrysalis!



And here moulder the ashes of Bruce, who was buried directly under the pulpit. It was this manly, resolute, and learned Scot who had the somewhat extravagant compliment from James VI. of being "worth half of the kingdom;" a kingliness of character, however, which, with the fickle monarch, afterwards led to Bruce's imprisonment and temporary banishment. A simple stone, rudely sculptured, marks the place of his sepulture. Thus runs the inscription: "Christos in vitæ et in morte Lucrum. R. B., 1631." An iron railing, chaste in design, has lately been placed round the grave.

We purposely refrain from gossiping to any extent about the worthies of the counties, save of those who may be justly held famous in the history of the world. And in Bruce the preacher we have a thoroughly eventful life—a man this, evidently, who, once realising his main mission on earth, was resolved that it should be divinely fulfilled at whatever personal sacrifice and cost. Call him infatuated zealot if you will; but the sincerity of that apostolic voice, as it "spoke in thunder to the soul that slept in sin," could not for a moment be questioned. Let us glance briefly at the biography of the distinguished evangelist. Born in 1556, he was eventually destined for the law; and, after profiting by several years' study in Paris, the young advocate returned to Scotland, and practised for some time in the Court of Session. Theology, however, was his bent—the grand subject, or, rather let us say, master-passion, that had full possession of his mind; and which, as his manhood rose and ripened, was to keep him ever

zealous in heroic action. But what an ordeal lay in the future for his faith ! And the bitter persecution, strange to say, first emanated from Bruce's home. His mother, chagrined at the great gulf-leap from the bar to the pulpit, compelled him to "resign his pretensions to the estate of Kinnaird, in which, as an *appanage* of Airth, he had been enfeoffed." The young man's talents, however, from the outset prove quite a match for his zeal. In 1587—his thirty-first year—we find him pastor of John Knox's Church, Edinburgh ; in the year following he is elected moderator of the supreme Ecclesiastical Court ; while 1589 gave him the position of the King's confidential servant during his Majesty's voyage to Denmark. But the royal favour and friendship, ere even the century closes, is to be utterly forfeited. Bruce distinctly refuses his belief in the Gowrie conspiracy of 1600 ; and for this want of loyalty to his king, from preference of truth to himself, he is imprisoned in Airth Castle for a time, and, on his release, ordered to quit the kingdom. Three years later he is again prohibited from preaching, and confined in Inverness, where he resides over a year ; and so on the life of our hero rolls, fettered yet fearless. Last of all, the King, through the Privy Council, orders him to be kept within two miles of Kinnaird ; and Bruce, taking advantage of this gracious limit of liberty, makes the Kirk of Larbert his own, and here ends his days in peace.

"Hasten, O car of light !  
Roll on from realm to realm,  
From shore to farthest shore."

On a tablet a few yards north, occurs the following epitaph to another “holie” man of his time:—

“Here lies interred within its urne,  
The corpse of honest good John Burne,  
Who was the eight John of that name  
That lived with love and died with fame ;  
In changing tyme’s saddest disaster,  
Trew to his King, Lord, and Master,  
Kind to his kindred, neighbour, friend,  
Whose good lyfe hade ane happie end ;  
His soul to God he did bequeath,  
His dust to lie this stone beneath.  
Ano. 1635.”

Near the centre of the burial-ground, we fall upon a tombstone which, in chaste simplicity, bears a mournful record of a life offered up on the altar of philanthropy:—“John Walker, drowned at Carron, 26th Nov., 1841; aged 25 years.” This brave young fellow, seeing a girl’s life in jeopardy, rushed impulsively to her rescue, when the ice again gave way, and both perished. The following tributary verse appears on the plain and unassuming monument:—

“Drop on this mound a sympathizing tear,  
A martyr to humanity lies here ;  
He tried his best another’s life to save,  
Failed in the attempt, and met an early grave.”

Another tombstone indicates the last resting-place of the Rev. Francis M’Gil. The brief and quiet career of this talented young minister was marked by few eventful incidents; but the acceptance with which he laboured among an affectionate and appreciative people in the assiduous discharge of his pastoral duties, made his premature death a

bitter heart-grief throughout the united parishes of Larbert and Dunipace. Ordained in 1843, he died, January, 1847, in his twenty-eighth year. On the north side of the monument we have the last text from which he preached—John ix. 4. There are, of course, other inscriptions, which speak eloquently of the deceased clergyman's worth in the pulpit and family; but this laconic epitaph might, of itself, have sufficed: "Obdormivit in Christo."

The Rev. John M'Laren (with an assistant) is presently minister here and at Dunipace. After a hard and bitter struggle, through another presentee, he succeeded Mr M'Gil, and soon won, as he has retained, the sincere respect of all classes of his parishioners. For his own sake, we regret to see a tasteful enclosure with a fitting stone in memory of several of his children. And need we add that the earnest M'Cheyne, and the late masculine William Arnott, were, in years gone by, assistant pastors at Larbert.

To the north, and adjoining the tomb of Captain John Paterson, who was, for many years, commander in the service of the East India Company, we meet with a handsome monument of Peterhead granite to the late Mr James Mitchell, who came to Carron in 1822, from a foundry in Paisley, through one of the Dawsons having taken to the young traveller from his courteous manner, as they met equally in the town of Ayr. The memorial of well-merited affection, which has been erected by his son William, and his daughter Eliza, bears the following inscription:—

"Erected by William and Eliza Mitchell, in

memory of their father, James Mitchell, who was born at Johnstone, 27th Sept. 1800, and died at Stenhousemuir, 15th January, 1872. As an elder, Session Clerk, and Inspector of Poor in the parish of Larbert, and in the other public duties of his station, his strict integrity, business ability, and kindly manners, endeared him to all classes of the community."

Stepping forward through the well-kept ground, under Mr Johnston's care, we observe another simple, but striking, "stone" of grey granite:—"In affectionate remembrance of Janet Rankine, beloved wife of Alexander Hunter—Died 9th April, 1873, aged 56 years." In the north-west corner an iron railing, of good height, surrounds the death sanctuary of the Carron family. In the centre of this enclosure stands a tasteful obelisk of granite to the memory of Joseph Dawson, who was manager for the Company, from 1825 to 1850; and immediately behind this is a structure, chaste and simple, to Joseph Stainton, who preceded Mr Dawson in office; while on the east side a mausoleum, massive, but worse than meritless in design, has been erected over the grave of William Dawson, late manager of the works. At the north-east corner lies a bulky block of white marble, with the cross on top, "In memory of Flora, wife of J. B. Sherrieff. Died at Carronvale, 11th Aug. 1876." What more could or need be said? A sweet little bouquet of fresh roses also rests on the closely cut sward. Paradise, as has been beautifully remarked, shapes itself into a Rose of the blessed, with its ever intenser and more radiant petals of joy, folded in more closely upon the



light of God. We pass over the half-obliterated tablets of others, by blood dear to the heart that writes, who have also gone down into silence; but who, too, left with friends behind the solace of a sure and certain hope.

“You ask me where I would be laid,  
In what beloved spot  
I would repose my life-tired head—  
It matters not.

“You ask me, if this heart would like  
Some one to trace my name  
On the memorial-stone of grief—  
'Tis all the same.

“But stay! methinks I'd like to sleep  
By Carron's gentle flow—  
I'd like to have an humble stone—  
Well! be it so.”

The tombstone here of real note is that over the remains of James Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, who achieved in part what mankind had been struggling after for three thousand years—the tracking to its source of the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue Nile. Down in a sheltered enclosure to the south of the churchyard stands the spiral monument, wrapt in utter stillness, and which, adorned with various emblematical figures and Greek inscriptions, was erected by Bruce “to the memory of Mary Dundas, his wife, who died Feb. 10, 1785.”

“Rear high the cenotaph of stone and lime :  
'Tis all ye *can* do ; he hath done the rest.  
Fame is his heritage ; impartial Time  
Shall know him when the walls are ruin-drest.”

Some twenty-two years ago, a loudly called-for addition was made to the burial-ground, by the yet thinly tenanted "acre" that adjoins the manse garden on the west. Among the first entombments here was that of a local lad—"Tom Aitken"—who was cut off suddenly in the spring-time of life, while showing unmistakeable signs of genius and high achievement. His nature was winning and gentle, yet full of force and character.

"'Twas in the flush of fiery youth he went,  
His work unwrought, his laurel wreath unwon."

This is not the place, we know, to speak of private sorrows and bereavements, nor to indulge in any spirit-sight of that unseen yet changeless realm of eternal realities. But,

"Oh that it were possible,  
For one short hour to see,  
The souls we love, that they might tell us  
What and where they be!"

The intense and wide-spread excitement which prevailed in the earlier part of the present century, from the cruel work of the body-snatchers, must be fresh in the memory of many of our readers. In grave spoliation for purposes of dissection, only one "subject" was known to have been taken from the Larbert burial ground. It was a girl of the name of Moir, whose corpse was lifted shortly after interment. But the young "Athenians" were not allowed to carry her far. On their route to Edinburgh, they had, for the night, to conceal the body in a dung-heap at Polmont; and the proprietor's carts proceed-

ing in the morning for a portion of the manure, the diabolical theft was opportunely detected. Nor did the upturning of the corpse create any great surprise. Its presence, at least, was no matter of prolonged bewilderment. The student enterprise was caught at a glance. Night came, and watch was laid for the return of the "burglars;" and, just as anticipated, forward drove the Surgeon Square party for the body. No sooner, however, had they left with their charge, than Mr Scott, of Gilston, rode smartly on in front of them; and by the time they reached Linlithgow, the whole strength of the town was turned out for their defeat. Rough, indeed, was the usage they received. Not only was the corpse most unceremoniously taken from the conveyance, but the machine itself was drawn to the roadside and broken to fragments. The body of the young woman was afterwards brought back to Larbert, and reinterred. For some months after this, the watch-house—still standing in the churchyard—was regularly occupied. Latterly, however, burial-ground watching became a mere farce. Not long ago the writer had a short conversation with one of the Larbert representatives. Throughout the whole of his "shifts" he only remembered of one intruder, and that was a sheep from Sir Gilbert's field opposite. At first sight, he and his neighbour—a Camelon pieman, and an old soldier to boot—seriously thought a body-snatcher had made his appearance at last. "Fire!" exclaimed the pieman. "Hold!" said Dig; "it's but a sheep, don't you see? You'd never kill *it*?" "Kill it?

Ay, faith, we'll kill it, my boy, and put it into 'two-pennies.'" The fury of the son of Mars, however, was restrained.

A curious class of friendly societies arose out of the resurrectionist panic which thus set in, about 1829, on the detection of Burke and Hare. They were called Mortcloth, or Mortcloth and Safe Societies. The mort-safe was a heavy metal case, or a wooden house with a stone, which was put over the coffin of the dead for some weeks after interment, and watched by a party of members, to all of whom both mortcloth and safe were free; but, at the same time, were let out on a charge to non-members.

We have spoken of the old kirk of Larbert, but what of the new? Of the common Tudor style, it is yet quite a model edifice, and charmingly situated on the north bank of the Carron; whose lullabying waters—now in pools, now in shallows—wimple peacefully down through the gleaming arches of the adjacent viaduct. Soothingly sweet, too, almost beyond rivalry, are the melodious tones of its Sabbath bell. As we have already hinted, there is nothing of consequence about Larbert, murally, calling for note. Until the year 1761, a small tumulus, however, stood at the east end of the village—probably a watch-tower, or sentinel's turret, belonging to Agricola's camp while it lay at Camelon—but which was utterly demolished by the cutting of the present public road. And, even now, vestiges of a Roman military road, which ran directly from Castlecary Fort to Strathearn, may be seen a short distance west of the church. Larbert House, for many years

the residence of the Stirling-Chalmers family, lies concealed on the right. The estate, though small, is finely wooded; and as a loop-hole of retreat must be greatly enjoyed by the present proprietor, Mr John Hendrie, who has been most successful as a coalmaster. Here, also, in the valley of the Carron, on the former site of a snuff mill—sneeze not, good reader, at the odd association—are the Carron Company's Grinding Works, for the polishing of smoothing-irons and other metal articles requiring high finish; while the ruins of a Roman bridge—that, in Agricolian days, spanned the river—fall in the way of the rambler *en route* to Dunipace, which was once a seat of the Livingstone family, and where, on the 30th June, 1563, Queen Mary slept when proceeding on a hunting excursion into the Highlands.

And what of the mounds that have so far contributed to give that latter locality a world-wide fame? Baron de Cologne would perhaps tell us that they are simply masses of rubbish shot out of the sky. Not a few men of note, however, incline to regard them as hills of peace, seeing that here, in the third century, certain of the Roman emperors made treaties with the Caledonians. Others, again, favour the etymology *Duinna-Bais*—which signifies hills, or tumuli, of death—believing the earthen structures sepulchral monuments over the ashes of warriors slain in battle. Tumuli similar to those in question are somewhat numerous throughout the neighbourhood of Stonehenge, in Salisbury Plain; and from the fact of human bones having been discovered in



several of such structures, they are popularly regarded as the sepulchres of ancient Britons. The mur on the east is of a conical shape, and looks pretty and picturesque; while its neighbour opposite, though larger, is of a strictly flat character. Their height is about 60 feet; but a portion of one was carried away many years ago by a flood in the Carron, and the course which the river had taken when it made the encroachment is still visible. Both "tumuli" are thickly clad with trees, and seem to stand about 200 yards apart. In the background lies the Dunipace mansion, which formerly belonged to the Primroses, but who forfeited the estate in 1746. The story, or drama rather, is brief. Government hearing that Primrose, on the occasion of the second battle of Falkirk, had led the Highlanders to the ford across the Carron, seized his property, and afterwards had him beheaded. Immediately on the back of this unhappy event, the bereaved family located themselves in Edinburgh. After the lapse of a few years, however, they thought of steps for the repossession of the property; and with that view engaged a Mr Spottiswoode, as agent, to purchase the property from Government in their behoof. The honest lawyer took the business *sharply* in hand; but finding the bargain struck a thorough catch, he put down the transaction to his own account, and speedily settled himself as proprietor. The felling of oak on the estate, we have been assured, was more than sufficient to meet the purchase-bill. Lady Primrose was also an enthusiastic Jacobite. It was she who protected the

Miss Macdonald, celebrated for her concern in the escape of Prince Charles Stuart after the battle of Culloden ; and so popular became this heroic gentlewoman that 18 carriages, belonging to visitors of distinction, were sometimes seen ranked up before her door in a single evening.

Jean Livingston, at whose instigation her husband, John Kincaid, of Wariston, Edinburgh, was cruelly murdered in 1600, was also, by birth, connected with Dunipace. She was young and he was old. The ill-fated marriage and its results form the subject of an old Scottish ballad :—

“ It was at dinner as they sat,  
And when they drank the wine  
How joyful were laird and lady  
Of bonnie Waristoun !  
“ But he has spoken a word in jest ;  
Her answer was not guid ;  
And he has thrown a plate at her,  
That made her mouth gush bluid.”

Murderer and accomplice having been caught while still bearing unequivocal marks of guilt, were immediately tried by the magistrates of Edinburgh, and sentenced to be strangled and burned at a stake. The lady's father, the laird of Dunipace, who was a favourite of King James VI., used all his influence to procure a pardon for his unfortunate daughter ; but all that could be obtained from the King was an order that she should pass away by decapitation, and at such an early hour as to make the execution as little of a spectacle as possible.

There is an “ auld kirkyard ” here, too, into which

not a jarring sound enters to break the dead silence of the sleepers, nor a breath of wind gets admission to wave the long rank grass that hides many a neglected grave. A dyke, five feet high, conceals while it surrounds the burial ground; and out of its walls grows the sweet-eyed feather-few—an herb, from its stimulant virtues, popular with the botanist. At the east corner, an aged elm outspreads its massive branches: while a plane-tree opposite, like a hoary saint with uplifted arms, seems ever imploring a blessing on the hallowed wild. Within the enclosure are also the barberry, the henbane, the bracken, and a variety of common shrubs. Some forty years ago, a chapel stood close to the churchyard, in which Dr Knox, who was at that time minister of the united parishes of Larbert and Dunipace, occasionally preached. An old friend of the writer's who was present at several of the meetings says, further, that so numerous were the bats throughout the building, the young folks used to catch them during divine service, and bring them out of church in their handkerchiefs and pockets.

Another village poet, William Cameron, the author of "Dinna cross the burn, Willie," was born in this parish, December 3, 1801. Like David Gray, he was, in earlier life intended for the ministry, but ultimately became, through the death of his father, one of the schoolmasters of Armadale. His first song, "Jessie o' the Dell," had its origin in Miss Jessie Harvey, of the *Mill*, there. Then followed, into equal popularity, throughout drawing-rooms, nurseries, concert halls, workshops, and farm-

steadings, such beautiful melodies as "Meet me on the Gowan Lea," "Bothwell Castle," "Morag's Fairy Glen," "Far may ye roam, "My Willie and me," &c.

But "eyes front" to the banks of the Carron. Now we tread scenes filled with classic memories. What a thrilling and matchless story we should have, could the river, as it rolls along, only tell of all it has seen and known! Here Ossian, the ancient Gaelic bard, tuned his lyre; and here also the young Oscar won his brightest laurels in war. In a poem entitled "The War of Caros," and dedicated to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, the son of Fingal sang—

"He [Oscar] came not over the streamy Carun;  
The bard returned with his song.  
Grey night grows dim on Crona."

And let us, though briefly, now trace the source of the river thus renowned in ancient song. Issuing from the Campsie hills, it is even at the outset of its career, associated with the castle in which Sir John the Græme was born, and where his famous chief (Wallace) spent many an anxious yet recruiting hour. Two miles further on its course, we have the Auchin-lilly linn, which, when the river is in flood, and a triumphant torrent sweeps down the glen, is a cataract almost unsurpassed for the roar of its liquid thunder and the grandeur of its storm of spray. The ruins of the Hermitage, too, are to be seen firm as any rock in the centre of the stream. During the summer months, this secluded nook is naturally a great resort of local pic-nic parties. But in the by-going we hail Denny—a town, however, which stands

unimportant both in the past and present. Its industrial resources are chiefly confined to mineral pits and paper mills, in all of which a most extensive trade is done. Some twenty years ago, a printfield of national note existed in the neighbourhood, and gave employment to several hundreds of girls; but the establishment, with all its mass of masonry and splendid machinery, is now a total wreck. Such an unhappy collapse threatened at one time to prove the utter ruin of the district, having thrown the great bulk of the people out of work. The town, however, is again in a thoroughly thriving state. Branches of several leading banks have been opened under promising auspices, and, to judge from outward appearances, have something of the certainty of doing a large and permanent stroke of business. A large tract of land here is called "Templar Denny," which formerly belonged, it is said, to the Knights Templars, so famous for their crusades against the Saracens.

What, by all deceptive, is this? Rain to a certainty, notwithstanding the brilliant and all but cloudless morning. Still we can see that it is simply a passing shower. When will the science of meteorology be as advanced as astronomy, so that the weather of the future may be accurately predicted?

The serpentine walk of five miles—or drive, as it may be—up-hill from Denny to the Hermitage, is not without many points of positive beauty. The intervening district, for one thing, is famous for its pastoral undulations; and from almost every breezy brae-top a charming view is got of the wooded



banks of the Carron—foliage which, even in the green-tide of summer, displays all the rare variety of autumnal richness. Immediately on leaving the town, two paper mills are passed on the south bank of the river, together with a pretty villa and terrace grounds belonging to Mr Duncan. Further on, leftward, we get a glimpse of Myot-hill, a green-clad “knowe” of grazing repute; and on the right, overlooking the lone Loch Coulter, is the Skree Craig, grim in rocky sterility. Shrill now to the ear comes the scream of the hill-birds, and eerie their swamp-notes wild. Along the upland road-sides the farm houses are widely scattered; and a spirit of isolation seems even common to the poultry tribe. Imagine a youthful barn-yard “lord” seen picking on the highway, some quarter of a mile from home, without a single lady bird in company! Opposite the Hermitage previously spoken of, the road for a short distance is pleasantly shaded. The path, indeed, to the river ruins is through a sequestered wood-land, and as yet so rarely traversed that it lies completely concealed in grass. Nor is there any free entrance into the plantation. A stone dyke, or at best a rustic gate, must be mounted and overlegged. But once down upon the Carron, the scene in its wild rocky grandeur must take many, as it did ourselves, by surprise. It is, from river bank to river bed, a strikingly picturesque spot. The Hermitage, now utterly desolate—roof fallen, windows gone, and crumbling gables ivy and lichen draped—was built by a Mr Hill, of Edinburgh, whose master-passion must certainly have inclined to the delights of

shrieking solitude. It is a most romantic building, and was regularly occupied until 1840. Shortly after that period, a reservoir situated further up the river, broke through its embankments, when the terrific down-rush of water carried away much of the masonry of the deserted house.

Strange stories are told of the reasons why men have been influenced to seek seclusion from the world in an eremitical life. And we can readily imagine a powerful combination of circumstances leading thitherward. Sad experiences may have given them a distaste for society; or, possibly, noble aspirations and generous feelings have been cruelly chilled and disappointed. But, in early times, the recluse's cave had often in or near it a rudely carved chapel in the rock for piety and prayer; while the foliage of the trees that surrounded the arched cavern gave a deeper shade of mysterious sanctity to the lonely cell. Such, for example, as Bridgenorth Hermitage, in Shropshire, wherein dwelt that royal anchorite Athelward, the Saxon Prince, brother of King Athelstan; or the cave, presently occupied by a Welsh Hermit, on the estate of the Earl of Powis in Montgomeryshire.

Directly in front of the Hermitage ruins, westward, the waters of the Carron break off violently to the north and south, and, leaping over a rocky ledge in two splendid cascades, rumble and foam through a deep ravine for a spray-wreathed cauldron; from which, with deafening din, they speed on buoyantly in their seaward course, where

*"Gray rock is brown beneath the flow of limpid water."*

The Carron, in its whole length, is a winding stream. A short distance from its source it enters the Carron bog or meadows; and for upwards of three miles flows in a slow serpentine course over one of the finest and most fertile tracts of natural meadow that is to be seen in the country.

Wending our way down the Carron, the spirit of beauty everywhere prevails. How charmingly its waters glide and gurgle on to the "Lady's Loup," where another fine waterfall is met, and which, with the romance that hangs over the linn, should not thus be dismissed in a prosaic paragraph. For the present, however, we must simply refer the reader ignorant of the tragic tradition to the well-known "Douglas" story, in which the heroic incidents of the leap are fully and vigorously told.

"She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill,  
Nor halted till the precipice she gained,  
Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls  
Ingulf'd in rifted rocks. . . .  
Oh, had you seen her last despairing look !  
Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes  
Down on the deep ; then lifting up her head  
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say,  
Why am I forced to this ? she plunged herself  
Into the empty air."

And, by the way, the ancient ballad of "Gil Morice," the story of which was formed into the tragedy of Douglas, represents the mother of the unfortunate hero as having lived on Carronside. On the opposite side of the river is Herbertshire Castle, one of the grandest old "keeps," or embattled residences in Scotland. Given by an early James to the then

Earl of Wigtown, as his *halbert-share*, for services rendered in war, the name has been, while passing down the tide of time, corrupted into "Herbertshire." The estate, which belongs to Mr Forbes of Callendar, extends to upwards of 50 acres; and on a visit to the house some twenty years ago, taking the portraits of Colonel Forbes' family, we found it fitted up with all the luxuries and comforts of modern life. But here lived the dramatic poet, John Hume, who only saved himself from deposition by the resignation of his living at Athelstaneford, after his publication of the play of "Douglas." The place—mansion and grounds—is now rented for the board and education of young gentlemen, Mr T. R. Wilson being Principal.

For lovers of the piscatorial sport merely, the Carron has little or no attraction. Throughout its whole course, it was, however, at one time famed alike for the quantity, quality, and size of its trout. The endless variety of alternate pool and stream, and the openness of its banks, rendered it the favourite resort of the angler. But its waters have been polluted; and it is, in fact, nothing now as a fishing river, although a few of the common trout may be hooked at times by the more expert and experienced in the angling art.



## CARRON AND ITS IRON-WORKS.

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A GLANCE first at the picturesque features of Carron's surroundings. Travelling from the west, the most prosaic eye must be struck with the still beauty of the loch, which reflects, as in a mirror, the trees that skirt its edge, and the fleet of swans that sail with proudly-arched neck around its "osier isle." There can be no doubt but the royal birds add greatly to the interest of the dam. Tame, too, they make themselves specially familiar with the bairns who carry dinners to the works, although several of the more social do not scruple to waddle out upon the highway and snap food from any open hand. As a rule, they build on the western extremity of "the old road" of the loch, which stands dry and sedgy; and as each nest contains from four to half a dozen eggs, there is in some seasons a really fine display of cygnets. Here, also, on the margin of the loch, stands Carron Park. And few villa sites are so thoroughly enviable. The "mansion" itself is certainly the reverse of elegant; but the view from the drawing-room window, down upon the glassy lake which lies immediately beneath the house, is perhaps for beauty unsurpassed in the county. No landscape painter, with pen or pencil, could adequately



reproduce the scene. From the south, however, is to be got the most striking impression of Carron, with its ringing industry and fiery-throated cauldrons that cast a lurid halo over the sky for miles around. Sublime is the spectacle of the fierce tongues of fire shooting out of the roaring pits. At times we have seen some memorable effects at the Forge dam into which the belching flames are brightly reflected from the ebon face of night. More vividly seen in the water than in the air, they seem to dart downwards into a dark abyss, lighting up the whole surface of the dam, and the row of outlying cottages, with all but lime-light brilliance. And the furnaces are a most trustworthy barometer to the surrounding populace. Should they in the gloom of night cast a glowing belt over the atmosphere, the following day is certain to be showery. There was a superstition, too, common when the "oldest inhabitant" was in his prime, that a salamander came out of the furnaces every seven years, and roamed about at night devouring all and sundry who fell in its way. Children were thus terrified into obedience and sleep; and when at bedtime they heard the wind howling or whistling through the chinks of the doors, they would bury themselves in blanket-bay, taking the eerie sound for the weird voice of the fiery monster. Opposite the western portion of the works are several heavy hills of iron-stone, and as much old metal in patterns as would be a handsome capital to many a smaller foundry; while on the north side of the river, immediately opposite the furnaces, there is an imposing mass of

rubbish called the Cinder-hill, and which keeps smouldering from the one week's end to the other like some miniature Vesuvius. Of this mountain of old scraps and ashes—the accumulation of many years—it could scarcely be credited that its every particle had been carted out of the works. Here and there, over the brown and barren breast of the heap, are certain little patches of vegetation, which offer a congenial bite to the pugnacious village goat. This was the spot, too, where Wallace, in his clever retreat to the Torwood, crossed the Carron—his poor horse, literally a flying target of spear-heads, falling dead immediately after it had taken the ford. And such is the last historic association connected with the river; but onwards still its waters speed to supplement those of the mightier Forth in the service of commerce, that enterprise which “binds the round of nations in a golden chain.”

On the 1st January, 1760, the first furnace was blown at Carron. An amusing circumstance, however, connected with the preliminary arrangements, cannot be allowed to pass unrecorded. It would appear that there was one more than the landowner to be bargained with in the feuing of the fourteen acres as the site of the works; there was the farmer, whose lease of the grounds extended over some couple of years, and who, of course, had an eye to opportunity. He asked what he thought a fair and reasonable sum for giving over to the company the right of immediate possession; but the demand, from its exorbitance, could not be entertained. Thus, unable to come to an amicable understanding,

the representative of the negotiating firm gave the tenant time to reconsider his terms. In the interim, the farmer had a call from a friend, shrewder, commercially, than himself, who observed that the Englishman had probably mistaken pounds Scotch for pounds sterling. And so it turned out; but just as a letter was on the eve of being despatched in explanation of the matter, in came the company's acceptance, thereby agreeing to pay exactly twelve times the money asked. Dr Roebuck, who was the founder of the iron-works, which, with the exception perhaps of Coalbrookdale, are the oldest of any importance in the country, was also manager until 1773, when, getting overwhelmed in difficulties, arising from the flooding of his mines, he was obliged to sell out; and in that same year the company received a charter of incorporation, by which its capital was fixed at £150,000. Roebuck's father was a manufacturer of cutlery in Sheffield. The son studied medicine at the University of Edinburgh, and afterwards graduated at Leyden. Returning to England, he ultimately turned his attention to the chemical and metallurgical arts, and entering into partnership with Mr Samuel Garbett, became a manufacturer of sulphuric acid in the village of Prestonpans. Here he got acquainted with Mr Wm. Cadell of Cockenzie, who was anxious to engage in the manufacture of iron, and a company for that purpose was forthwith organized, consisting of Roebuck, his brothers Thomas and Ebenezer, Samuel Garbett, Wm. Cadell, sen., Wm. Cadell, jun., and John Cadell. The leading articles by which

the works, even at the outset, got a world-wide fame, were the cannon, mortars, and chain-shot manufactured for the arsenals of Europe. Ordnance, mortars, and carronades were sent out to Russia, Denmark and Sardinia; while the latter country received, in addition to a quantity of extra large mortars, a shipment of guns ten feet in the bore. The British Government, however, were by far the most extensive purchasers—the whole battering train of the Duke of Wellington having gone from Carron. The last order for guns came from France. Not since 1852 has there been a single carronade moulded; and this war-casting, which had its name from the works, has in fact become obsolete. A certain Irishman, in describing to a lady the process of casting a cannon, observed that “they just take a long round hole and pour iron round it;” but in that industrial department they went otherwise to work at Carron. The carronade was cast solid in an upright position, and afterwards bored to the required calibre.

The Carron Company are amongst the oldest merchants of Glasgow. In 1765, they projected Duke Street, for the purpose of obtaining a direct route from Cumbernauld to the city; and, in 1816, acquired ground in Buchanan Street, upon which they erected a warehouse and manager’s residence. Mr James Donald is now chief of the same Glasgow branch—one of the most quiet, but at the same time most qualified of mercantile men.

It was undoubtedly an unequalled superiority of workmanship that gave the establishment unrivalled fame both at home and abroad, and induced many

distinguished men to pay it a visit. In 1821, Prince Nicholas, afterwards Emperor Nicholas, went over the foundry, and was followed by Prince Leopold, and Prince Maximilian, of Austria. The latest royal visitor was the Prince of Wales, who, in July, 1859, inspected the chief departments of the works. But one Sunday afternoon a king of a different stamp knocked at the Carron gate. Need we mention his name? Burns, the Ayrshire ploughman—the bard whom all Scotland delights to honour. No admittance, however, could that day be granted the “Great Unknown.” So, with a diamond, and a stroke of keenest satire, he wrote the following verses on a pane of glass in one of the inn windows:—

“ We cam na here to view your warks,  
In hopes to be mair wise,  
But only lest we gang to hell  
It may be nae surprise.

“ But when we tirl’d at your door,  
Your porter dought na hear us ;  
Sae may when we to hell’s yetts come,  
Your billy Satan sair us.”

It seems to be generally allowed that the lines were first seen by Mr Benson, a traveller to Carron Co., who immediately copied them into his order book, and afterwards penned the following reply—Burns having applied for admission *incognito*.

“ If you came here to see our works,  
You should have been more civil  
Than to give a fictitious name  
In hopes to cheat the Devil.  
Six days a week to you and all  
We think it very well ;  
The other, if you go to church  
May keep you out of hell.”



An unlimited command of mineral resources, together with the readiest channels of export, have always been highly advantageous spokes in the Carron wheel. Now, as in days by-gone, the company have rich and extensive workings, both in coal and ironstone, the "hands" of which, from their numbers, forming several well-populated villages. Upwards of one hundred years ago they opened a pit in the parish of Kilsyth, where the ironstone strata have been found from four to fourteen inches in thickness. The coal in the neighbourhood of the works, which dips, for the most part, to the south-east, has been wrought for ages. It is of various qualities. Some of it is brittle, and falls to be chiefly used for the furnaces and forges; while other sorts burn clear, giving a good heat and cake, so that the very dross is valuable. At one time the company held an enormous quantity of pig-iron, which was made and stored under Mr Joseph Dawson's managership. A workman concerned, alluding to one of the immense piles, received the following characteristic reply from "old Joe"—"Gang on, man, ye're a lang way frae the roof yet"—referring to the sky. In 1872, however, when the revenue demanded the best appearance possible, this "sunk capital" was thoroughly cleared out, and realised in cash.

By water, as by rail, the company are at no loss either for the bringing in of raw material, or the throwing out of manufactured goods. A railway, which was laid down some eighteen years ago, stretches from the interior of the works to Burn-

house, where it meets the Polmont branch of the North British line, and where a large basin also adjoins the Forth and Clyde Canal. On this railway one or two powerful locomotives are kept ploddingly at work, while others do gigantic service in coal traffic between the outlying pits and the furnaces. What changes come about with time ! It is little over half a century since the rails leading from Carron to the Bainsford basin were laid, and even that enterprise in its day was considered no mean undertaking. The first line, stretching from Kinaird Colliery into the interior of the works, was constructed in 1766. The rails in that instance were of wood, covered with a sort of hoop-iron. In the course of the following year, however, rails wholly of iron were cast at Coabrookdale Iron-works. Several magnificent screw steamers likewise sail regularly between Grangemouth and London, the company taking large quantities of freight from local and metropolitan traders along with their own complement of goods. Of the Carron lighters and other craft which ply on the Canal, mention need not here be made.

The farm connected with the iron-works is called the Roughlands, and its lands, extending to 400 acres, lie for the most part in the immediate neighbourhood. From the well-stocked steading, everything necessary in the shape of feeding and fodder is got for the foundry horses, but these have been comparatively few since the locomotives were introduced.

Throughout the works, some splendid machinery

plays its part in the smelting and manufacturing processes. There are, for example, the patent hammers in the forging departments, devoted to axle-making; and the stationary engine, of enormous power, employed in the production of blast. The steam cylinder of the latter machine is six feet in diameter, the piston having a stroke of ten feet. The blast cylinder is 104 inches in diameter, and ten feet deep. But a gigantic piece of similar mechanism, which was erected by James Watt for pumping purposes, is also to be seen in the "old engine-house," wonderfully complete, taking into account that its services have been dispensed with for the last thirty years. The engine, which was constructed on the atmospheric principle, was fitted with four pumps, which raised to a height of thirty-six feet forty tons of water per minute. Its cylinder was six feet in diameter by eight feet in depth, and the beam about thirty feet long. The steam was supplied by three cast-iron boilers, two of which were globular in form. Two of the original water wheels, five feet in diameter, and overshot, are still going. One drives a turning lathe, &c., and the other Smeaton's blowing engine, which was erected in 1766. This engine embraces four air cylinders, about three feet in diameter, and is so arranged as to give a continuous blast.

The furnaces, however, are undoubtedly the head-quarters of danger. In 1788 there were only eight of these in blast in Scotland, of which four were at Carron, two at Wilsontown, one at Bonaw, and one at Goatfield—the two latter being fired with

charcoal. But the largest of the kind we have heard of is that at Ferryhill, in Durham, whose height is  $103\frac{1}{2}$  feet, with cubic contents of 33,300 feet. A few years ago the Carron Company erected three new blast furnaces upon the plan which has so generally commended itself to the experience of the Cleveland ironmasters, who may be regarded as the most skilful, scientific, and enterprising members of their craft in the world. This step was taken on account of the then high prices of pig-iron, which were realising to some of the larger manufacturers a clear profit weekly of over £10,000.

Here upwards of a thousand workmen labour daily amid smoke and fire, and, Cerebian-like, half naked, swing the heavy hammer. What a deafening din of iron industry rings even above the harsh, sullen roar of the flaming furnace fires! In the moulding-shops, men and boys, dust-begrimed, are pouring the liquid metal out of blazing ladles into the carefully formed mould; or, it may be, lifting boxes with castings sound and complete, save what remains to be done in chipping and filing by the after hands—the dressers. From such a spectacle, one gets an idea of the sore sweat by which our mechanics in general earn their bread; and the wonder is, apart altogether from moral considerations, how so many of the foundry class spend their hard-won wages so unsatisfactorily—throwing away in an hour, at the enervating and debasing shrine of drink, what it took days of blood-sweat effort to win.

“Nae mercy here for airn or steel ;  
The brawnie, bainie, smithie chiel,  
Brings hard owrehip, wi’ sturdy wheel,  
                                    The strong forehammer ;  
Till block and studdie ring and reel,  
                                    Wi’ dinsome clamour.”

Notwithstanding the great, and in many instances powerful, competition now connected with the casting departments of the iron trade, Carron is still *the* iron-works of Britain, noted above all others for the sterling quality of its goods. And that general public confidence in the various articles manufactured here is due, no doubt, to the shrewd and devoted conduct of those men who, for the last century, have held successively the onerous position of head of the works, and than whom none have shown more of energetic and practical oversight than the present manager, Mr Andrew Gordon, who was appointed in December, 1873. Mr William Cadell was one of the earlier managers. It was he who constructed the convex dyke across the Carron at Larbert, by which the water is retained in a reservoir of 30 acres, for the purpose of propelling the machinery. He was eventually succeeded by Mr Charles Gascoigne. Getting embarrassed financially, this latter gentleman, while in office here, accepted an offer from the Empress of Russia, who wished to have works constructed in her dominions for the casting of guns, shot, and shells; and, taking with him a number of the skilful hands, foundries were accordingly erected by the Carron colony at Petrozabodsky, and elsewhere in the country. For Gascoigne this proved a step on the way to position and fortune. In course of time he was created a



Knight of the Order of St. Wladimir, had the rank of General in the Russian service, and died worth £30,000. Next in order came Mr Joseph Stainton, a native of Cumberland, who had been for several years chief clerk in the counting-house of the works. This was a man of great decision of character; and, as is engraven on his monument in Larbert churchyard, "by economy, diligence, and scientific skill, he relieved the company from embarrassment, and placed it in unrivalled prosperity." He died in harness in 1825, at the age of seventy, and was followed in the management by his nephew, Mr Joseph Dawson, also a native of Cumberland. "Joe," as he was familiarly called, was likewise much respected by the workmen, and controlled the destinies of Carron for about a quarter of a century—his career terminating in January, 1850, when he had reached his seventy-second year. A brother, Mr William Dawson, then got hold of the managerial reins, but who did little, from his retiring, "jog-trot" spirit, in whipping the concern into anything like enterprise and progress. Afflicted latterly with partial blindness and other physical infirmities, he resigned his managership, and went to the grave at the advanced age of eighty years. Mr Thomas Dawson, another brother, was now entrusted with the same responsible duties. Scarcely, however, had he been installed in office, when he took seriously ill and died somewhat suddenly.

Although Carron for many years turned a listless ear to the demand for improvement, she no longer rests on her oars in sluggish inertia. Under the pre-

sent able management the works are being carried on with a vigour and enterprise which will compare favourably with the most spirited of their modern competitors. Extensive alterations and improvements are at present being executed. The public road on the north side has been diverted outwards with a considerable sweep, and the future boundary of the works at this part will consist of a substantial wall with the chief entrance and offices intervening. Indeed, these are now so far forward that a short time will suffice for their completion. Internal reconstructions are also being rapidly pushed on. The additional space which the diversion of the road above referred to gives the company is being allocated for workshops, to take the place of those dilapidated buildings which, throughout the rise and progress of Carron, have been scattered over the works without either plan or method. These modernising operations will throw the centre of the vast industrial establishment entirely open, and, apart from the desirable appearance of order, will afford increased facilities both for productive power and the despatch of goods manufactured. The alterations at present contemplated will, according to estimate, cost about £100,000. Messrs J. & A. Reid, local builders, are the contractors for the masonry. Above the main entrance to the works there is now a tower with vane and clock. Underneath are the Carron "arms"—cannons crossed, with the motto, *Esto Perpetua*. Still, the old gate, with its offices on the south, fronted by a narrow enclosure containing a few stunted and blackened trees, and the "stable-

row," humble and retiring, on the north, will not soon pass from local memory.

We must not be unfair, however, to the associative *prestige* of Carron. Connected with the iron-works there is a Friendly Society, which, with the motto,

"Let us fill urns with rose-leaves in our May,  
And hive the thrifty sweetness for December,"

provides pecuniary assistance for its members in days of ill health or accident. The "Club" was founded about sixty years ago; and during the last thirty years, upwards of £6000 has been distributed amongst its sick and disabled members. The workmen's co-operative store, which is also venerable in its years, has not been less harmoniously and successfully conducted. And at the time of its institution, such commercial enterprise on the part of the artisan community was by no means so common in the country as now. Of late, a complete change has come over the habits and manners of society. Not only are the growth-stunting "rags" of ignorance ever getting less common, but also the debasing symbols of poverty. Swinish debaucheries, too, have been well-nigh shamed out of all practice, and multitudes even of the very humblest sons of toil now take their pleasures like men. But what is, perhaps, still more hopeful, never were the working men of Scotland so banded together for the furtherance of the principles of social progress. The touching autobiographical epitaph of the poor French suicide—

"Born a man,  
Died a grocer"—

does not seem to have materially affected the spirit of Scottish enterprise. In almost every village, a co-operative society of some sort has, of late years, been established; and the importance of such movements, as a means of enabling the working man to obtain full value for his labour, cannot readily be over-estimated. Committees regularly declare on members' purchases a dividend of from 1s 3d to 3s per pound. By such union in the "provision" field, it will be clearly seen that the poor place themselves on an equality with the rich, whose abundance of means allows them to purchase somewhat extensively, and, as a general rule, at wholesale rates. And what adds very importantly to the dividends of the co-operative store is its absolute security against pass-book accommodations and bad debts. It is these so-called necessary risks and inevitable losses in business that keep many a merchant's head close to the water, and oblige him to sell at prices which return him profits commonly regarded as extravagant. "I never knew anything so bad as the short weight you give me for my money," complained a debtor to his grocer. "Only the *long wait* you give me for mine," was the reply. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We certainly disown all connection with that utilitarian school who, without the least shadow of reserve, urge a resort to the most shabby and miserable expedients that the most may be made of everything; with such a groveller as he of whom Wordsworth speaks, who actually had the heart to peep and botanise over his mother's grave. A virtuous thrift, be it observed, has no principle in

common with that miserly spirit that leads to the practising of the severest austerities compatible with existence. And abstemious habits, when carried to excess, are the very reverse of profitable. Need we say that infinitely more is lost by the ultimate demands of the physician and sick-bed, than can possibly be gained by the foolish parsimony of a bare gastronomic *regime*.

To us there seems another thing that the more intelligent of the working classes could do, and which must be admitted really good work in its way. They might, for example, set about, with all the birr of their unemployed mental powers, to educate and elevate the thousands of their comrades who are sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and depravity. That certainly would be a step in the right direction—a labour, moreover, of mutual benefit; for the maxim is without doubt a sterling one, that if a man would improve himself in any given branch of knowledge, he can do nothing better than go and teach it.







## ARTHUR'S OON.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT remarked, with respect to the destruction of this "great glory of the Roman remains in Scotland," that, had not the worthy proprietor thought fit to demolish it (in 1743), it would have turned the heads of half the antiquaries in Scotland. Its demolition, however, for the purpose of constructing, with the best of its stones, a dam-head across the Carron, brought down upon the head of the Vandal the bitter wrath of not a few even beyond the pale of the Captain Grose school. Dr Stukely is said to have been so much enraged against the destroyer of the ancient work that he drew Sir Michael Bruce, the Gothic Knight, carrying off a lapful of stones, with the devil goading him along; while an engraving of the piece was also published by the Antiquarian Society of London in their repertory. But granting the interest that was naturally attached to this rare and rude relic of Roman architecture, it nevertheless seems to us that not only has far more research been given it than its importance merited, but that too venomous a spirit has been displayed towards the Knight for his so-called Vandalic act. To him, the walls of the Oon were walls, and nothing more. In *his* eyes

they were vested with no peculiar interest ; and his iconoclasm was pardonable thus far, that his tastes were narrow and purely utilitarian. No sympathy had Sir Michael with such memorials of the past, and he consequently failed either to recognise or respect its existence in others. Moreover, there was very little sentimentality about the Bruces of that day. The eldest son, for example, had joined the army, and as he left the parental roof, "Andrew," said the father, "if I thought you'd turn your back upon man, I'd shoot you where you stand." Then followed the mother's gentle, yet not less valour-inspiring counsel :—"Never take an affront, Andrew, nor ever give one." How like the heroic precept which the Spartan mothers were wont to give their sons as they set out for the battle-field :—"Either bring home your shield, my boy, or be brought home upon it!" It is somewhat remarkable that the very day after the demolition of the Oon, the dyke which it was employed to build or repair was swept away by a flood in the river—"an instance," as has been remarked, "of retributive justice, which a Roman would unhesitatingly have ascribed to the wrath of its tutelary gods."

Here it may be well to give an idea as to where the building stood. Gordon, in his "*Itinerarium Septentrionale*," published in 1727, says that "Arthur's Oon, or Oven, is situated on the north side of the same isthmus which separates the Firths of Clyde and Forth in Stirlingshire, and in a straight line with these forts and castles already described, about 200 paces north of the river Carron, and a mile and

a-half north from Falkirk, where Lollius Urbicus's Wall passes, and is likewise very near the termination of the forementioned isthmus on the side of the Forth." A few years ago, several members of the Society of Antiquaries endeavoured to find out the foundation of the building, but their labour was fruitless. Its site, however, was undoubtedly a few yards to the north-east of the Forge Row, at the corner of an enclosure, about fifty feet square, on the estate of Stenhouse. The ground is now used as a washing-green by the adjacent inhabitants. In olden times a road to Alloa and Airth passed by the back of the Forge Row and through the Stenhouse estate; and on the north-east side of that old road stood Arthur's Oon. It had a more elevated situation, too, than one, standing at this spot, would imagine. The building, we are informed, could be plainly seen from Kinneil, above Bo'ness, which is seven miles distant.

First, as to its form and dimensions. Some fifteen years ago we were shown a very tasteful sketch of the Oon, as it appeared in 1743; and its formation—which consisted of regular courses of freestone—as there represented, was purely that of a beehive; in fact, not unlike the houses built by the Esquimaux with blocks of ice. Sir Robert Sibbald has given a good likeness of it in his "History of Stirlingshire," 1710. Gordon has given a better in his *Itinerarium*. It was a perfect dome, with a circular orifice at its apex, built in double courses of finely-hewn stones, laid on each other without mortar. Or, as Dr Stukely very justly says, its

shape is not unlike the famous Pantheon at Rome, before the noble portico was added to it by Marcus Agrippa. Buchanan, in his *Hist. Scot. Lib. 1*, says, speaking of the hills Duni Paces on the river Carron, "About two miles lower there is a round building, made without cement, but so composed of rough stones, that part of every upper one is, in a manner, locked within the lower, so that the whole work, mutually joined, supports itself by the weight of the stones from top to bottom, growing narrower, by degrees, from below towards the summit, where the fabric is open." The stones, however, were not, as Buchanan had supposed, mortised into each other. Another, and thoroughly trustworthy, historian says, "All of the stones were, with the greatest elegance and exactness, without any manner of cement, laid smoothly, flatly, and horizontally above one another; nor could I find any appearance of such cramps of metal as others have described; and instead of a fair level, on which it stands, as is asserted, I found it on the declivity of a considerable rising ground supported by a basement of stones, projecting out from below the lowest course of the building, which has not been taken notice of by them; and was so far from being upon a level, that a great part of the basement, and four courses of the stones on the south side, are hid in the earth, because of the rising of the ground on which it is situated. Besides, it has the marks of three or four steps, like stairs, which have formerly led from the ground to the gate or entrance of the building."

While throwing aside the speculative theories of

Hector Boece, we still get from his writings a few particulars regarding the structure, which are not unworthy of notice. He tells us, for example, that the figure of a Roman eagle had at one time been visible, chiselled upon the pavement, and that a huge stone altar stood in the interior, on which the "Gentiles were wont to offer sacrifice;" while, in a subsequent portion of his history, he leads us to infer that many other insignia of the Romans formerly ornamented its walls. When Edward the First made special war on our Scottish antiquities, he was only induced to spare the "temple beside Camelon," says Boece, after the inhabitants of the neighbourhood had already destroyed all the Roman sculptures, and inscriptions which existed upon it.

The Oon was small to have been so famous. The perpendicular height, from the bottom of the building to the top of the aperture, was 22 feet; the external circumference at the base, 88 feet; internal circumference,  $61\frac{1}{4}$ ; external diameter at the base, 28 feet; internal diameter, 19 feet 6 inches; circumference of the aperture, 36 feet 1 inch; diameter of the aperture, 11 feet 6 inches; height of the door from its basis to the top of the arch, 9 feet; breadth of the door at the base, 6 feet 4 inches; height, from the ground to the top of the key-stone of the door, 10 feet 6 inches; breadth of the wall at the base, measuring at the door, 4 feet 3 inches; thickness of the wall where the arch springs, 3 feet 7 inches; and height of the basement on which the building stands, 4 feet 6 inches.

Now, as to the builders. Nemus, an old monkish



writer, in his book concerning British affairs, Chap. 19, asserts that the Oon was made by the Emperor Carausius, and that the Carron had its name from him. Hector Bœce tells us that it was built by Vespasian, in honour of Claudius, to whom he erected a statue, and another to the goddess of Victory; and that Aulus Plautius died in the town of Camelon, which he calls Camelodunum, and that his ashes were buried, in a coffin, within the Oon. Sir Robert Sibbald, in his work entitled "Historical Enquiries," holds that it was constructed by Septimus Severus. And, last of all, Dr Stukely believes that this little temple, as he calls it, was, as mentioned by Tacitus, built by Julius Agricola the first winter that he was in this part of Scotland. As powerful evidence in favour of the latter theory, Stukely has well observed that time has left Agricola's very name on the place, seeing it goes frequently under the appellation of Julius's Hoff, or House; and if these initial letters, J. A. M. P. M. P. T., given by Sir Robert Sibbald, were engraved on a stone in the building, it may not be considered altogether absurd that they should bear this reading:—Julius Agricola Magnæ Pietatis Monumentum Posuit Templum.

But what of its object? Its purpose is certainly not plain. Although none of the learned appear to have any hesitation in tracing the origin of the Oon to the era of the Roman occupation, the antiquarian world has been greatly divided in opinion as to the particular end which the building was intended to serve. Diodorus Siculus is supposed to

have alluded to it when he tells us how the Hyperboreans—a people who had the sagacity to take up a comfortable residence at the back of the north wind—have a fine round Temple dedicated to the worship of Apollo. Stuart, in his *Caledonia Romana*, is of opinion that the word “Oon” may be no other than the Pictish term for a house or dwelling, as we find that the words *Pict-Oon* denoted the Picts’ dwelling-place or settlement (v. Governor Pownall’s *Provincia Romana of Gaul*, p. 36), and that the prefix “Arthur” may be a corruption of some Attic word. Sir William Betham, the learned author of the “Gaul and Cimbrii,” suggests that the name “Arthur’s Oon” is probably derived from the old Gaelic words *Art*, a house, and *Om*, solitary—meaning a retired dwelling or hermitage.

Many of the views regarding this part of our subject are, unmistakably, violent and far-fetched. To descend to the plain and practical, one can see that the building might be called “Oven” from its shape; but in what way the name of the British Prince Arthur, famed in romance, could reasonably be applied to it, is somewhat perplexing. Barbour and Wynton, towards the beginning of the fifteenth century, and Thomas the Rhymer, a century earlier, alike freely allude to him. Here is a stanza from a ballad in which the Prince catalogues his conquests:

“I drove the Saxons from the realme,  
Who had oppressed this land;  
And then I conquered, through manly feats,  
All Scotlande with my hands.”

Another verse deals more personally with the warrior.

It may be crude in composition, but it is certainly very comprehensive:—

“King Arthur lives in merry Carleile,  
And seemly is to see;  
And hath with him Queen Genever—  
That bride so bright of blee.”

Mr Chalmers, in his notices of Arthur, says that the Oon was known by that name as early as the reign of Alexander III. In 1293, William Gourlay granted to the monks of Newbottle *firmationem unius stagni ad opus molendini sui del Stanhus quod juxta furnum Arthuri infra baroniam de Dunypas est* Cart. 239. We also find that the Welsh poets assign a palace to Arthur among the Northern Britons at Pen-rynri-neth, corresponding to Dumbarton Castle, which, as appears from the Parliamentary record of David II. in 1367, detailing the King's rents and profits in Dumbartonshire, was long before named *Castrum Arthuri*. The romantic fortress of Stirling was equally, during the middle ages, supposed to have been the festive scene of Arthur's round table, which, with its benches, is commemorated in turf below the walls. He and his naughty Queen are likewise traditionally celebrated near Meigle, and have been noticed by John Ballenden, in the additions to his translation of Boece's History.

Gordon supposes the name of the building to be derived from the Gaelic *Ard nan Suainhe*—i.e., the high place or temple of the standards; as Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, is *Ard nan Saidhe*, the hill of the arrow; and Arthur's Seir, between Ross and Murray, is *Ard nan Seir*, the height from which to launch

ships. But, then, there are Ard and Arthur in Cymric or Welsh, from the same root as *Arduus*, Latin, which mean high, and also the Most High God; and as the Cymri, or Cambro-Britons, are considered to have possessed this part of the country about the year 600, the name, Arthur's O'on, is thought by some to be Cymric—signifying the *Oon*—i.e., the cupola or dome of the Most High. Buchanan believes the structure, *Templum Termini*, to have been a temple erected to the god Terminus. In that conclusion, however, he is unquestionably wrong. The Romans never built temples to that deity, which was simply a stone, or square post, set up in the ground as a landmark for travellers. Dr Stukely, with great modesty, observes, that it was probably dedicated to Romulus. Gordon, while agreeing with Stukely as to Julius Agricola having been the founder of the building, regards it in the light of a *sacellum*, or little chapel, in which the *vexilla*, or ensigns of the legion, were kept. That it was never designed for public worship, is plain from its dimensions. Gordon further remarks that it may have been also used as a mausoleum, or depository, for holding, within its hollow basement, the ashes of some illustrious Roman. In behalf of his views, he says, that “if an objection should be raised that the structure could not probably be appropriated for holding the insignia or standards, by reason of the opening at the top, which might admit the rain and snow, my answer would be, that the two cornices, or imposts, on the inside of the building, may have been made originally to support

a canopy or covering for defending these standards and vexilla from the weather; and if I have imagined it a place for holding the insignia, I build my conjecture on the following grounds:—First, because sundry authors, who have written on Roman military affairs, inform us that near their hiberna, or winter encampments, such little sacella, or chapels, were built for holding the insignia. This account Sir Harry Saville, and Mr Greenway, the translators of Tacitus, have given us, and quoted Dio and Herodian as their authorities. ‘The eagles,’ say they, ‘except in time of assemblies, stood in little chapels;’ to which purpose Dio is cited, that in all Roman armies there is a little chapel, and in it stands a golden eagle,” &c.

Some, again, imagine that they have the cloud of mystery, which hangs over the object of the Oon, dispelled by the following passages in “Ossian”:—“Dost thou behold that tomb? My eyes discern it not. There rests the noble Garmallon, who never fled from war.” Then, in another part of the “War of Caros,” the grey-haired Lamor exclaims—“My son! lead me to Garmallon’s tomb; it rises beside that rustling tree. The long grass is withered. I hear the breezes whistling there.”

So much for antiquarian speculation and zeal. The clash of conflict is heard on all sides. Further we will not go; for it is now impossible to determine what purpose this “Hypæthre Temple” served, or to what deity it was dedicated. No doubt, at one time, it had within itself all that was necessary as an index to its character—stones studded with many



a warlike device and graven line, calculated to preserve in remembrance the object of its erection. But all these were gone long before any of our noted antiquaries entered the field of inquiry. Notwithstanding all dubiety, however, when we know the history of the spot where the building stood, and of the rise of structural skill in Scotland, there can scarcely be a doubt that it was built by the Romans. Various remains of antiquity have been discovered near its site, such as the stones of Querns or hand-mills, made of a species of lava resembling that now obtained from the mill-stone quarries of Andernach on the Rhine; fragments of pottery, and the vestiges of what was supposed to have been a potter's kiln. Sibbald refers to the horns of "great cows," and to a *patera* dug up beside this Sacellum, as some proof of its having been a place of sacrifice. He likewise states that the traces of a broad ditch could, in his day, be seen on the northern side; which makes it sufficiently probable that a regular *vallum* and *fosse* had once surrounded the building.

We now know as much, perhaps, as ever shall be known of this interesting relic of the Roman rule. Nothing is left us of the Oon but the memory of its existence, and the green sloping bank where it stood. Demolished, too, for the repair of a petty dam-head. "The pity of it, Iago; the pity of it."



## STENHOUSEMUIR AND FALKIRK TRYSTS.

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THERE are several roads by which we could readily reach the ground above noted. We might, for instance, hold down through the villages of Grahamston and Bainsford, Carronwards; and thence by the arcadian "Saughs" and Goshen. Or, striking westward from the town, we have even oppressively open to us, in the sultriness of midsummer, the Camelon road, which, joined by the Red Brae, leads on by the mill to Larbert and Stenhousemuir. Our choice, however, inclines to neither route; rather to one where—

"Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, grasping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

By Dorrator, of course, lies our favourite road, strictly rural and picturesque, but which, evidently, never was intended as a resort of the fair sex, so narrow, soiling, and perilous for drapery are the hedge-lanes and foot-paths. Quitting West Bridge Street, we pass down the brae from Weitlands to the bleach-field, with its sundry patches of washings white

from the hands of "Mary Jane" as the purest daisy of the emerald sward. Once across the canal, and uphill from a chemical work of the filthier sort, we have all the enjoyment of bracing air, with fields fragrant and fertile. And we are now within a mile of the ford across the Carron, and get the first clear view of the river on reaching Dorrator Brae, which is steep, soilless, and sandy. At this point the stream indulges in a strange sort of whim, sweeping away boldly for some five hundred yards to the west again, as if it would run back pettishly to the more romantic surroundings which it so impetuously left. Here, too, is a scene that may well refresh and gladden the eyes of "age." Groups of merry bairns are everywhere wading knee-deep in the river—some eagerly bent in minnow-fishing, and others busy ploitering in the formation of little dams, for the imprisonment of the finny fry. But we cannot tarry longer by the Carron's banks, delighted spectators of one of the happiest sports of childhood, and so somewhat reluctantly cross the stream-kissed stepping-stones for Broomage Loan. The walk along this secluded and shady by-path is by no means uninteresting—quite refreshing, to start with, in its free leafy coolness; and a rare pleasure to the eye in its luxuriant array of sweet wild flowers. The distance is short, too, ere we reach the English dam—

"A runlet swift, with a varied edge  
Of alder bushes, willow, and sedge;"

and so called, we presume, from having been dug by a "gang" of Englishmen, as the iron-works at

Carron were also known originally as the English foundry.

Not more now than half a mile, and by the northern extremity of this loveliest of lanes, we are led into Stenhousemuir. We have the "Doctor's Brae"—a sort of Constitution Hill—to mount, however, ere we get clear into the village, which, once known simply as Sheeplees, has now a population of fully 2000. And the houses of the happy and orderly little hamlet—chiefly one and two storeyed—have a really clean and comfortable look. Southwards, the village view is beautiful, embracing the Falkirk braes, with a lovely under-track of country; and on the east the thick woods of Callander, with the hill of Cocklerue, which stands 911 feet above the level of the sea. The only public works in the immediate vicinity, in addition to those at Carron, are the foundry of Messrs Dobbie & Forbes, and an extensive timber-yard belonging to Mr James Jones.

Above all, Stenhousemuir, in its schools, is second to no village in the county. The buildings are large, well-lighted, and airy; while the various teachers are eminently qualified, both by tact and accomplishments, for training the young idea how to shoot.

"Full many a poor and lowly flower of want  
Has education nurs'd, like a pure rill,  
Winding through desert glens, and bade it live  
To grace the cottage with its mantling sweets."

And there is no doubt but the Scottish peasantry are improving in an educational point of view. In the latter part of the last century, accounts among the rural populace were generally kept by means of inci-

sions on wood. The blacksmith, if he had mended a spade, charged his work by drawing the figure of that implement, with the addition of six perpendicular lines to signify sixpence. Or if he had repaired a plough, he sketched the article rudely, annexing four curve lines to denote four shillings. And there are yet many who were born and bred in the very heart of supernatural charms—in the midst of such spells, or “freet,” as these:—When the dairymaid found her butter slow in rising, the local witch was thought to be at the bottom of the churn. When a horse got heated in the stable, Mole Whyte, “a wrinkled old hag with age grown double,” was suspected of having been on his back. Again, when the same animal dropped down at the plough, or in the cart, it was said that he had been elfin shot. The *aurora borealis*, too, was thought the reflection of herring shoals coming round the north seas. And connected with a certain “witch-doctor” yet living, we heard the following remedy related which he prescribed some forty years ago. A neighbour’s cow having taken suddenly ill one night, he (the village “veet”) was sent for; and, on his arrival, simply ordered a rowan stick, mounted with a red string, to be tied to crummie’s tail. The animal, however, died in spite of the enchantment. But, with the exception of the more “outlandish” districts, such gross superstition, even with the untaught peasantry, is altogether a thing of the past. The country people, in plain words, have well-nigh instructed themselves out of all these supernatural influences, belief in which was simply the result of



a widely prevalent illiteracy. And, in justice to the rustic community, it must be remembered that the only branches taught by Dominie Threshem in the parish school some half century ago, were the Bible, the "carritches," and the Proverbs. Cottar families who were so far in advance of the times as to presume to give any of their daughters, especially, a quarter's arithmetic, writing, or grammar, had their ears ringing with the hole-and-corner gossip of their immediate neighbours. And does not the education of the young still remain to be realised by domestic heads as a parental duty? Many parents, indeed, have the idea that with the schoolmaster lies all educational responsibility. They pay, as they will tell the teacher frankly to his face, for their "bairns'" schooling, and consider that for them even to see to the study of lessons at home, would be doing *his* work.

A handsome public hall, which has been erected in the "Muir," puts us in mind of the local volunteers. Through the purchase of shares, individually, to the gross capital of some £400, these riflemen have got themselves furnished with the above fine building, which includes an excellent officers' room and armoury. And while the interior leaves nothing to be desired in point of convenience and comfort, the exterior has, at the same time, been rendered all the more ornamental, by a handsome gift from Messrs George Smith & Co., of the Sun Foundry, Glasgow, in the shape of an elegant ridge and crest; and, as a further proof of the intelligent and energetic enterprise of the Carron corps, an extensive

library, consisting of popular modern works, has been added to the other advantages of the hall. So much for the pluck, enterprise, and unanimity of the 12th Stirlingshire Rifles. Especially after the appointment of Mr Alex. Munro—a native of the village—as captain, the corps manifested a vitality and harmony which gratified all who had an interest in the security and prosperity of the State. Business and distance combined, however, necessitated, to the great regret of the men, Mr Munro's resignation as their chief; but Mr Wm. Gillespie, who succeeded as captain, has also proved himself a popular and an enthusiastic officer. War may be very foolish—the prolific source of poverty, sorrow, and death—but, as matters go in the world, it is inevitable. Nations quarrel, and consequently will fight. Still, during the first year or two of its existence, the condition of the “Carron Corps” was disheartening. And why? Simply because many of those young artisans could not afford the expense of the rifle profession. Hence the pawky taunts and sarcasms that on all hands were given the volunteer, as he loyally exercised his powers of persuasion to get an acquaintance to join his corps. He was regarded, in fact, as suspiciously as Reynard, who, having lost his own tail, did all he could to induce his fellow-foxes also to untail themselves. It is an old saying that “nothing will teach riding but the back of the horse;” and it was certainly expecting too much from our young working men that they should squander so serious a proportion of their sweat-earned savings on the din and smoke of the rifle. Sufficient, surely, that they

give their time gratuitously for their country's defence, without any ruining expenditure in target practice or field skirmishing. And it was, without doubt, the high value which Government put on the volunteer movement, by promptly granting a handsome annuity towards its support, that saved the whole system from decay and dissolution. Nothing short of the capitation grant, in our opinion, could have sufficed to keep the great rifle association what one and all of its true friends must wish it—a thoroughly national institution.

At the east end of the village, we have the Free Church—an unassuming building, with burial-ground attached, of which the Rev. Finlay Macpherson is pastor. The Rev. John Bonar, latterly of Glasgow, who was former minister here, came out of the local Parish Kirk at the Disruption of 1843; and many of the inhabitants must still have a vivid recollection of the services given by that earnest divine the Sabbath following the leave-taking at Larbert. The people, of whom there were a considerable number, met under the shade of the magnificent old thorn, near Torwood Glen, which may still be seen in a green and fruitful maturity marking the spot of the excommunication of Charles II., the Duke of York, and the ministry by the persecuted, but undaunted, Donald Cargill; and the scene was undoubtedly impressive as the long grey locks of the impassioned preacher ever and anon rose and shook in the breezy air. Here, unhappily, is both seen and felt the horrid practice of intramural interment. Even this tidily-kept little grave-yard is fast becoming

putrid—a charnel-house filled with dead men's bones; and such accumulation of human bodies cannot but charge the ground with poisonous exhalations, and throw into the stratum of soil, through which may pass some water supply, anything but an agreeable and wholesome moisture. The "monuments" of the yard are, without exception, plain and simple. But we must state, in passing, that the sanitary condition of the village, under the inspectorship of our old and worthy friend, Mr Alexander Philip, is generally beyond complaint.

The estate of Stenhouse, the property and residence of Sir William Bruce, Bart., lies about a mile to the east. The founder of this family was a brother of Robert Bruce of Kinnaird. His eldest son, William, a man of splendid parts, was created a baronet of Nova Scotia by Charles I., in 1629.

But now a passing word regarding the Falkirk Trysts. As to the origin of these great cattle markets, we have little of any definite character to communicate. Their establishment, however, was beyond doubt subsequent to the Union; and we find from a review of the "good old (commercial) times," that until the institution of manufactures in the country, the sale of black cattle to our friends across the Tweed was about the only means by which we could get hold of ready cash. And the custom with cattle buyers and cattle sellers of so meeting, is certainly not a matter of yesterday. Thomas the Rhymer, in an old ballad, says:—

"I neither dought to buy or sell,  
At fair or tryst where I may be."

Duncan Shaw, of Crathinard, who is said to have originated the markets, acted at one time as a cattle-drover. He appeared in Falkirk, in 1710, with a specially large drove, a number of which he was commissioned by neighbours to sell. An Englishman, apparently wealthy, offered to purchase the whole. The bargain was concluded, and the animals driven away; but the purchaser also disappeared, without paying. Shaw, on his return, sold Crathinard to Farquharson of Invercauld, and paid his neighbours what they should have received, as well as his other creditors, of whom he had purchased part of the cattle. He then took a lease of Cranthard, in Glenisla, from the Earl of Airlie, and transported his numerous family thither, some on horseback, and the children in baskets slung on ponies, the usual mode of conveyance in those days. Six years afterwards he encountered his customer at a market in Forfar. The delinquent professed great penitence, paid his old debt, and purchased Shaw's present stock, for which he gave ready money. Shaw treated his retainers so liberally upon this occasion that it became a proverb to say, when there was a good market, that "there had not been one like it since the time when Duncan's men drank their bickerfuls of claret." The first of the Trysts took place on the Redding Ridge, and occurred annually. They were, however, only two in number, instead of three as latterly—held in the months of August, September, and October. Then, by-and-by, came their removal further west to the lands of Rough Castle—a Roman station—



in the neighbourhood of Greenhill, and where, along the summit of the Muir, tents were erected for the convenience and comfort of the dealers. It was not until the year 1785 that the trysts were held on the large common of seventy-five acres at Stenhousemuir, a site than which none could be more convenient and central. The wild and open character of the Bonnymuir locality no doubt influenced the Highlanders to seek more sheltered quarters from their friend the Sassenach. Yet even the present stance, eighty years ago, was rugged and moorish enough, being nothing better than a perfect cover of broom, and which was so strong in the growth that the herd boys from the adjacent farms had to mount their phail-huts to see from the movement of the bushy branches the whereabouts of their scattered cattle. At the outset, the show of tryst animals was limited, both as regarded sorts and numbers. On some recent occasions, however, as many as 100,000 head of sheep have been seen on the ground; but, generally speaking, Highland cattle are now nowhere at the Falkirk markets. The English and Irish beasts—greatly improved in breed of late—are completely playing out the old Highland stock. And we may naturally expect a gradual falling off in the numbers of animals at these large and once prosperous markets. Now that the Highlands have been so thoroughly opened up by that great civilizer the rail, the principal English buyers go right north, and purchase off the hills. The likelihood therefore is, that ere many years elapse, the trysts will

have dwindled down to petty fairs, with the exception, perhaps, of the horse market. And the locomotive has also swept away much that was interesting in connection with the trysts. There is no longer the stir either of dealers or "droves" that once characterised the Stenhousemuir neighbourhood on their approach. The pasture-fields for miles around were, in days by-gone, literally packed with sheep and cattle; and the incessant bleatings and rowtings that were heard morning, noon, and night from every point of the parish, together with the yelping din of the flock-dogs, and the impassioned whistlings and shoutings of the Gaels, most profitably broke the quiet monotony of village life. Sellers, in fact, were wont to be forward by the Friday of the preceding week, and it was no unusual thing to see them in the market the following Thursday; whereas, in these snorting steam days, they may be said to arrive at Larbert in the morning, and to depart the same afternoon for their mountains and their homes.

A photographic description of the Tryst-ground on the Tuesday, say, of the October market, would, no doubt, form a page of attractive reading; but such artistic work, we frankly admit, lies beyond the power of our quill, even though brought to its sharpest point. A spectacle so bewildering in brute bustle could only be grasped and graphically "graven" by a master-hand. During the heat of business, we have seen some fifty acres of the field fully occupied with the various concomitants of the market. Chief of the stock exhibited are the many cattle droves,

which are closely set over the centre part of the ground; and in the morning especially, when the animals are fresh and restless, the scene, with its roaring herds, rowting "orphans," and barking dogs, is something exciting, even for the mere onlooker. And need we say that none of the many breeds which are here brought into keen competition, look half so noble as the brave West Highlander?

"The watchful eyes are fierce, yet soft,  
As falcon's o'er her harried nest;  
His curving horns and shaggy crest  
Are swept aloft.

"Beyond the snow of Ben-y-Gloe,  
He sees upon the mountain's face  
The birth-place of his hardy race,  
His own Glencoe."

The refreshment tents are generally planted on the east side of the moor; and it is within these, over a gill of "hard stuff," that the majority of bargains are struck. Here, too, we find the horse market, numerously stocked with all sorts of the animal, from the finest Clydesdale to the shaggiest Shetland pet. The strip of ground that lies within the double line of tents forms an excellent run for the "coupers" in galloping out their spirited roadsters under the rousing din of hat and whip-shaft. Visitors on foot must find this a dangerous thoroughfare; and on the tryst-day above mentioned there is always a numerous turn-out of the surrounding populace to enjoy the fun of the shows, and the other comic paraphernalia common to our leading country fairs.

Eleven years ago, a series of monthly markets

for the sale of cattle and sheep were opened on the tryst-ground, and have proved a decided success.

In this same neighbourhood we have two very handsome and imposing buildings—the Scottish National Institution for the Training of Imbecile Children, and the Lunatic Asylum for the Counties of Stirling, Clackmannan, Dumbarton, and Linlithgow. The situation of the establishments is all that could be desired—quiet, without the awe of deep solitude; while the locality is alike healthy and picturesque. About fourteen years ago, a few gentlemen, stimulated by the labours of Dr Guggenbuhl amongst the cretins of Switzerland, commenced a small institution in Edinburgh for the education of imbeciles, which was afterwards transferred to this district of Larbert. And here we have certainly one of our most excellent charities. It is computed that, in Scotland alone, there are at least 3000 idiots, a large portion of whom are the children of poor parents who are unable to do anything either for them or with them. In this institution, of which Mr W. W. Ireland is medical superintendent, there are now seventy-one male and forty-one female pupils—112 in all, from six years old and upwards. A pretty flower-bordered walk leads up to the chief entrance; but a considerable space is allotted to playgrounds, fresh and green, bright too with gowans and buttercups, and bearing plenty of grass for the little “feeble folk” to tumble in.

In connection with the Lunatic Asylum there is a farm of some seventy-five acres, and pleasure-ground extending to twenty. The building, which

stands well to the south of the property, lies almost parallel to the Institution for Imbeciles that overlooks the western bank of the Caledonian Railway at Muirhall. It is situated, as we have said, in a quiet and thoroughly rural district, at a distance from any large centre of population, yet not so entirely removed from the healthy activity of industrial life as to render the place depressing from utter isolation. Then an expenditure of £40,000 should have something striking to show for itself. And the lineaments of the building lean to the massive side. With a frontage, or façade, of 340 feet, and a wing on east and west 170 feet in depth, its appearance, as you approach it from the tryst-ground, is imposing. Internally, the house is perfect—compact, comfortable, and commodious. The dining-hall, which is formed on the ground floor in front of the centre block, measures fifty-three feet by twenty-eight; and adjoining it on either side are the day-rooms, lavatories, laundry, &c. The chapel stands immediately over the dining-hall, and is of similar dimensions. At present the asylum, under the medical superintendence of Mr James M'Laren, contains about seventy men, and an equal number of women. The former for the most part seemed harmless and docile; and though some outward sign of mental feebleness could readily be perceived in almost every face, the question, on our entering the largest of the wards, could not be suppressed, "If these quiet and apparently reserved persons—ploughmen and artizans by trade—are mad, who is sane?" The female wards were more depressing. Here, notwithstanding



the “seams” and knitting-work in the hands of many of the women, morbid melancholy or raving discontent were the prevailing afflictions. More talkative, restless, and fretful than the men, they were also more vulgar, venomous, and violent. Sad spectacles these at the best—interviews which fill the heart with pain and bitterness.

Medical knowledge has certainly greatly advanced during late years with regard to the treatment of the insane. How appalled we stand at the ignorance which was displayed by the old mad doctors in their management of the class, whether suffering from simple monomania or from general derangement of the intellect! Chained in filthy cells, and couched on straw, even the least refractory were treated more like vicious brutes than human beings. But while it does our humanity credit that barbarous devices for the torture of the mentally afflicted are things of the past, the feeling is common that our present system of asylum management is conducted on too grand and indulgent a scale; and the question is bound to force itself sooner or later on the country as to whether our pauper lunatics might not be cared for kindly and comfortably at far less cost.



## BONNYMUIR AND CASTLECARY.

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IT may not be out of place to say a word here concerning the Radical riot at Bonnymuir in 1820. The revolutionary fever forms a long story from first to last; but, without entering on the details of the abortive and fatal rebellion, the general character of the expedition deserves some observations. And, at the outset of our brief review, it may be well to take note of the deep political discontent and general disaffection of the kingdom at that memorable period, when not a few of our patriotic countrymen dared even to imperil their lives in the assertion of what they deemed their legal rights. All disorders, political as well as social, have, of course, their climax; and the year, or years rather, of which we speak, were, in Scotland at least, the culminating era of constitutional martyrdom—the deep concentrated darkness immediately before daybreak.

The original Radical party, who, by the emissaries of the Government, were treacherously decoyed to Bonnymuir, left Germiston early on the morning of the 5th April. Following up the treasonable address which, as the first step of the infamous plot, was freely posted over Glasgow, one Turner gets a few of the more impulsive city Radicals gathered together,

and gives them to understand that the men at Carron had all struck work for rebellion, and were, moreover, just waiting the arrival of a force of "friends," before seizing from the iron-works a full supply of arms and ammunition that had been secretly mustered for the Radical service. No doubt their numbers were few to start with, taking into consideration the strength of the enemy that would be found in their path; but then they had the plausible story that a numerous body would be sure to join them in their route at Condorrat, whither King, another avowed agent of the Provisional Government, had gone as forerunner to raise a further band. Under this delusion, Hardie, who has been appointed commander of the Germiston party, sets out hopefully on the Radical expedition; and, when within a mile of Condorrat, puts his little army into regular marching order—forming a front and rear rank. Reaching the tiny hamlet, no additional force from the city, however, makes the slightest appearance; but here, King, need we say, has been busy with diabolical and truculent tongue, and has made a thorough dupe of a villager named Baird, who, on the faith that "a party of two hundred well-armed men, all old soldiers, were on their way from Glasgow," manages to persuade some dozen of his neighbours to turn out and be in readiness, with himself, to join the Radical army on their arrival in the village. Of course the few raw volunteers brought up by Hardie were all that represented the promised force. The metropolitan leader is now naturally quite chap-fallen. Still, King, with some

further cock-and-bull coaxing, gets the party to continue their offensive expedition, in the likelihood, as he alleged, of meeting with their truant friends, who, in their marching, had possibly found it necessary to shy from the public thoroughfare. Baird and Hardie are now made joint-commanders of the thirty men, who walk bravely eastward, two deep, and have each a pike in hand for the demolition of the British Government. On nearing Bonnybridge, King recommends that the party should take to Bonnymuir—a bleak and hungry-looking waste which lay a short distance south—and rest there until he returned with a reinforcement from Camelon. Again, and, we may add, finally, were the poor fellows sold. Not a solitary Radical came from Camelon to strengthen their ranks; and as for the Carron men, they, too, had wit enough to know, as was once expressed by Chief-Baron Richards, “that the law is too strong for rebels, and that they always carry the halter round their necks.” Both Baird and Hardie saw forcibly now that it was utterly hopeless to make any offensive movement with such a mere handful of men. They had resolved, moreover, to return at once to their homes, and were just on the eve of so doing, when up rode the Kilsyth Yeomanry and a troop of the 10th Hussars for their apprehension. The villanous trap was at last clearly seen through; and we cannot speak of the moral character of the despicable plot but with unrestrained scorn. The record of such barbarous thirst for the life-blood of even political rebels does not reflect great lustre (to phrase it mildly) upon the ante-

cedents of our "glorious constitution." The Radical party—who in the field only numbered some twenty—were naturally thrown into the greatest consternation on finding themselves face to face with an enemy fully accoutred and trained to action. For a time they hold both yeomanry and hussars at bay, taking shelter behind an adjoining dyke; and, for defence fill the slap with pikemen. Repeatedly is the attempt made by the hussars to get through upon the Radicals, but these—hear it, O shade of Richmond!—are successfully repulsed by a thick mustering of pikes. Eventually, however, the horsemen get *round* to the "rebel" ranks, when the majority of the civilians, on Lieutenant Hodgson of the Hussars calling out for a surrender, throw down their arms and run. Resistance, of course, by the remaining few, is entirely useless. Eighteen of the Radicals—several badly wounded—are taken prisoners, chief of whom are the leaders, Baird and Hardie; while two, more seriously injured than the rest, are left on the fatal field as dead. One of these latter was a printer from Glasgow, named Black, who had an uncle in the person of Mr Allan M'Clymont, weaver, Larbert. According to Black's own story, he was flying a fugitive from the muir, when a hussar unfortunately overtook him, but who, simply "dirling" the pike from his hand, told him to make himself quickly scarce. He had not gone far, however, when he encountered three bloodthirsty yeomen; and these, less humane and considerate than the hussar, cried with one voice, "Cut the Radical devil down!" when the foremost, suiting the action to the word, wounded



him dangerously about the head and shoulders. He was, in fact, thought finished. But, as good luck would have it, a neighbouring farmer at Damhead, named Alexander Robertson, happened to be about the field shortly after the skirmish, and seeing Black lying, not lifeless, though evidently at the point of death, had him carried to his house, and, with his wounds dressed, put snugly to bed. Restoratives, need we say, were also prudently administered; and, what with these and good guiding, Black so far recovered as to be able, with some little assistance, to leave Damhead for the weaver's at Larbert the night following. The exit arrangements were simply these:—The uncle (Allan M'Clymont) and his son, James, were trysted to reach Damhead about midnight, when Black would make his escape by a back-room window, wearing the farmer's blue bonnet in lieu of his own battered and haggled hat. The Radical's object was to get fairly out of the sight of the yeomanry. News of his proceedings, however, somehow reached the ears of "Carnock;" and the said gentleman, as may be guessed, was not long in setting out upon his track. Yet he came to Larbert just a post behind. The wounded bird had again fled. M'Clymont's house and out-house were thoroughly searched by a company of "sour-milkers," and an apprentice lad named Craig, who lay sick in the garret with his head bandaged, was at first sight taken for the wanted fugitive. But the mistake was soon seen; and after the family had been put on oath, that they knew nothing of Black's whereabouts, the brave yeomen left the

house with a volley of curses. One would think they might have been fairly content; for, in their blood-hunting expedition, they had picked up no fewer than three Radicals out of Camelon—M'Millan, M'Intyre, and Dawson—all of whom were afterwards tried, and sentenced to banishment for life.

But to return to Bonnymuir. Such of the revolutionists as were able for the journey, were at once marched off to Stirling Castle. It was, however, the 13th July ere the trial of the prisoners took place. Hardie, who was first dealt with, was found guilty on the following counts:—

(2). Levying war.

(4). Compassing to levy war against the King, in order to compel him to change his measures.

Baird was found guilty only on the second count; but both prisoners were sentenced to be hanged by the neck till dead, on the 8th September, and afterwards beheaded. The execution was a ghastly spectacle—a scene to be long remembered. Yet the poor men went through the trying ordeal bravely. “Hail, harbinger of eternal rest!” exclaimed Hardie, as he raised his eyes to the gibbet; and, just before ascending the grim instrument of death, prayerfully wished “a speedy deliverance to his afflicted country.”

And now, what shall we say of the extreme severity of the Government, in executing on the scaffold, as traitors, two humble weavers, who were simply the victims of a diabolical machination? No doubt both were thoroughly earnest and determined in the great political cause. “The rights I want,”

said Hardie, on his examination in Stirling Castle, "are annual Parliaments, and election by ballot;" and he must have known, at least, that he who, by treason, would subvert the State, is punishable by its laws. Yet theirs, assuredly, was no bastard patriotism. Then, as now, nothing intrinsically dreadful could be seen by the mass of the people in the demand of those popular privileges. The only execution, in fact, the public feeling of that day would have sanctioned would have been that of Richmond, the spy, and his base and cowardly accomplices. As for John Baird and Andrew Hardie, they were in the very dignity of their death regarded as pure martyrs in the cause of constitutional liberty; and now, in these more enlightened times—for the conviction that the House of Commons should be an epitome of our national life was not to be quenched—when there is an almost general recognition of the fundamental principle of self-government, which is simply the just and equitable representation in Parliament of all classes in the community, they stand out from the dark pictorial canvas of the British Constitution in its stormy spring-time, as the gallant pioneers of reform at last triumphant. And principles, we find, are ever rained in blood.

"All the past of Time reveals  
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,  
Whenever thought hath wedded fact."

In July, 1868, Mr John Bright, M.P., thus wrote the author relative to the Bonnymuir tragedy, and his remarks will, no doubt, be read with deep interest:—

"A darker page in our history is scarcely to be

found. The ministers who sent the men Hardie and Baird to the scaffold, and Richmond who betrayed them to their death, were infinitely more guilty than the men they legally murdered.

“Scotland now is the surest home of freedom in the three kingdoms, and I hope before long you will be able to add more strength to the Liberal party in Parliament.

“If England, Wales, and Ireland were as intelligent and incorrupt as Scotland, we might have the best Government in the world.

“I hope we can see some improvement throughout the United Kingdom, ~~and~~ that we shall see Reform carried into every department of the State.”

Our digression, politically, has been, perhaps, overdone. We could not, however, be silent on such dastardly “bloodshed,” as, with foot free and fetterless, we tread the bleak moorland of Radical renown. Bonnybridge lies but a short distance north; and as we jog down hill to the tiny yet tidy-looking village, we have before us a prospect extensive and beautiful. Beyond the industrial foreground there stretches a rich undulating valley of verdant knolls and sunny cereal slopes, thickly intersected by a host of plantation belts, and studded with farm-steadings few and far between. Cowden Hill—the accredited knoll of Graham’s encampment the night prior to his attack upon the Roman Wall—also rises from an adjacent field, and although richly covered with wood some thirty years ago, has now only a solitary tree of scraggy growth at its western extremity. Bonnybridge is another district which, within the last few

years, has taken a position of considerable importance. Here we have, first of all, the "Columbian Stove Works" of Messrs Smith & Wellstood. This firm—originally Messrs Ure & Co.—who started the manufactory, with Mr George Ure as managing partner, in April, 1860, are well and widely known for the superior quality of their apparatus. At the Society of Arts' competition in London, which extended over the year 1874, and to which all the eminent makers of stoves and ranges came forward, Messrs Smith & Wellstood took the first place for efficiency of workmanship, and construction for economy in fuel. The firm also do their own copper and brass work here, giving employment in all to about 250 "hands." Immediately adjoining this establishment, and as a former part of it, we have the foundry of Messrs George Ure & Co., where upwards of 400 men and boys are engaged. Here, light castings for sewing machines and ornamental iron goods are extensively made. From the light character of these castings, the best Scotch iron is necessary for their manufacture; and this alone is used at Bonnybridge. Messrs Campbell Ferguson, & Co. have also works at hand, which were started in July, 1877, for the manufacture of all kinds of malleable iron castings; and they, too, promise to have a rapid extension of business. Passing the foundries mentioned, we enter the village by the ordinary tunnel path, which, in addition to the burden of the canal overhead, has also a considerable stream of water some three feet below its level. To grope our way "single-handed," in a stormy winter



night, through the same subterranean passage, might cost us a second thought; and in saying so, heroic reader, we feel no necessity for bringing our voice to a whisper. In the "clachan" itself there is nothing of note to interest the Rambler. It possesses, however, an excellent school, under the supervision of the Falkirk School Board, and a really able and successful teacher, Mr William Gillespie, who has at present no fewer than 260 pupils. At the west end of the hamlet there is likewise a parish church, seated for over 600 persons; and specially to Mr George Ure, of Wheatlands—a self-made man in the strictest sense of the words—the erection of this recent building is due. In this same locality we find a corn-mill, a saw-mill, and a smithy.

"The children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor."

Pursuing a westerly course, we soon reach Castlecary—a village petty and peaceful. Castella cara, the beloved castle—the Curia Damniorum of Ptolemy—lies 3320 yards eastward from Westerwood, the previous Roman station. Here, as we have said, there is absolutely nothing to detain the Rambler, and so we hurry on to the sylvan feast as yet only in our mind's eye. Over the Forth and Clyde Canal, we have a view, free and imposing, of the North British Railway viaduct, which, with eight splendid arches, spans glen and highway. At this point we

must leave the beaten path for an instant, and see what of the Roman wall remains in this famous woodland. As we anticipated, the fosse or mural barrier is readily got at; and, time and its changes taken into account, it has here lost but few of its original features as a rampart-defence against Caledonian invasion. Crossing the Red burn, it falls in with the north side of the adjoining fort; and it requires no antiquarian stretch of the imaginative eye to distinguish the very course of the causewayed military road that ran within the "dyke," together with the stone-and-earth battlement by which it was securely protected on the south. But the beautiful and leafy dell has attractions other than those connected with old Roman handiwork. The very marsh which rises gently from the rushy brook, is "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;" while the whole of the spongy heath by which it is surrounded flashes with gorgeous flowers of whin and broom, and lies bosom-decked with the lovely speedwell (*veronica officinalis*), and

"Violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath."

The Castellum, or Fort, which has made Castlecary conspicuous on the page of history, occupied a knoll at the north-east end of the railway viaduct. Here the Roman general held his kingly court; and from the same head-quarters passed decrees as inexorable as those of the Medes and Persians. A prætorium, we are told, stood in the centre of the structure; while a double ditch, or vallum, surrounded its outer

wall. This station has been of great interest and advantage to the antiquary. Rarely have excavations been made within its boundaries but relics of special significance have been got. In 1769, an elegant plan of a house in the style of Palladio, with a sudorium, or warm bath, belonging to it, was discovered in the south angle of the then ruinous building. Two years later, when a body of workmen were quarrying stones out of the old camp-ground, for the walls of the neighbouring canal, they unearthed various interesting relics of our great masters. Among these were fragments of urns and vases; brazen helmets and shields; together with a silver denarius of Hadrian and of Cæsar Augustus. In a large hollow of the rock they likewise discovered about a hundred quarters of black wheat, and which was charred, moreover, to the core. Some century and a half ago, an altar was also found here, bearing the following inscription:—"Matribus milites legionis vicesimæ Sextæ Brittonorum veteranorum sacrum labenter posuerunt monumentum." Gordon, too, saw a broken altar with the letters "HBAT"—Hors Batavorum; and another more entire, on which was inscribed, "Milites Vexillatio III." A fourth was got more recently in a brier-choked thicket adjoining the Roman barrier, and which gave good evidence of having been dedicated to Sylvanus, the god of the woods. About the same period, a common slab was likewise picked up at the spot referred to, on which was a representation of a Roman archer playing havoc with a herd of deer. Not a stone of the fort is now to be seen above

ground. Its walls are utterly levelled, and its foundations grass-grown and buried beneath several inches of soil. Pity that such national heirlooms had not been placed under proper protection. Within the last twenty years, in fact, a considerable portion of the Castellum walls has been wilfully razed, and the historical stones carted away for the purposes of steadying-buildings and dykes. It might be a difficult task, however, to convince the keen matter-of-fact farmer that such grasping demolition of these real antiquities is something akin to a criminal misdemeanour. From Castlecary, the wall still runs along a slope of commanding ground, having the Bonny Water in front. Clear of Seabog Wood, it passes on to Chapel Hill, where a small castellum stood on the north side of the ditch. According to tradition, it was between this point and the site of an old watch-tower near Elf Hill that Græme, with his Britons, broke through the military curtain. Beyond Roundtree Burn stood Rough Castle, which was surrounded with a wall and double ditch of large extent. In 1843, a stone bearing an inscription and hieroglyphics was found in the property contiguous.

Castlecary Castle and Glen are now within "hailing" distance. The path south, after the high road is left, takes the character of an airy avenue, at present full of foliage and flowers. What stands of this ancient Keep, now, undoubtedly, the oldest habitable building in Scotland, is sufficient to convey an idea of its massive character as a defensive retreat; although it was burned by a party of Highlanders during the rebellion in 1715. The old castle,

and the lands connected with it, presently belong to the Earl of Zetland; but they only recently came into the possession of the noble family of Dundas. The house, which is occupied by Mr G. M. Buchanan, consists of a square tower forty feet in height, and has a species of turreted battlement at top, in which one sheltered stone still bears a rude and time-worn image of a human head and coat of arms. On measuring, we found the walls five feet thick; and even the spiral staircase of the fabric is, in its way, quite as strongly built. The modern portion of the building lies towards the east, and carries the date 1679. Underneath, where the cellar of a modern residence would be, there is a dungeon in which prisoners must, at one time, have been kept. There are also secret passages, and subterraneous arches connected with the castle, regarding which it would be unedifying to speculate. At the top of the garden—a plot of ground alleged to have been at one time the bowling-green of the Castle—is a fine English yew, which taken a yard above the soil, measures eight feet three inches in circumference. Another rare specimen of the same tree stands on the north bank of the Caledonian Railway, some ten yards south-east of its more stately companion.

And Castlecary Castle, if we are not mistaken, was the birth-place of Alexander Baillie, the famous antiquary. Sure enough, at all events, his sister Lizzie leapt from one of its windows into the plaid of a handsome yeoman—Donald Graham—whom she had met on the island of Inchmahome, and took kindly to as a suitor. Old Baillie, however, was dead against



his richly-tochered daughter mating with a poor Highland chieftain. And hence the midnight elopement.

“Shame light on the loggerheads  
That live at Castlecary,  
To let awa the bonnie lass  
The Highlandman to marry.”

To the Glen, which lies immediately on the west side of the Castle, in vain do we seek for some beaten track. Ramblers, however, of habit and repute, seldom scruple, under such circumstances, to make free with both fields and fences; and so, giving the go-by to ceremony, we take the nearest slap, and plunge knee-deep in grass and brackens into the very heart of the sylvan sanctuary. Throughout the rank expanse which spreads under this dense leafy dome, the botanist must find a rich and interesting field. Perhaps we never before witnessed floral society in the wild state more loving and altogether lovable. Among other gems of the wood, brightly blooming within the same footstep, we have woundwort (*stachys sylvatica*), with its soft hairy stalk, flower-busked at every joint; woodruff (*aspula odorata*), slender too in stem, with drooping snow-white head; and snakeweed (*polygonium bistorte*), luxuriantly leaved, and displaying an elegant spike of flowers. But train, time, and tide will wait on no man. We therefore get at once to the bank of the melodious burn—a small tributary, by the way, of the Carron, which divides Stirlingshire from Dumbartonshire—and, strolling up the stream, soon find ourselves face to face with a tunnel 60 yards in length, which gives the Redburn an under passage clear of the Caledonian Railway. History and tradi-

tion inform us that so dreadful was the slaughter here of Roman soldiers that the blood ran into the burn, and many dead bodies having been thrown in as well, the water became red as blood ; and in order to commemorate the event, the people of the woods gave the stream the name which it still bears. Now pulling a hyacinth (*scilla nutans*) for the button-hole of our coat, and as a memorial, too, of our delightful ramble, we take beggar's leave of the "dark green plantin's shade," singing, or rather crooning, cheerily, those popular verses by Hector Macneil :—

"O saw ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?  
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?  
 Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin?  
 Sought she the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree?  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castlecary;  
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:  
 Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,  
 Young braggart, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee."

About a mile south-west of this, stood the fine old mansion, Cumbernauld House, which was totally destroyed by fire in March, 1877. Built in 1731, and occupied for a short period by chiefs of the Fleming family, it came to be associated in an indirect way with many stirring events—national as well as domestic—in the history of a once powerful house. The structure, which was four storeys in height, covered an area of 69 feet by 60 feet, and was built in the old English style of architecture. The ornature of the façade was specially attractive. It was built with polished ashlar blocks, and a belt of carving swept round the windows. In the arch

above the main entrance was a fine specimen of sculpture, while in the tympanum was a well-executed representation, in bold relief, of the Wigton family coat of arms—namely, a hand clutching a head, with the historic and well-known words, which the design is intended to illustrate, “Let the deed schaw.” The walls were about four feet thick, and there was a general neatness in the design and appearance of the building. A short flight of steps in front of the mansion led to the main door, admitting to an ample vestibule, from which a broad staircase of polished oak, supported on elegant carved walnut pillars, gave access to the floors above. In 1875, the estate, consisting of about 4000 imperial acres, was sold by the Hon. Cornwallis Fleming, nephew of Admiral Fleming, to Mr J. W. Burns, of Kilmahew, for £165,000.

A short distance north of Castlecary Castle, lies Banknock, which has been possessed and occupied by Mr William Wilson for the last forty years. It is a really sweet loophole of retreat, and occupies the highest point, from sea to sea, in the valley. Here, Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter, was entertained when she visited the Tryst at Stenhouse-muir in 1856. The famous artists, Messrs M’Leish and Goodall, were also of the distinguished party. Mr Wilson, who is well known as a liberal patron and intelligent *connoisseur* of art, and also as a leading antiquary, has a most valuable collection of pictures by painters of note; and amongst them it is pleasing to see that the talent, with pencil and brush, is cleverly represented by his accomplished daughter.



## TORWOOD AND BANNOCKBURN.

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PE—U! it is very hot!—scorching sunshine and roasting roads! Our present step, too, into the epic land will be found somewhat lengthy: five miles at least ere Torwood is reached; while Bannockburn—the field of old renown—lies fully six miles further west. But who, possessing the poorest particle of patriotic pluck, would grudge a stewing stroll even double the distance, to plant his foot upon the momentous and sacred battle-ground, and see with the soul-lit eye the notable unfoldings of the theatre of Scotland's asserted independence?

“Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,  
Crown'd kings and mitred priests of power,  
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,  
The mightiest of the hour,  
And lowlier names, whose humble home  
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,  
Are there—o'er wave and mountains come,  
From countries near and far.”

Passing Larbert, we hold on by the leafy North Broomage; and, after a refreshing walk of about half a mile, find ourselves in the “Road-side,” a clachan consisting of some dozen dwellings. In one of its public-houses, situated on the west side of the toll, lived, until lately, a local character who was dis-

tinguished by the soubriquet or “princely” *nickname* of “The Deil.” We have a suspicion, however, that even the most heinous failings and follies of the deceased host were more than matched by many who freely gave him the Satanic title. Midway between this and Torwood, we pass the Glenbervie estate, and looking down the tree-shaded valley, get the merest glimpse of the mansion, as it lies so handsomely in sylvan repose. Here we also find striking traces of the old ancestral avenue, whose magnificent array of conical limes will keep it long in marked remembrance. On either side of the public highway, and almost adjoining the southern extremity of that beautiful arcade, stood two trees of peculiar interest to the Scotch and English people. As the local story goes, the two countries, on these trees meeting branch with branch, would as enemies again take to the battle-field, though for what reasonable object it would be hard to determine. Fortunately, however, for the peace and prosperity of Britain, the tree on the south side of the road had one of its largest arms struck off by lightning some years ago, and now simply shows the smallest fragment of a shelly trunk. But we have seen the two, in this same leafy season, playfully nod and whisper to each other at the safe and respectful distance of three yards or so, quite unconscious, apparently, of their momentous mission.

Aside, however, from such idle and foolish frets, Torwood—a hamlet only inhabited by tillers of the soil—is peculiarly rich in its vestiges of the heroic days. Down on the top of an ordinary “hillock,”



north of the present toll-house, stood the gigantic oak into whose capacious interior Wallace is said to have retreated when pursued, in 1298, by Edward I. of England. The noble tree, which had a trunk some twelve feet in diameter, was surrounded in former times by a marsh full of "foliage and frogs," and was originally, no doubt, the sacred rendezvous of the Druidical priests, who seem to have made the old royal forest their head-quarters. Not the smallest chip, however, of the Wallace oak remains. Even the "oldest inhabitant" can say nothing of it save what he has gathered from tradition. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," speaks of having seen some of its roots eighty years ago; and, recently, we were shown a treasured morsel of the tree in the Chambers Institution at Peebles. Wallace, undoubtedly, often chose the solitude of the Torwood as a place of rest for his army, raised and roused to oppose the tyranny of Edward. Here he concealed his numbers and his designs, sallying out suddenly on the enemy's garrisons, and retreating as suddenly when afraid of being overpowered. While his army lay in these woods, "the oak" was commonly his head-quarters. Within it the illustrious hero generally slept, the hollow trunk being capacious enough to afford shelter not only to himself, but several of his associates. Torwood coppice—a part of the great Caledonian forest, in which the boar, the wild bull, and the wolf could be hunted—consists chiefly of oak, beech, hazel, and birch. Much of the ground which is now smiling plain and meadow, would in earlier times be marsh

and swamp; while summers would come of intense heat, and winters with all but arctic severity—such, in fact, as we have just experienced, with “times” as hot and hard. Systematic swindling on the part of the latest broken bank and its bankrupts had, no doubt, much to do with present public privation; but business, otherwise, was rotten in the state of “Denmark.” And why should we blink at the fact?

We have just passed the humble steading from which the warm-hearted Misses Walker farmed for family fare, with “Uncle Bob” as ploughman. Many a kindly welcome we have had in that same “biggin” as we went to and from Sauchie on a visit to the “auld folks.” But all, save one, are now slumbering in the sleep of the sod.

It was in this same neighbourhood where the Earl Warren found shelter after the battle of Stirling Bridge; but where many of his men, according to Blind Harry, “found a cold bed.” Here, too, at the foot of the old Toll Brae, Donald Cargill, the ejected minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow, and one of the last champions of Scotland’s spiritual independence, excommunicated, in October, 1680, the reigning monarch, Charles II.—a manly renunciation of crowned tyranny, and war to the knife declared against the Stuart race. The congregation was immense; and after lecturing on Ezekiel xxi. 25, &c., and preaching from 1 Cor. v. 13, the heroic Cargill, in the afternoon, took for his text Lam. iii. 31. Next Sabbath he declared that if the men he had previously excommunicated died the common death of mortals, or if they did not go bound to

eternity as he had bound them, then his deed should not have the sanction of Heaven. After many a hair-breadth escape, he ultimately perished on the scaffold. Again and again he attempted to address the multitude that had assembled to witness his dying testimony, but as often the drums were beat to drown his voice. Placing his foot upon the ladder, he uttered these memorable words:—"The Lord knows I go on this ladder with less fear and perturbation of mind than ever I entered the pulpit to preach."

The chief attraction about Torwood is the old castle, which stands on one of its finest eminences. Keltor, or Choil-tor, was the ancient Celtic name of the district; and Tor, or Thor, from which the word Thursday is derived, was one of the great deities worshipped in high places by the Picts. The road leading to the castle will be found somewhat rough-rutted; but the prospect from the feudal heights is magnificent, and especially so in the lusty summer, when the fields wear a garb of brightest green—when the trees are clad in leafy foliage—and when those sun-elves, the floating, fleeting shadows, gambol with festal frolic across the plain. Northwards, there is unfolded for miles an undulating, luxuriant, and well-wooded valley, irrigated by the Forth, and walled in by the mammiform Ochils, and the bold range of the Grampians, which, with their rugged, naked scalps, lend a deeper sublimity to the scene; while the setting sun floods with amber glow the valley that lies between. Looking down from such an eminence, the view is the most gorgeous we ever

witnessed, excepting that obtained from Standalane, and which, in many of its lovely and varied features, is substantially similar. Here, however, we have more prominently the ancient county of Clackmannan, together with the other buzzing burghs and villages which lie so serenely along the foot of the hills.

But Torwood Castle never stood higher than a feudal fort. It was built about the middle of the sixteenth century, by one of the Baillies, and ultimately fell into the hands of the Forrester family, who were possessors until 1720, when the estate was purchased by the great-grandfather of the late Mr Dundas of Carronhall. The sequestered situation of the tumbling fortalice is the very ideal of repose and solitude; and it may be fairly questioned whether the Peel ever looked so beautiful as now, with its owlet-haunted walls crumbling piecemeal down to dust. It is even, to the romance-deluded eye, desolate as the halls of Balclutha. Not a single ivy-leaf, golden lichen, or scarlet creeper is to be seen clinging about the gaunt ruins, from shot-hole to staircase, to conceal with kindly embrace the gaps and dust of their slow decay. There are some ruins, like those of Greek temples and mediæval churches, where the design is not lost, and where we can still admire the genius of bygone ages; but when the pillar, the carved window, or the bartizan atop on which the sentinel made his rounds, are gone; and when the strong tower has fallen in, the mere remains of human buildings are unsightly enough, and only affect us with a sense of desolation. Close by the north wall of the castle, a blood-stained turf

is pointed out to the mind's eye of the antiquary as a fitting memorial of the feudal raids; and there is also an underground passage—repulsive in its damp, earthy smell—said to extend to Bruce Castle, a distance north of some three miles; but, farther than being now densely populated with rats, little else is known of its sanguinary character. We are not heroic enough to plunge personally into the darkness of the past.

The Peel grounds are, of course, a great resort of lovers in the sweet summer nights; and all over the trunks of several adjacent trees are a crowded array of initials, cut in memory, no doubt, of the happy moments spent beneath their songful and shady boughs.

A keen modern interest, however, has sprung up towards the Torwood locality, from the singular stone hut, or British tower, which was excavated some thirteen years ago in Tappock. It is a disputed question what practical purpose the elliptical chamber can have served, although it is unmistakeably the handicraft of the Celtic-Britons. It may, for all we know, have been a storehouse to some entrenched camp, although that idea seems never to have struck any of the learned archæological societies in their ingenious speculations. But it is simply absurd to connect it with the castle, a quarter of a mile south. The very elevation of its floor, with the deep intervening dales, precludes the conjecture of such a subterranean passage. The cave is thirty-two feet in diameter, and its wall of uncemented masonry, founded on a floor of solid rock,



rises to a height of ten feet. An inner ledge, four feet high, also runs round the whole building. The material of which the hut is built is rough freestone, simply rounded off at the corners, and piled up rudely, as a mason would build an ordinary field dyke. What must have been its main entrance lies on the south-west side, the descent being made by an elbow-shaped staircase of some ten steps. The sweep of country got from Tappock is immense. No army, however skilful, could do much across that far-stretching plain without being readily detected by the vigilant watchkeepers on such a height. Within the underground chamber two interesting stones were found, covered with eccentric rings, and which are supposed to have been either religious symbols, or articles of ornamentation. But there were also got querns, cups, whorls, portions of pottery, and charcoal; an iron hammer, with orange-shaped head; and an old hatchet, in form somewhat similar to that in present use.

Immediately below Tappock we fall in with Torwood Glen, which lies a few yards west of the famous old thorn on the Carbrook estate—the property of Mr J. C. Bolton. The dell, as may readily be imagined, is thickly covered with brushwood and brackens, but has also a musical burn in its rocky centre, which in spate seasons bounds with real cascadian passion over the Sheep's Linn, situated a short distance down. The streamlet has a rich tenantry of trout, too; and by the angler, with the freedom of its waters, many a rare lot of "beauties" must be basketed. Not a few local Waltonians *take* the liberty occasionally of casting in a tempting bait for the sake

of fun and a fry; and the finny folk (all praise to their considerate courtesy!) deal as frankly with the worm of the poacher as that of the proprietor.

Mr Bolton is certainly one of the most notable men in the county. His career, which has been exceptionally prosperous, shows what business ability, keen insight, sound judgment, and force of character can do for success in life. Having had his way to make in the world, he started on fortune's track as a sailor boy; but in his fifteenth year entered the British office of an East Indian house, in which he rose from junior clerk to the position of senior partner. For some years he has also been a director of the Caledonian Railway; chairman of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce; and a J.P. for Lanark and Stirlingshores. Mr Bolton is now the accepted candidate of the Liberal party in this county, and it is generally understood that he will contest the seat at the next general election against the present Conservative member.

Making our way from the old to the modern public road, we hold north by the edge of the scroggy copse-wood. The short stroll down the sandy by-path, from the absence in the atmosphere of the faintest breeze, is for once a rare and uninterrupted bit of pleasure. As we step along, keenly sniffing the delicious odour of fir and hawthorn, we everywhere rub shoulders closely with the sweet dog-rose (*rosa canina*), and other blooming bushes, indigenous to the soil, which thickly fringe the "lane," themselves rising from a sward where "fast-fading violets are covered up in leaves." This lone, and, in former days, densely wooded spot, was, we understand, a great terror

to night pedestrians on their journey to or from Stirling; the deep plantations affording suitable shelter and ready retreat to hosts of vagabonds and bandits. Among other local parties pounced upon by these lurking "beasts of prey," was a well-known flesher belonging to Falkirk, who, at the time of his seizure, was making his way through to a market in the north on horseback. One lawless rascal, it seems, caught his pony firmly by the head, and demanded his money or his life. The flesher, however, being still left free personally, shouted loudly for "Help," when his powerful cattle dog so called, which had been faithfully following up in the rear, was at once to the rescue, and promptly seizing the cowardly ruffian by the throat, brought him violently to the ground, and thus successfully secured the release of his master, who, of course, rode off at a rattling pace from the scene, and heard nothing further of the attempted robbery save that Help's head and breast, when he came up breathless from the fray, were pretty freely covered with blood—not his own.

Something less than a quarter of an hour brings us to the Queen's highway, where we turn westward; and in spite of occasional snatches of landscape with tree-studded haughs and fruitful vales, have a long and tedious walk to the field of Bannockburn. The first village met is "The Toad and the Lamb"—a hamlet commonplace in the extreme. Here, however, is situated the Plean Asylum, founded by the late Colonel Simpson as a home for old soldiers and sailors. At present there are some thirty pensioners in the institution, enjoying its many bodily and

spiritual comforts. The building, now embowered in foliage, is by no means attractive architecturally; but within the quiet camp and haven there is, we know, nothing wanting for the winter-life enjoyment of the veteran inmates.

Bannockburn village, for its own sake, need not be visited. It is, however, a prosperous manufacturing place for tweeds, tartans, and carpets; while coal is also abundant in the vicinity. To save some little travelling, we strike through the public green—the site, too, of an annual cattle fair—for a foot-path which runs close by several interesting traditionary spots, while it takes the rambler over the very battleground which gave a national life to Scotland, and sealed her independence. Cat-Craig—the remains of an old quarry—lying immediately to the left, first meets the eye as an object of historical association. Here, facing the west, stood “The Ladies’ Seat,” which, from its position, must certainly have afforded a glorious view of the memorable battle. Two miles eastward, we have also “The Bloody Faulds,” where a party of English, in their retreat from a dreadful encounter near Milton Bridge, courageously faced another section of the Scottish army that fell in their way; but so terrible again was the slaughter, that, in an exceedingly brief space, few were left to take flight a second time from the field. Directly on our road to Brock’s Brae lies “Beaton’s Well,” which still retains a splendid spring of water. It was here, as every school-boy knows, where James III., flying from the Battle of Sauchie, in 1488, was cast from his horse by the animal taking fright at a pitcher

which had been thrown down hurriedly at the well-side by some woman, alarmed on seeing the man in armour galloping furiously towards her. Seriously injured by his fall, the unfortunate King was at once carried into the Mill; and while lying there prostrate from his bruises, was treacherously stabbed several times in the heart by Lindsay of Pitscottie. In one of the walls of a smithy which stands on the site of "Beaton's Mill," long ago destroyed by fire, are a number of stones that formed part of the old building.

Everywhere along the banks of the Bannock will be found points and places of note more or less importantly connected with the great battle of which that locality was the scene. Passing Whins of Milton, we make direct, however, for the Caldan Hill, where stands a stone marking the ground on which the Scotch troops were mustered at the close of the memorable day; and where Bruce, too, probably planted the royal standard in the pride of victory. The space, or hole rather, in which the "Borestone" now rests, is about three feet square, and has been roofed with an iron grating for the protection of its contents against the picking propensities of pilgrims. But on the 25th June, 1877, the erection of a neat and substantial flagstaff, by the Dumbarton and Stirling Rock of Hope Lodge of Oddfellows, was inaugurated, on the "consecrated" ground, with great ceremony. A foundation having been built on the solid rock, half-a-dozen yards west from the real Borestone, for the necessary structure to receive the staff, on this has been bolted a malleable iron mainmast (hollow), rising to a height of 70



feet, and weighing three tons. It has been screwed down at the base with malleable iron plates; while the whole fixings of the mast have been covered with a solid and elegant cast-iron covering, decorated with Scotch thistles. The upper mast, which is of Baltic pine, is 50 feet long. Surmounting the whole, as a vane, there is a battle-axe with a malleable iron spire, and blade of block tin. The entire height of the erection is 120 feet. The *Times* did rather an undignified thing when it headed the report of this memorial of a famous historical event, "A Snub to England." As well might it accuse the Greeks of bad taste for erecting a similarly-spirited work to mark Thermopylæ, only the foreign patriotism may not go so keenly home. But, dear English brothers, even for "puir auld Scotland's sake," let "byganes be byganes." And you ever freely think and write of the land of kilts and heather as common "England." We, Scotch friends, do not object; nay, are proud of the union; although, like the wife with the husband, our birth-name may be concealed.

Recently, a somewhat imposing demonstration took place at the flagstaff, and the meeting, it seems, was only the observance of the time-honoured custom by the surrounding villagers, who regularly, on the anniversary evening of "Bannockburn," walk in procession to the Caldan Hill, where, rallying round the now worthy memorial, they enjoy the stirring strains of appropriate national music.

The prospect from the famous yet bald eminence

is exactly what might be looked for. In almost every direction we have the survey of a fine sweep of district, with many objects patriotically revered to deepen the interest of the view. Northwards, Stirling Castle, sitting proudly with towers and ramparts on its everlasting rock, and the Wallace Monument—a pauper still on the people's patriotism—stands out boldly in the landscape; while more immediately west is the Gillies' Hill, capped with a solitary tree, which, in the undulating distance, has all the appearance of a huge umbrella. From a situation so commanding, we naturally get at a glance the whole range of the ground occupied by the hostile armies. The battlefield proper lies directly south of the "Borestone," and is now represented by a valley rich in cereals and tubers—some thirty years having elapsed since even the notorious marshes were thoroughly drained and brought under fertile cultivation. But what of the tactics of the battle, that much-vexed question with Scotch historians? We have certainly a clear conception of our own regarding the position of the Scotch and English soldiery in their martial movements; but still do not presume to throw any fresh light upon the hackneyed, and, at best, speculative points. For one thing, there is no really reliable authority on which to fall back for particulars. Even Barbour writes very vaguely both of the plot and plan of the battle. No doubt he mentions the New Park as the ground selected by Bruce. But where was such a field situated? Probably, and only probably, where the farm-house of Park, and Park

Mill, now stand. Here is the passage from Barbour, with Bruce's preliminary and explanatory address to his Lords:—

“And ordane us on sic maner  
That, quhen our fais comis ner,  
We to the New Park hald our way,  
For thar behafis tham nedwais ga.  
Bot gif that tha beneth us ga,  
And our the marras pas, and sa  
We shall be at advantage thar.”

Without entering minutely into the matter of Bruce's disposal of his army on the memorable 24th June, 1314, we may safely hazard the opinion that the general position of the Scotch forces lay in a curved line from east to west—that they were, in fact, drawn up in three divisions along the front of Gillies' Hill, the right flank being stationed upon the Bannock, near Greysteel farm-steading, the centre on the steep slope west of Halbert's Bog, and the left wing thrown along the brow of Cockshott Hill on to St Ninian's. Such simple assignment of the Scotch soldiery will be found to harmonize at least with the best authenticated incidents of the battle.

We should, however, before now, have taken a glance at the more private preparatory movements and exercises of Robert Bruce. On the Sabbath—the day preceding the momentous 24th—we find him within the royal chapel of Cambusbarron, reverentially receiving the sacrament. His army, too, seems to have been composed of men of the same noble, chivalrous and Christian character. Shortly before the commencement of the battle, the Abbot of Inchchaufry appears with crucifix in hand, when

the vast soldier body, pious as powerful, on the instant kneel devotionally, and with prayerful spirit petition the aid of Heaven in their valiant defiance of a power at once degrading, thievish, and tyrannical. Edward, the English King, seeing this manly act on the part of Bruce's soldiery, regards it, however, in a very different light. Proud as Lucifer of his blazing parade of power, he hastily fancies that, overawed with the magnificence and numbers of the English host, the Scotch army humbly beg their lives in the menial attitude of surrender, and thus Edward vainly exclaims in "hie :"—

"Yon folk kneeleth to ask mercy—  
Sir Ingram (Umfraville) said, ye say sooth now,  
They ask mercy, but none at yow;  
For their trespass to God they cry.  
I tell thee a thing sickerly,  
That yon men will all win or die,  
For doubt of dead, they will not flee."

Previous to bringing up his forces on the field, Bruce, in a short but stirring speech, gives them keenly to understand that the future fate of Scotland now lay exclusively in their hands; and that upon their unflinching courage in the hour of battle depended the actual life of their country—either victory, with its reward of national glory and greatness, or defeat, with still sorer slavery, shame, and shackles. And at length came the real tug of war. Bruce, mounted on a little palfrey, and armed with a battle-axe, no sooner takes the field, than Henry Bohun, an English knight, and perhaps the bravest of Edward's band, challenges him to single combat,

thinking thereby to prevent, if the Scotch King should fall, the necessity of an army engagement. The challenge, of course, is promptly accepted; and just on the meeting-ground, which appears to have been somewhere between the marshes of Halbert and Milton, the duel is bravely fought, which results in the death of Bohun.

“Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty’s in every blow!  
On to victory!”

Between the two contending forces there was, in several respects, great disparity. Edward’s formidable and gorgeous host, consisting of Crown vassals, military tenants, and foreign troops, numbered somewhere beyond 100,000, and a spectacle more imposing than was presented by such a military multitude could not easily be imagined. Bruce’s army, on the other hand, was only 30,000 strong; but what it wanted in quantity, it possessed in quality. The Scotch ranks were, without exception, formed of soldiers thoroughly inured to war: no hireling adventurers of the baser sort these, but men of sterling character, with a great and life-absorbing cause at stake.

“There was the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield.”

According to the most trustworthy of the historians of Bannockburn, the English began the action by a furious charge upon the left wing of the Scots.



Bruce's plot of the concealed pits was, of course, never suspected—a strategy on the part of the Scotch King which we certainly can only excuse upon the plea that all is fair in love and war; or, perhaps, for the still better reason that those who were so fatally entrapped had no legitimate business there. But a truce to banter. There lay the invisible “honeycomb” swamps, on either side of the ground by which the enemy was most likely to advance, thick with sharp-pointed stakes supporting the treacherous turf. And by-and-by on rode a large body of cavalry, for a vigorous attack in front; but even before they could come to close quarters, they, with their horses, rushed headlong into the morass snare.

Yet the enemy's force which Bruce really dreaded were the squadrons of archers, whose service played sad havoc for a time. Eventually, however, when opportunity favoured, he got rid of these. Sir Robert Keith, with 500 cavalry, is commanded to charge the corps of sharp-shooters—an order which was obeyed most effectively by their complete upbreking. We could not, by any means, make light of the great dismay that spread throughout the wreck of the English soldiery, when the Scotch camp-followers hove in sight from the south of Gillies' Hill (the joke is too good for that); but the thorough routing of the English archers was unquestionably the master-stroke that wrought for Scotland a glorious deliverance.

“O Scotland! prize from hour to hour  
The stream of freedom as it runs;  
’Twas usher’d by a crimson shower—  
The life-blood of thy martyr sons.”

And what shall we say of Edward's wounded pride, as, hotly pursued by Sir James Douglas, he fled furiously to the fortress of Dunbar for refuge? So sanguine, too, was he of annihilating the Scots, by his superior strength numerically, that within the English camp, full of costly grandeur, sat Andrew Baston the bard, who had been brought specially by his king to celebrate the slaughter of Scotch nationality. "Hey, tuttie, tattie!" sound horns and bagpipes. Things were not so to be. This Baston, by the way, was a Carmelite monk, and according to a very learned authority—Bishop Bale—a laureated poet and public orator at Oxford. Like Gulielmus Peregrinus, he accompanied the king on his military expeditions, and took care to commemorate his master's exploits in suitable heroics. In this capacity he went with Edward I. to Scotland in 1304, and as the result of what he saw and experienced at various times there, gave to the world—at least to as many as were able to peruse the same—his "*De Strivilniensi Obsidione*" (Siege of Stirling Castle), his "*De Altero Scotorum*," and other poems, some of which are still to be found in Fordun. Being part of the retinue that Edward II. took with him to the north, he was taken prisoner at the battle we have just faintly sketched, and, by way of payment for his ransom, was ordered by Bruce to celebrate the victory of the Scotch in his best manner. This was turning the tables with a vengeance; but perhaps he had reason to feel, with another poet, "liberty's a glorious boon," and acted accordingly.

In the olden times, every prince had his panegyrist, every duke his doting sycophant, every lord his laureate. Phenomenal plenty made such *literati* the puppets of fortune. In the halls of the great they fed nobly, and held the gayest of revels; life was elysium, and death ridiculously remote. Out of favour, they were penniless paupers, without a crust; sorrow and suicide stood alike spectres on either hand. Another turn of the wheel, and they vaulted again into their sumptuous slavery. Feasting and starvation, tapestried dormitories and the warm crevices of the glass-house, were the ruinous alternations of those unhappy lives.

But while the battle of Bannockburn was emphatically the great achievement of Bruce's life, it must also be regarded as a victory which had a really world-wide influence—thoroughly upsetting the sordid schemes of the English monarchs for the capture of France and Scotland, and affecting for the highest good the grander destinies of Europe. What, ask we, could Knox have done for the fundamental fabric of the Reformation, without his kingly forerunners, Wallace and Bruce, yet unapproached for military prowess and disinterested patriotism?



## STIRLING—TOWN AND CASTLE.

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WRINKLED and grey, like some weather-beaten patriarch, looks old Strila—"strife of the archery;" or Strivelin—"the striven-for territory." For beauty of situation she stands unrivalled among the ancient Scotch burghs, and bears a striking, though miniature, resemblance to the old town of Edinburgh. With her castle and castle rock, her river, and her carse—the amphitheatre in the centre of which she sits—she cannot fail to favourably impress the most prosaic visitor. The country, too, all round is historical; rich in the brilliant memories of the past. "What do I think o' London?" said an old Stirling worthy, on being asked his opinion of the great metropolis. "What do I think o't? It's just a lump o' guid grund spoilt wi' stane and lime."

Few royal burghs have had a more remarkable history. A frontier town for some five hundred years prior to the tenth century, it was originally built of wood. Thrice it fell a prey to incendiarism—first in March, 1244; again in 1298; and, later still, in 1385. And then followed its years of abject poverty, its pensioned paupers even becoming an intolerable annoyance to the surrounding districts. Hospitals for the relief of decayed burghesses were

built, in fact, until the town became a veritable colony of asylums. Spittal's, although perhaps not the most important, is one of the number, and of which it is recorded—"Foundit for the support of the puir by R. S. tailyour to King James the 4." The hospitals are four in number, the principal and most richly endowed being that of John Cowan. Connected with them are the salmon fishings of the Forth, extending over many miles of that serpentine river, both up and down stream. The revenue from this source, though variable, is always considerable. Stirling, however, in these days has utterly got quit of its ragged notoriety. It is, forsooth, fast taking rank as one of the fashionable "loopholes of retreat;" and many of its villas throughout Melville Terrace, and other select strips where reside certain of the *élite* of society, are little short of princely in their elegance of architecture. Within the town, too, are several very creditable buildings—Drummond's Tract Depot, at the corner of King Street; the North Established Church, a fine Norman building; the Allan Park U.P. Church, a handsome structure in the Gothic style; and the County Buildings, recently erected, which furnish accommodation in the most ample form for the Justiciary Court and all other local judiciary assemblies. Nor should we omit to notice the regard for the fine arts, which has found its expression in Smith's Institute, with its museum, and a library of its own, not connected with the Public Library, properly so called, which forms so great a boon to the community. But, in Baker Street especially, there are some quaint old



houses belonging to what may be termed the old town, and on one of these is inscribed the following amusing lines :—

“ Here I forbear  
My name or arms to fix,  
Lest me or mine  
Should sell these stones and sticks.”

And in passing the Town Hall, we are just reminded that in keeping of the Clerk are one or two interesting curiosities. The silver key, for example, about seven inches long, which belonged to the gate of the old bridge; another of the same, connected with the burgh port; and the famous “Pint Jug” that was fixed by an Act of the Scotch Parliament, in 1437, as the legal standard for liquid measure. In ancient times, the different measures of the kingdom were committed to the different burghs. Edinburgh kept the measure of length; Linlithgow, the dry measure; and Stirling, the pint measure. By the way, a good story is told of Mr Finlayson, town-clerk in the latter part of the seventeenth century, who was noted for the marvellous in conversation. He was on a visit to the last Earl of Menteith and Airth, in his Castle of Talla, in the Lake of Menteith; and was about taking leave, when he was asked by the Earl whether he had seen *the sailing cherry tree*. “No,” said Finlayson: “what sort of a thing is it?” “It is,” replied the Earl, “a tree that has grown out at a goose’s mouth from a stone the bird had swallowed, and which she bears about with her in her voyages round the loch. It is now in full fruit of the most exquisite flavour. But, Finlayson,”

he added, "can you, with all your powers of memory and fancy, match my story of the cherry tree?" "Perhaps I can," said Finlayson, clearing his throat, and adding: "When Oliver Cromwell was at Airth, one of his cannon sent a ball to Stirling, and lodged it in the mouth of a trumpet which one of the troops in the castle was in the act of sounding." "Was the trumpeter killed?" said the Earl. "No, my lord," replied Finlayson; "he blew the ball back, and killed the artilleryman who had fired it."

The old town still retains all its ancient characteristics and pristine peculiarities. Walking along its narrow streets, advancing up though those approaches to the Castle, and on the way encountering the Broad Street to which they form the contracted inlets, the traveller there finds himself in an open space capacious enough to accommodate an army. Here stand the ruins of a palace built by the Earl of Mar in 1570. The edifice was originally quadrangular in form, and had a small court in the centre, similar to that presently connected with Argyle's Lodgings, now the Castle Hospital. Here, too, we have the High Church—a splendid specimen of Gothic masonry—within which James VI. was crowned, when John Knox preached the coronation sermon. In 1656 the building, originally single, was divided into two, and to this day consists of the East and West Churches—the latter having been the place of worship allied with the Franciscan monastery, founded by James IV., the hero of Flodden, in 1494; and, not further gone than 1868, the old timber roof of the building was discovered

somewhat unexpectedly. Mr M'Lean, acting for Mr Rothead, architect of the new transept to be erected at the joint entrance, having had the gallery of the West Church taken down, made an examination of the unoccupied space above the modern plaster ceiling, when, to his surprise, what should appear but the beautiful arched roof of oak, in excellent preservation! A window at the western end, decorated by stained glass, contains in the centre the arms of the burgh. After being disused as a place of worship for three-quarters of a century, the church underwent complete repair in 1816. Various cenotaphs now surround its interior. The tower, which rises at the west end of the building, is ninety feet in height, and may be ascended by a convenient stair. The East Church presents, in the interior, double rows of handsome columns, with a chancel at the eastern end, containing a large and beautiful window, which, being added by James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, retains the name of Beaton's Aisle. In the course of improvements and alterations, which were recently carried out, a number of human bones, in addition to those found on the outer stair, were thrown up from the floor of the interior. An aperture was also discovered, built in the wall near the entrance on the north side, which is supposed to have been a tomb, and a few yards from this, about five feet from the floor, or thereby, a sort of small basin, cut in the stone, used probably for holding water in the services, near the altar.

Looking north from the esplanade, now entered

*en route* to the castle, a prospect is seen of matchless beauty in the broad hill-girt carse, through which flows the Forth in serpentine links. From the Queen Anne and French batteries, the hills of Gartmore in the west, Benlomond, Benvenue, Benledi, Benmore, Benvorlich, the Ochils to the north and east, the mountains of Kinross and Fife, Salin, the Queensferry eminences, Arthur's Seat, the Pentlands, and, nearer the rising sun, the massive Tinto, with a clear sky, are all within vision. The manufactories, not many in number, situated on the outskirts, never darken the atmosphere as in many other localities, and never make the air either unpleasant or unwholesome. Here the first historical flying experiment was made in Scotland, by an Italian friar, whom James IV. had made prior of Tongland. The man, who was a great favourite of the king's, from his presumed scientific attainments, and his supposed successes in alchemy, was commonly believed to be in league with "Auld Hornie." Thinking that he had discovered a method of flying through the air, the prior appointed a certain day, in 1510, for an aerial ascension, and invited the king and his court to witness the feat. At the appointed time, the Italian, bedecked with an enormous pair of wings, ascended one of the battlements of the Castle, and in the presence of King James and his court, spread his plumes, and vaulted into the air. Unfortunately for the prior's reputation, the experiment was a complete failure. Amid the laughter and derision of the whole assembly, the would-be aeronaut came tumbling headlong down; and although a

manure-heap luckily saved his neck, his thigh-bone was broken. As is invariably the case, the hapless experimentalist had an excuse for his non-success; it was to be attributed, he asserted, to the fact that his wings included some feathers from common fowls, instead of having been all from eagles and other noble birds!

To the geologist, this district of the country is specially interesting from the varied phenomena presented by the physical aspects of the strata, in which can be traced clearly the combined action of fire and water at a former period of the world's history. To the unequal denudation from carboniferous to post-glacial times of the two great classes of rocks, thus formed under igneous and aqueous condition, we owe those peculiar features in the scenery of the district around Stirling which lend it such a charm, and which are characteristic of the trappean tracts of central Scotland where volcanic rocks prevail.

Steamers ply regularly between Granton and the port for the conveyance of passengers and goods. At neap tides the flow is about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet in the harbour; at stream tides it rises to 11 feet. At one time the navigation between this and Alloa—a distance of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles, though the direct line is only 5—was greatly impeded by 7 fords, or shallows, composed of boulders. But it was determined to have two of these at least removed—the Town and Abbey Fords, which were found the greatest obstructions to the free passage of vessels. The works were commenced at the lower end of the Abbey Ford, where the channel excavated was about 500 yards



in length and 75 in breadth, and was deepened in some places 3 feet 6 inches. Here is a specimen of the wisdom of our ancestors under similar circumstances:—During the reign of Charles II. of Spain, a company of Dutch contractors offered to render the Mancanares navigable from Madrid to where it falls into the Tagus, and the latter from that point to Lisbon, provided they were allowed to levy a duty for a certain number of years on the goods conveyed by this channel. The Council of Castile took the proposal into their serious consideration, and after maturely weighing it, pronounced the following singular decision:—"That if it had pleased God that these two rivers should have been navigable, He would not have wanted human assistance to have made them such; but, as He had not done it, it was plain He did not think it proper that it should be done. To attempt it, therefore, would be to violate the decrees of His providence, and to mend the imperfections which He designedly left in His works."

But the historical footprints of the landscape are of still deeper interest. Not here can we grapple closely with the host. Within a radius of a few miles no less than six great battles were fought within historic times—Stirling Bridge, 1297; Falkirk, 1298; Bannockburn, 1314; Sauchieburn, or Field of Stirling, 1488; Kilsyth, 1645; Falkirk, 1746. Probably in no area of so small extent throughout the world have so many momentous conflicts taken place as within this portion of the shire of Stirling. There can be very little doubt that the physical

features of the district have had a powerful influence in the question. The narrow opening or strip of land between the Ochils and Lennox ranges of hills was in early times the only route easily accessible to an army advancing from the southhead to the north of the Forth, the carse land of Stirling being then a morass, and frequently covered by the advancing tide, while the lowest ford on the Forth was at Drip, about two miles above the west of the town of Stirling. The Castle of Stirling, perched on its rocky eminence, was the key that locked the passage through this gateway to the north, and its possession was almost equivalent to the mastery over the northern districts; hence it was a continual point of contest between those who held and those who wished to hold. There is therefore no question that the physical features of a country impressed on it by geological structure have much to do in influencing its human history.

In the foreground, to the left, lies Gowlan Hill, the upper ridge of which is known as "Hurly Hawkie," and so called, we presume, from the ancient game of sliding down the declivity, seated on the skeleton of an ox's head. This same hill, however, was occasionally the scene of a more serious spectacle. Here those condemned for high treason were executed, and amongst others the Duke of Albany, in May, 1425. The antique old bridge, situated to the west of the town, has a kindred notoriety, having been the scaffold, in 1571, of Archbishop Hamilton. It stands a short distance above the new bridge, and is remarkable as having been for several centuries the

only means of conveyance by land between the south and north of Scotland, from which circumstance it was called the gate to the Highlands. But casting the eye across the magnificent basin, we have, bold and precipitous in the centre of the background, the Abbey Craig, now the appropriate pedestal of the Wallace Monument. Most fitting, we say, because the Craig, which is some 260 feet above the level of the Forth, was the hill on which the Scotch army were found posted by the English foot and horse, immediately prior to the famous battle of Stirling—an engagement in which Edward and his Normans were strikingly defeated. The entire sum expended on the monument—the tribute of a nation to its greatest hero—was about £14,000; and the trifling amount proved dreadfully difficult to raise. But so long a period has elapsed since Wallace lived and fought, and so much of his character belongs to the legendary period of our annals, that the idea of erecting a monument to his memory could only take effective root in the minds of those specially endowed with the sentiment of Scotch patriotism. It happens, however, that the men who make money are not as a general rule, men who are apt to be moved by mere sentiment, and this may be “the reason why” the placing of the Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig proved, both literally and figuratively, such very uphill work. A really pathetic document, written shortly after the above-mentioned victory by Wallace, was picked up in 1868 by a German antiquary, in Lubeck, and which “scrap of crumpled parchment,” issued with the name of our

national hero as one of the Guardians of Scotland, explained how the corporations of his country had failed in the old reciprocity of trading intercourse with their Continental friends, by reason of the despotic dominion of a foreign enemy ; but now, by the aid of Heaven, a great victory had released them from their oppressors, and the good old-fellowship with foreign traders might be expected, and be prosecuted with mutual advantage without interruption. In 1784, eleven brazen spears were found on the Abbey Craig, by a Mr Harley ; these having got buried in the ruins of the castle which in days of yore stood on the summit of the hill. A small stone was also got here at a later date, having on one side a representation of the Scotch thistle, and on the obverse a variety of Saxon characters.

Bridge-of-Allan, that most fashionable of Scotch spas, is also seen to the west of the Craig, and, with its shining "fleet" of handsome villas, lies finely sheltered from the snell winds of east and north. It is this rare geniality of temperature, even in the bauld and blustering seasons, more than the curative virtue of its mineral springs—which are, however, by no means deficient in saline impregnation—that makes the "Bridge" so generally popular with invalids as an out-of-door hospital. In the foreground, too, on the right, situated on a peninsula with the Forth on each side, are the tower and foundations of Cambuskenneth Abbey, which was founded by David I. in 1147, and dedicated to Saint Mary. In 1864 a human skeleton was discovered near the site of the high altar, which was believed to be the



remains of James III., who, with his consort, was buried here. The ashes, of course, were at once reinterred; and of late an elegant sarcophagus has been erected over the spot by our widowed Queen. The tomb, built of freestone, is about 4 feet 9 inches in height, and 8 feet in length, and has inscriptions cut in raised letters on each side. On the north side is the following:—"This restoration of the tomb of her ancestors was executed by command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, A.D. 1865." On the south side are the words:—"In this place, near the high altar of the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, were deposited the remains of James III., King of Scots, who died on the 11th June, 1488; and of his Queen, the Princess Margaret of Denmark." At the west end the Scottish arms are cut, with the motto *Nemo me impune lacessit*; and at the east end the Scotch arms are quartered with those of Denmark, and entwined with representations of the thistle.

There is little of historic architecture now connected with the castle. Whatever was allegorical and specially ornamental, has, for the greater part, either been defaced or destroyed. Still, on the south side, there is the Palace, with its Lion's Den, which was commenced in 1540 by James V., and finished twelve years later by his widow, Mary, of Guise. It is a square building of Lombard architecture, having curious specimens of sculpture shown on its several sides. The old Parliament House, too, originally a fine example of Saxon masonry, remains of the ancient edifices. On the north of this upper square, we have also the arsenal,



formerly the chapel of James VI. Its chief curiosities are a pulpit and communion table, said to have been used by John Knox ; the tilting lance of James VI. ; an old Lochaber axe found on the field of Bannockburn ; 500 pikes prepared for the use of the peasantry at the time of Napoleon's expected invasion ; a number of pikes used by the radical rioters at Bonnymuir ; nearly 200 sergeants' halberts ; and a timber crown, which, richly gilded, surmounted a representation of the Castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, Dumbarton, and Blackness, that formed part of the interior decoration of the structure at the baptism of Prince Henry. But, as Miss Edgeworth naïvely remarks—"These old castles interest one chiefly by calling up ideas of past times, which are in such strange contrast with the present." A goodly-sized volume, however, might be filled with matter of absorbing interest regarding the eventful antecedents and vicissitudes of Stirling Castle. Sitting proudly on the crest of a steep rock of concentric greenstone and columnæ basalt, which rises gradually from the east, and terminates in an almost perpendicular precipice on the west, its position alone is striking. And while no authentic account can be given of its early history, this much we know, that it is a fortress of great antiquity. In the twelfth century, it ranked as one of the four principal strongholds in Scotland, and in the reign of James I. became a royal residence. Then, how deeply interesting its varied associations with the Stuarts ! Two of the Jameses, in fact, were born here, and two crowned. James VI. also spent his boyhood at the Castle, and had for his

tutor the famous historian, George Buchanan. But a sentence more, in passing, with respect to the accomplished musician and poet, “The Gudeman of Ballengeich.” And what could be more *apropos* than a verse from one of the gaberlunzie ballads that so quaintly describe his roaming adventures in rustic disguise?

“He took a horn frae his side,  
And blew baith loud and shrill,  
And four and twenty belted knights  
Cam’ skipping o’er the hill.  
And he took out his little knife,  
Loot a’ his duddies fa’,  
And he stood the brawest gentleman  
That was amang them a’.”

Hard beneath the esplanade, to the south, lies the town cemetery; and a lovelier burial-place, we may safely say, is not to be seen in the country. To catch at a glance the many adornments of the ground, we ascend the “Ladies’ Rock,” which, with picturesque grace, rises from the sepulchral valley. The scene, while full of impressive beauty, is also very deceptive. From the natural loveliness of the situation, and the exquisite skill with which statuary, shrubbery, and rockeries are arranged throughout the grounds, the eye is hard to convince that what it sees is for the most part artificial—the trick of art, rather than the work of nature. On the north side of the cemetery stands a pyramidal emblem in stone of the permanence of Scripture. The edifice, which was erected by one of Stirling’s most generous citizens—Mr William Drummond—is not less curious-looking than imposing, and, in addition to a formidable array of hieroglyphic signs, displays a variety of

Biblical quotations. Down in the valley are many interesting, though certainly less obtrusive objects—a pretty pond, a tasteful water-fountain, and several fine statues of Scotch martyrs. But something more must be said of the “Ladies’ Rock.” It would be the height of ungallantry, in fact, to pass it without some slight allusion to its ancient service. Here, in the days of the Stuarts, the ladies of the Court assembled, and from the airy eminence witnessed the tournaments and other fashionable sports that took place in the royal park immediately beneath. We are, of course, now looking south; and in the magnificent landscape there are many memorials of antiquity to engage the mind’s eye, apart from the striking splendour of the scenery. In the King’s Garden, which, as we have said, lies close by the base of the Castle rock, the vestiges still remain of the ornamental walks and parterres. In the centre of the grounds there is an octagonal mound called the “King’s Knot,” on which the game of “round table” was wont to be played by the Gudeman of Ballengeich and party. And it must delight every Scotch heart to hear that the old terraces running down from the Back Walk (a romantic foot-path, designed by Mr Edmonston of Cambuswallace, in 1724), to the Butt Well, have lately been restored; that an ornamental pond and rockery have been formed on the marshy portion of the park; and a variety of other improvements effected, so that the “King’s Knot” and adjoining plots now lie in all their original luxuriance and entirety.

But what of the “Wolf Crag” in Port Street? Here is the legend with respect to the origin of the

name. During the reign of Donald V., near the end of the ninth century, two Northumbrian Princes, named Osbrect and Ella, had acquired by conquest all south of the Forth from Stirling, and toward the eastern coast. The town was under the rule of these Anglo-Saxons for about twenty-eight years. About the same period the Danes, under their magical flag the "Black Raven," had visited Britain for pillage. Pursuing their depredations to the north, each town inhabited by Anglo-Saxons was as well guarded and watched as could be for the approach of such reckless spoilers. At the "South Port," the south entry into Stirling, a sentinel had been set; fatigue had overcome him, and he fell asleep on duty, but was awakened by the growl of a wolf, which had left the woody wilds and climbed on a rock in the immediate neighbourhood. He awoke in good time to perceive some of the northern hordes on the approach, and timeously alarmed the garrison, who speedily caused the invaders to retreat. The incident of the cries of the wolf being regarded as a favourable omen—the crag received the name of "Wolf Crag." Mottoes have been introduced into England by the Saxons, and the Northumbrian Anglo-Saxons who ruled in Stirling adopted the design of the wolf recumbent on a rock as the armorial bearing of the town. In an ancient seal belonging to the burgh it is understood that there are seen seven stars set in the sky, and the rock on which reclines the wolf is strewn with branches of trees, apparently indicative of the Druidical or Pagan idea of the deities of heaven superintending the

affairs of this part of "Sylvæ Caledonia." The present seal of the burgh has on one side a bridge, with a cross on the top, and the motto around it, "Hic armis Bruti, Scoti stant hac cruce tuti;" and on the reverse, a Gothic castle, and two branches of a tree, with the inscription, "Continet hoc nemus et Castrum Strivilense." The first part of the motto seems to allude to the victory obtained by Wallace over the English in 1297, consequent on his destruction of the bridge at Stirling. The two branches on the reverse of the seal evidently represent the "Forest of Stirling," which had probably been a branch of the Caledonian, whose boundaries and situation are now unknown.

Stirling, always noted for the industry and frugal habits of her people, has within the last forty years made vast progress in proportion to her capabilities. In that time she has considerably more than doubled her population, and more than tripled her manufactures and her commerce. By a return made in 1755, there were only 3,951 inhabitants in the town and parish; but in 1792 they had increased to 4,698. At present the town alone contains about 7000 males and 8000 females, making a total of 15,000. Throughout the fifteenth century, the manufacture of worsted cloth, shallon, stockings, thread, and serge formed the chief branches of trade prosecuted by the populace. These articles were sent over to Holland, Brugess being the staple port for all such commodities. In the sixteenth century, it was impossible to meet with a Stirling merchant who had not been in Holland, as no one was received as



an apprentice to any of the industries mentioned unless he agreed to go twice there as supercargo of the goods. About 1700, we find different bonds given to the traders by strolling craftsmen not to sell their wares to the inhabitants except upon market days; while, even in 1762, no person could open shop in town without first satisfying the guildry, by a statement of his affairs, that he was possessed of the necessary funds. At present, the leading manufactures here are carpets, tartans, winceys, tweeds, and shawls. There are also an extensive wool-spinning factory; two coach-building establishments; and two agricultural implement works. The banking establishments are eight in number—the oldest being the Bank of Scotland's branch, which was established as far back as 1776. And speaking of the trades of the town, it may be noticed that Buchanan's works—"De Jure Regni apud Scotos," and his "Admonition to the True Lords"—were published by one Lyprivick, a local printer.

No part of Scotland surpasses the district of country, of which Stirling is the centre, in farming. There are no more skilful and enthusiastic agriculturists anywhere. The Carse is one of the best fields for their operations. The landlords, including the Hospital patrons, are generally liberal. Added to this is the advantage of a ready market, furnished by Stirling, which exports largely for every kind of farm produce. The soils of the county are locally classified into carse, dryfield, moor, and moss. The carse lands extend about 28 miles along the Forth from Bucklyvie to the borders of Linlithgow, and

vary in breadth from one to four miles, making altogether about 36,000 imperial acres. This fine soil increases in depth and richness as it stretches towards the east, and in some parts of the Dunmore, Airth, and Zetland estates it will be found 20 feet in depth, and rented at £5 the imperial acre.

The progress of the town is also marked by many improvements which have been carried into effect within comparatively recent years—such as securing an abundant supply of the finest water from a source in the Touch Hills, 490 feet above the level of the Forth; also covered sewerage, and a regular police.

We have elsewhere alluded to Sir William Edmonstone, who represents the county in Parliament. His predecessor was Admiral Erskine of Cardross (Liberal), who, after an exceedingly hot and close contest with Mr Blackburn of Killearn, headed the poll with a majority of 34. The Tory, who came to grief, was highly esteemed on all hands for his shrewd, energetic, and practical parts; but his impolitic antecedents with reference to the Commercial Treaty, the County Franchise, and Game Laws, sealed his doom with the independent electors. Stirling also unites with the burghs of Dunfermline, Culross, Inverkeithing, and South Queensferry, in returning a representative to Parliament, and its constituency may amount to nearly 700. The present member is Mr Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was preceded by Mr Lawrence Oliphant—a gentleman who had made his mark in the world both as *littérateur* and politician.



## LENZIE TO KILLEARN.

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UP again goes the notice-board, "Out for a holiday." And we really feel the need of a little laughter in the fields with the butterfly and the wagtail. Spring has returned, and a new impulse is given to all inward and outward life. Everywhere the tender green, peculiar to the vernal season, is spread over the leas, hedgerows, and gardens; while the wood-side walks are literally paved with flowers—blue-bells and violets, and primroses nursed in the recesses of gnarled roots of trees. There are men certainly, like Sir Michael de Fleming, a baronet fashionable in the brilliant world of Johnson's time, who are not to be ruralised, preferring the smell of a flambeau at the playhouse to the sweet fragrance of a May day in the country, with the hum of busy insect life, and the lark rising blithely through the spring-tide air; but, with an open door to both theatres of pleasure, our taste inclines to the subtle and vague joyousness produced by the soft fresh breezes, the melody of birds, and

"The sweet smell  
Of different flowers, in odour and in hue."

And for simplicity and intensity of enjoyment, what can excel a country walk? To sit under a tree and

listen to the brief yet rollicking canticle of the black-bird's tenor, the mellifluous and elaborate treble of the thrush, the round harmonising warble of the chaffinch, and to view, amidst odours of uncloying and penetrating freshness, the bright scenes of nature, fills us with feelings of the keenest pleasure.

This morning we take the train to Lenzie Junction. Lenzie, although nothing more, a few years ago, than a brown moorland, is now a pleasant suburb of Glasgow; and presents, with north side and south, the aspects of quite an imposing town. Comfortable and well-built villas cluster and stretch in every direction, with gardens sloping from them and conservatories gleaming in the sun. Union-Jacks float from the poles, and on the garden walks groups of little children in picturesque attire are strolling about in search of any innocent mischief that may turn up. A bright pleasant scene it is, glancing back from the road. Residenters in these homes have judged well the value of air, and caught the slope where the eye can delight itself with a prospect that reveals the stretch of Campsie hills, where the wind blows keen among the ridges, enveloping the district in health. We cannot but envy them in their enjoyment of this sweet semi-rural life. It is no small matter—though an abrupt descent from high embankments of sentiment to the lower level of eating and drinking—to be quite sure of the new-laidness of the white-shelled or brown-shelled egg; and that the cream which completes the cup of tea or coffee is not milk going by the name of cream.

A flourishing place Lenzie is, in good truth, linked

to the spiritual by an imposing spire that rises in rare architectural beauty from among the surrounding houses. In addition to this (the Established) church, there is also the Union Church, within a stone-cast to the north, which is followed by a prominent building on the Gallow-hill, in which the Episcopalians of the district worship. Assuredly, the ecclesiastical wants of this new community are not neglected. But these by no means exhaust the local public buildings. Apart from an ably-conducted Academy, and a Seminary for girls, we observed to the south, as we reached the station, the Convalescent Home, which was originally under the fostering care of the irrepressible Miss Beatrice Clugston, still better known for her energetic and successful efforts in the founding of the Home for Incurables at Broomhill, Kirkintilloch. Then, to the east, there is the Lunatic Asylum of the Barony Parish (Glasgow). Situated on a breezy upland, skirted on the north by the sylvan Bothlin, which, listening, you may hear "make sweet music as she flows," it overlooks the fairy glen of Woodilee, and commands a sweeping view of the Campsie Fells. The buildings, which cover an area of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  acres, are approached by an avenue 30 feet wide, which runs up to their northern front. Here the official rooms have been placed; and a handsome doorway, surmounted by a clock, tower, and belfry, gives access to the same. Two main towers of an exceedingly graceful character are also, and still more, prominent behind; while from this centre—Elizabethan in its architectural features—run the various wards and offices which



respectively form the eastern and western divisions of the block. When, with its surroundings, the Lenzie Asylum has been completed, it will be one of the largest and most costly insanitals in the country. Attached to the buildings on the south, there is an elegant chapel of the early English style which, in its area, accommodates close upon 400.

But we must be stepping. The wind has come fraught with a fragrance that is to the sense of smell what a wild and delicate strain of music is to the ear. It is almost transcendental. We walk down the hill with our nose in the air, taking it in. Yet it is well to take a stand here for a little while, for the valley is open in front of us. Most prominent to the eye, stand out the stretching ridges of the Campsie range. Sunlight sleeps in the hollows, and wreaths of mist circle into the upper air. There are waterfalls leaping from the sides, thinned to the size of silver threads, from our point of view. Beneath us lies the town of Kirkintilloch, wrapt in enveloping smoke, from which a brick stalk and a spire wander evenly into space. Look towards the east, and a mass of buildings is seen, with the Luggie flowing between. Here we take to the right, that we may see the lonely burial-place of David Gray—the Auld Aisle, with its “lowly bell-less tower.” Reaching the graveyard, the Luggie, whose surroundings of pastoral sweetness and sylvan beauty Gray has sung in pleasing verse, is seen flowing by the green woods of Gartshore, with the smoke curling from the hamlet of Merkland, where the young poet’s “smile strung threads of sunshine on the loom.”

Gray must indeed have been a poet to find so much in the river worthy of his attention. It is, of itself, prosaic from beginning to end. When the rains descend and the floods come, the Luggie swells and overspreads the meadows in a methodical manner, doing its overflowing with perfect thoroughness, but always conducting itself with persistent respectability. Still Gray, as we have said, has given a really musical utterance to the tender and pathetic moods suggested by the gentle flow of the quiet and unassuming little stream. "Whom the gods love, die young," said the ancient Greeks; or, as Wordsworth sweetly put it in his philosophical translation, "The good die first;" but pity that the spirit of the Merkland poet was quenched before his time.

"'Twas not a life,

'Twas but a piece of childhood thrown away."

On the 3rd December, 1861, in his twenty-fourth year, he passed tranquilly away, his last words being, "God has love, and I have faith."

Other monuments recall many kindly hearts and familiar faces. Beneath one of white marble, simple, yet unique in design, lie the remains of the late Mr Peter Macpherson, who was for several years general goods manager of the North British Railway, and than whom a more practical, plodding, genial, and competent officer never served any public company. He was, in fact, for his own life, too faithful in the efficient and conscientious discharge of his onerous duties, and this epitaph might well have been inscribed on his tombstone:—"Died prematurely of over-work." But there are few residents even at

Lenzie who have not some loved one sleeping in this rural "rood" of rest. "The young may die, but the old must die." Still, there are many here, as elsewhere, who crossed the unreturnable bourne in the very prime of life. Another Gray—James, of mercantile mark; Dr Campbell, of great medical promise; and others whose names could only be written by this pen with tears. By one little grave, in which wee Willie lies, we pause and ponder. Strange that some should simply see the present state to be carried into the future! But, sweet consolation, it is well with the child.

We now pass round upon Kirkintilloch, which lies in the centre of as fertile a district of land as farming hearts could desire. Fields of mineral wealth surround it, and the brown industrial waters of the Forth and Clyde Canal intersect it. The place, however, does not do itself justice. It might have been pretty and attractive, with all its advantages of situation; but it has chosen to develop dirt, and a general air of local untidiness.

"A lovely place, sir! yes, indeed,  
That name it bears,  
But it is very much in need  
Of some repairs.

"That something shortly will be done,  
Cannot be doubted—  
Although the people, being poor,  
Are long about it."

Still, in many respects, the town has, of late years, been greatly improved. Mr James Downie, who was the first Provost of the burgh after the passing of

the General Police Act for Scotland, originated and successfully carried out the introduction of gravitation water into the town and suburbs. For centuries, the supply had been got from the street wells only, and the water of these, on analysis, was found greatly contaminated with animal organic matter. Hence came the agitation for the Antermoney supply. The scheme, however, when first mooted, met with strong opposition from a certain section of the populace; but by dint of prudent yet earnest advocacy it was eventually brought to a practical, and, as has been proved, salutary issue. At the outset, grave doubts were very commonly expressed about the supply being equal to the demand; and then the cost of the works, inclusive of land, would be little short of £14,000. But the "Downie party," as it was called, were calculators; and even during the severest drought the supply has never been known to fail. The works consist of two inlet wells—one at Corrie Spout, the other at the Woodburn; a catchwater aqueduct, a reservoir having a capacity of about twenty million gallons, and a distributing tank, with all the requisite piping necessary for the supply of both Kirkintilloch and Lenzie. Mr Downie's philanthropic deeds for the good of the inhabitants have been various; but in alone securing for the burgh this inestimable boon, the lasting gratitude of the populace is his due.

Mr James Wright succeeded Mr Downie as Provost, and it fell with him to carry out, and that with equal credit and success, other portions of the Police Act—such as cleansing, lighting, and improv-

ing the public streets. It must be a somewhat happy reminiscence for Mr Wright that not a single epidemical case occurred in the town during his three years' administration of municipal affairs. This gentleman also brought forward and secured the adoption by the Magistrates and Commissioners of the Gas Supply of Scotland Act, thus placing in their possession the prosperous gas works of the burgh. But Mr Wright will, perhaps, be specially remembered for the leading and active part which he took in the erection of the handsome monument, situated on the Luggie green, to young Hazelton Robson, who was drowned, in September 1876, in a heroic though fruitless attempt to rescue a child who had stumbled into the flooded river.

So far, so good. But there is work of importance still to be done by the present Provost, Mr David Sandeman. Although amply provided with water, Kirkintilloch remains imperfectly provided with sewers, or any other effectual means of removing impurities. Steps, however, are now being taken for a thorough system of drainage, which is urgently required, especially in the Townhead and Hillhead districts, and also at Lenzie. This done, and the outskirts of the town will, no doubt, be rapidly covered with villas, and dwellings of the better class. Even at present Mr Daniel Comrie and Mr William Marshall are building several houses to the north-west, which, from their character and situation, cannot fail of being immediately tenanted. Messrs Speed and Dobie are also engaged at villas on the Broomhill estate (Kilsyth Road); while Mr Graham,



Messrs J. & R. Charleson, and Messrs Fletcher Bros. are still adding to the number of their well-built properties. So we have thus, from water to stone, the promise of better days for this old burgh of Barony. For many years the inhabitants were chiefly employed at the loom in the service of Glasgow manufacturers; but now there is a weaving factory in the town, and three iron foundries—the Kirkintilloch, the Etna, and the Star.

A rifleman, in uniform, who is evidently on the push for practice, reminds us of the local Volunteer corps; and a worthy section it is of our defensive army. At present, it stands the strongest in the battalion, having an efficient force of 140 men.

Passing, we visit the local fragment of the Roman Wall. Having crossed a brook at Cadder, the vallum issued from these grounds near a fine rectangular castellum. In 1851, the military way here was rooted out for about 300 yards. From thence the wall runs along the top of the bank, which overlooks the valley of the Kelvin, towards Kirkintilloch, where it passed to the southward of the “Peel.” *Caer-pen-tilloch*, which, in the *Cambro-British*, signifies the fort on the head or end of a hill, was constituted a Burgh of Barony in 1170, by William, King of Scots, in favour of William Cumin, Baron of Lenzie and Lord of Cumbernauld. The “Peel,” which was the only fort erected to the north of the wall, must, from the depth of its ditch, have been one of the strongest of the strongholds belonging to the defensive work. Its fortifications were, undoubtedly, of extraordinary weight. All vestiges of the build-

ing have now disappeared, but the fosse still remains to show its extent and form. It is of an oblong quadrangular shape, measuring 90 yards in length by 80 in breadth. A vast earthen rampart, from 40 to 50 feet in thickness, originally surmounted the present level platform on all sides, having in front the ditch or moat, which was not less than 30 feet in width, with a corresponding depth. About sixty years ago, a legionary stone, measuring 5 feet in length by about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in breadth, was got in this locality. Carvings of eagles' heads, etc., appear at each end of the tablet, and the following inscription in the centre :—

“IMPERATORI CÆSARI TITO AELOI HADRIANO,  
ANTONINO AUGUSTO PIO PATRO PATRICI,  
VEXILLATIO LEGIONIS SEXTÆ VICTRICIS,  
PERFECIT PER MILLE PASSUS.”

Another stone, with bulls' heads sculptured in bold relief; a large bar of lead, marked with Roman characters, now, however, illegible; coins of Domitian, Antoninus Pius, Commodus, and Constantine have also been discovered here. Vestiges of the “bulwark” again appear at the east end of the town, following the course of the bank above the Kelvin. They disappear, however, on approaching Auchindavy Fort, which is about 2970 yards distant from the Peel. This station, through which the military way, or a branch of it, passed, had originally been covered with three envelopes; and in May, 1771, five altars, a broken statue, and two iron hammers, were found at a depth of nine feet immediately

outside its south-west angle. Marching north, we pass under the Kelvin Valley Railway, which here, by a viaduct 120 feet long, crosses the Campsie Branch—the bridge also carrying the line over the Glazert water. This railway, which was formally opened on the 3rd of June last, is about twelve miles in length, and extends from near Maryhill, on the North British system, to Kilsyth; placing that town, by means of a loop line near, in direct communication with Glasgow. Strange that the directors of the “old E. & G.” carried their line to the barren heights of Croy, instead of coming up the fertile valley of the Kelvin, rich also in mineral resources. And just a word in passing regarding the battle of Kilsyth, which was fought on the 15th August, 1645. Seldom or never had the disproportion of strength been greater against Montrose than here, but none of his victories had been easier, and Baillie’s army was utterly destroyed. In the warm summer morning, Montrose ordered his men to strip to their shirts, that the broadsword might have unencumbered play, and that they might not fail in the expected pursuit. Accustomed to conquer, and placing absolute confidence in their leader, the clans vied with each other in the headlong impetuosity of their charge, and drove the Covenanters, horse and foot, before them in tumultuous flight. Baillie, though smarting with defeat, seems, as a soldier, to have been struck with the splendid courage and picturesque fierceness of the Highlanders. They came on full speed, targets aloft, heads and shoulders bent low, in the literal attitude of the tiger when he

springs. Montrose lost scarce a dozen men; while the Covenanters, whom the swift-footed mountaineers pursued for miles, had from four to five thousand slain.

The road now dips into the hamlet of Birdston, which had its poet, too, like so many other Scotch places situated among scenes of the kind. Through the village, and again everything is a hint for enjoyment. The cattle have gathered at the gates, and stare at you with a wise vacancy. Sheep are scampering over green knolls, and colliers circle around them, taking a paternal interest in their misguided movements. Milton now lies between us and Lennoxtown. It is a hamlet where peace and industry seem united in tolerably equal proportions. Through it the Glazert passes, getting up the appearance of a very respectable stream, as it runs in a brown torrent, speckled with foam, beneath the bridge. Lennoxtown is a street set down in the centre of the strath for the purpose of accommodating the labourers employed in working the mineral manufactures of the surrounding district. It has a fine Parish Kirk, and a Mechanics' Institute, as we can see in hurrying through. In the "auld Kirk-yard" lie buried the remains of the Rev. Dr Norman M'Leod, who, with his "good words," will be long and affectionately remembered.

What little domestic dramas catch the eye as we pass! Here a little wench is nipping her mid-day meal on the door-step, mildly cheating her "wee brither" of his rightful share in the banquet. Inside that window a comely woman is kneading linen



with busy hands. Yonder gapes the fool of the village from the corner, to whose comprehension the universe is a perpetual joke only to be industriously laughed down. There are scores of flitting dramas appealing to you as you go; but a few minutes have taken us into the heart and centre of one of Scotland's loveliest valleys. Far out towards the west you can see the blue summits of Highland hills. The mist has risen from their lofty peaks, and in the clear sunlight their dim heights are vaguely pencilled against the sky. On the southern side of the valley rises the wooded cliff where Lennox Castle is perched. It nestles yonder as snug and boldly defensive as castle could do, embowered among hardy trees. A mile northwards, and we are at the base of the Campsie range. What a charming spot it is! But previous to entering the glen, we dine in the Clachan Inn, and it is but fair to add how substantial is the meal one can get here in a moment's notice. People by whom the juicy steak, neither over nor under-done, is appreciated, can thrill to the sensuous pleasure enjoyed. The brief rest, too, is refreshing as you look out from the window that bears the names of many a visitor to the spot. But we now pass up the glen as far as Jacob's ladder. And we are in rare luck to-day. The sun is pouring golden shine through the branches. Gossamers are dancing in the light, and the dark waters are tumbling with the added strength of recent rains. What a pull it is, through mud and over rocks; but we are equal to it, and the beauty rewards us. If we linger here, however, we shall



“describe,” and already the guide-books have exhausted this phase of the glen. So we buoyantly mount the ladder, returning to the Clachan by the north side. High up on the hill ground, we throw ourselves down to smoke and admire, and thank Heaven for the day’s escape. A fresh breeze is blowing here, and from our high position we look down upon one of the most beautiful landscapes which this favoured district affords.

But to the road again we must; and, descending, strike westwards for Strathblane. The walk is a pleasant one, and the bloom of the wild rose (*Rosa spinosissima*), is profuse as we saunter along the banks of the Blane. This little river, rising from the “Earl’s Seat” in the Lennox hills, proceeds in a south-westerly direction for three miles, and thereafter is precipitated over several high falls. The most remarkable of these is the Spout of Ballagan, a cascade 70 feet in height. Here a very singular section of the hill is presented. The side of it is cut perpendicularly by the water, and shows no fewer than 192 alternate strata of earth and limestone. Near the bottom of the section are found several thin strata of alabaster of the purest white. Fragments of antimony have also been got, and when tried by a chemical process, turned out to be exceedingly rich specimens. After an additional course of eight miles the Blane loses itself in the Endrick, which, in its turn, flows westward to Lochlomond.

At length we reach the humble village, whose only attractive feature is the old church situated on the north side of the railway. So we turn out of the

way for a mile or two and visit the Druidical remains on Craigmaddie Moor, familiarly known as "The Auld Wives' Lifts." The stones, three in number, are of a greyish-coloured grit common in the neighbourhood, and stand in a circular plain 250 yards in diameter. Two lie close by each other, while the third rests in similar direction on their tops—the ends pointing south and north. The two undermost are of a prismatical shape, owing to which there is a triangular opening between them and the upper stone; and, according to superstition, every stranger who visited the "Lifts" had to creep through this space, otherwise he or she should die childless. Not far from this spot were two cairns of an elliptical shape, which, however, have been carried away. The largest was 60 yards in length, and 10 yards in breadth; and through the whole length of it were two rows of broad stones set on edge on the ground at a distance of about 4 feet from each other. Between these rows the dead were buried, having flag stones laid over them. The smaller cairn, which was laid open some ninety years ago, was found to contain urns and fragments of human bones. If tradition may be trusted, a battle was fought in this neighbourhood between the Scots and Danes. It is also worthy of note that a short time since an interesting discovery of ancient British remains was made in this same parish (Baldernock.) While excavating for sand, Mr Mitchell, farmer, Hillend, came upon three jars or urns surrounded by charred wood. Two were full of human bones, and the third contained a black-burned substance. The urns were found three feet

below the surface, and were placed about a yard apart, bottom up. They are fully 12 inches in diameter at the widest part, and taper to the top and bottom. They are composed of hard burned clay of a very coarse consistency, about three quarters of an inch in thickness, the outer surface being almost black, and the inner of a brownish or yellowish colour.

Milngavie, a village of some consequence at times, lies a short distance down to the south. Like many other places, however, its mills are now suffering sorely from the dulness and depression of trade, as not only the homes of the people can tell, but also the local traffic sheets of the railway branch which has its terminus here. The spacious reservoir of the Glasgow Water Corporation is the only work of note in this vicinity, although the village has an excellent public school, while the outskirts show several handsome villas and picturesque estates.

But let us return to the Blane Valley. Time flies, and the day is still short. Charming the stroll onward to Killearn. The road for the most part is richly wooded, many of the trees being of gigantic size; though away on the heights may occasionally be seen a clump where contorted and stunted trunks tell of many bitter contests with the wild elements. After passing Duntreath House, the property and residence of Sir William Edmonstone, Bart., M.P., pictures of rural beauty—quiet but never tame—appear, that satisfy the eye the longer they are dwelt upon. As we approach Killearn, the road is chiefly up-hill. On our way thither we have a seat

and interesting chat with an old residenter in the parish who, by a word of ours, breaks out in high praise of brave old George Buchanan, poet and historian. Yet few eminent scholars have been more misrepresented and misunderstood than this master wit and satirist. Even to many intelligent Scotchmen of the present day, he is principally great as a king's fool and buffoon. His *Rerum Scotticorum Historia* seems to be as little known, virtually, as his *Franciscanus*—a Juvenalian satire of matchless merit. As a specimen of his genius in epigram, we quote the following lines on Pontiff Pius:—

“Heaven he had sold for money;  
Earth he left in death as well,  
What remains to Pontiff Pius?  
Nothing that I see but hell.”

Buchanan, as is well known, was born at a place here called the Moss, a small farm-house on the banks of the Blane. The farm, which was the property of the historian's father, was for a long time possessed by descendants of the family, and got its name on account of a peat-moss forming part of the lands. In 1788—more than two hundred years after Buchanan's death—a number of gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Killearn resolved to erect a monument to his memory. At first, the intention was to have it placed at the head of Buchanan Street, Glasgow; but a spot nearer his birth-home was ultimately selected. It stands in the village here, beautifully situated. Its form is that of a well-proportioned obelisk, of white millstone grit, which, with a base nineteen feet square, reaches a height of

103 feet. The foundation-stone was laid by the Rev. James Graham, minister of the parish, and under the same was deposited a crystal bottle, hermetically sealed, containing a silver medal with the following inscription :—

In memoriam  
Georgu Buchannani,  
Poetæ et Historici celeberrimi  
accolis hujus loci, ultra conferentibus,  
Hæc columna posita est 1788.  
Jacobus Craig, architect, Edinburgen.

Now come the words—Homeward bound. The evening is deliciously cool, so we step briskly down to the Blane Valley terminus. Somewhat foot-sore and weary, the rail is gladly preferred to the road; and we reach the station a full half-hour before starting time. On the platform we find “Watty,” than whom a more civil and obliging guard is not in the company’s service. For so many years has he been chief, in his way, on this branch of the North British, that the passenger trains run could scarcely be felt complete without him. But why should this line not be extended to the Forth and Clyde railway, which lies but a few miles distant? Then it would be found a really paying portion, and especially if quick trains were run for the encouraging of feuing in this lovely and picturesque valley.





## GRANGEMOUTH, AIRTH, AND DUNMORE.

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No holiday is necessary to overtake the length and breadth of our present excursion. An hour or two of evening will suffice, and fortunate if the sky be balmy, clear, and tranquil; just such another night as this in gorgeousness, when "great thoughts float through nature's silent air." And the first attractions of the scene are within a stone-cast of Falkirk. Quitting Kerse-lane, the panorama that meets the eye is charming; yet not of that supernatural grandeur and loveliness which ravish human sense, and make enjoyment more a trance than a stirring reality. The landscape is one of rural wealth and beauty—a farm-dotted carse, with its noble cincture of hills now bathed in a flood of purple light.

Kerse House, the seat of the Earl of Zetland, lies close at hand, on the south side of the Forth and Clyde Canal. The avenue leading to the mansion is thoroughly open, with few trees to cast a shade when the summer sun kings it o'er the land. Yet the soil of the grounds is exceedingly rich; and we cannot but welcome such a free expanse of pasturage. The Earl's residence is no pillared palace—a building, in fact, severely plain. But the whole demesne is of the most simple and ordinary character, and

favoured only on rare occasions with the presence of the noble inheritor. The ancestors of Sir James Stuart Menteth, Bart., of Mansfield House, New Cumnock,—the Menteths of Rashie and Alva—for more than three centuries held possession of this estate, together with that of Randiford, Newlands, &c. In fact, these same Menteths were, at one time, the largest proprietors of the district.

Another twenty minutes find us alongside of Grangemouth. The original name of the “port,” however, was Sea Lock, the first foundation stone of which was laid in 1777 by Sir Lawrence Dundas. Thus ran a rhyme popular in the district some century ago:—

“The great Sir Lawrence of West Kerse,  
He was the first who broke the grass;  
And on the same a feast did lay,  
That all might jocund be that day.”

Still, the project of a navigable communication through the isthmus, between the rivers Forth and Clyde, seems to have been seriously entertained even back in 1723, when a survey of the scheme was made for the Government by Mr Gordon. No doubt the increase of trade between the east and west coasts of Scotland, together with the great expense of carriage by land, led to the project of thus uniting the eastern and western seas. The work, from the many difficulties which were encountered in its execution, was most appropriately called the “Great Canal.” Rocks, quicksands, roads, and rivulets had all to be overcome in the line of the navigation; but on July 28, 1790, the canal, having taken 22 years

for its completion, was triumphantly opened by the symbol of a hogshead of water from the Forth being poured into the Clyde. The operations were commenced at the east end on 10th July, 1768, under the direction of Mr Smeaton, when Sir Lawrence Dundas of Kerse performed the ceremony of cutting and removing the first spadeful of earth. Some idea may be formed of the nature of the undertaking from the statement that the canal, in its course of 35 miles, passes over 40 aqueduct bridges, and is crossed by 33 draw bridges. The largest of the former is that over the Kelvin, which was begun in June 1787, and finished in April 1791, at a cost of £8500. It consists of 4 arches with a height of 83 feet—the valley spanned being upwards of 400 feet in breadth. Mr Robert Whitworth was at that time engineer, and with great energy and skill conducted the whole work till its completion. The medium width of the surface of the canal is 56 feet; of the bottom 27 feet; while the depth throughout is 8 feet. Between Grangemouth and Port Dundas there are 20 locks, and 19 between the “great aqueduct” and Bowling Bay.

Although at one period the funds of the Company were in such a depressed state that the stock frequently sold at 50 per cent. below par, the navigation ultimately redeemed itself and developed into one of the most remunerative and popular of traffic industries. Originally, the joint-stock was declared to consist of 1500 shares of £100 each—the estimate of the cost of the canal amounting to £150,000—but in 1799, in consequence of an arrangement with Pitt,

an Act was passed accumulating the whole principal sums and interest due to the proprietors into a capital of £421,525, and this amount divided by 1297, the number of the shares of stock, made each share £325, on which a dividend of 10 per cent. was paid at Martinmas of the following year, the Company having previously paid off a debt of £70,000 which they had borrowed in virtue of one of their Acts. For this year (1800), the revenue was £21,607 6s 8d; and the total expenditure £9,497 6s 5d. In 1814, when the revenue amounted to £51,071 8s 10d, and the expenditure to £16,791 9s 8d, the Company made a dividend of £15; in 1815, it was increased to £20; and in 1816, to £25. Prior to 1808, they had two track boats on the canal, which were run three times a week, carrying passengers and goods. The tonnage dues from sea to sea were 5s 10d; from Grangemouth to Glasgow, 3s 10d; and from Bowling Bay to Glasgow, 2s. But this system was found both inconvenient and tedious—a trip taking up a whole day—and in 1808, the Company placed on the canal three elegant boats for passengers alone, *i.e.*, the *Margaret*, *Charlotte*, and *Star*. These boats were drawn by two horses, and left Lock 16 and Port-Dundas every lawful day. The passage of 25 miles was performed in five and a half hours, and was divided westwards into the following stages:—Castlecary, Auchinstary, Sherva, Kirkintilloch, Cadder, and Port-Dundas. The cabin fare was 4s, and the steerage 2s. Not much more than a generation has elapsed since this passage to the West of Scotland was a formidable rival to the old stage-coach,

and at a still later date worked in opposition to the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, now the Western section of the North British. To make a long story short, the Forth and Clyde Canal Company had a splendid spell of success; and since the canal has been managed by the Caledonian Railway Company the shareholders have received a yearly dividend of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway project was bound to hurt the old route, and the result is that the Union Canal between Falkirk and Edinburgh has now no passenger and very little goods traffic. But the Forth and Clyde Canal Company has not fared so badly. It continues to have a profitable trade in goods, and can still boast of a passenger steamer doing a fair amount of business daily. The chief carriers are Messrs J. & J. Hay, Messrs Burrell & Son, Messrs Burrell & Haig, Mr James Duncan of Auchindavie, Mr Malcolm Maitland, and Mr John Gillespie. The Messrs Hay, however, as family representatives, are the oldest of the canal carriers. Their grandfather, who died at the ripe age of 90 years, was the first of its scowmen. His son—the father of the present firm—succeeded to the business; and he, too, reached considerably over 80 years.

Those who remember when six passenger boats plied daily on the canal, with refreshments and a library on board to break the monotony of the weary journey from Lock 16 to the west, and *vice versa*—when horses, with their red-coated and cocked-hat riders, did the duty of steam—must now heave a sigh for the “good old days,” on seeing what remains



of the old ocean highway traffic between the two great Scottish cities. The boat which now cultivates a portion of the route, though provided with steam power, is but a shadow of the past. Its customers are of a different stamp; its business relations are of a petty description; and but for a few towns along the valley of the Kelvin, which are still badly provided with railway communication, its occupation would be gone. The Canal Company early realised their position as a passenger-carrying company; and as far back as twenty-four years ago, instead of pushing their opposition to an extremity with the old Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Company, they leased their interest in that department to Messrs A. and J. Taylor, who supplied the wants of the various districts between Lock 16 and Port-Dundas with one boat, manned by four spirited horses. Sixteen years ago, the Messrs Taylor introduced steam power, and the "screw" which was then launched still does duty on the canal. It is now owned by a genuine type of the old Scotchman, Mr George Aitken, a late servant of the Canal Company; and though the tiny steamer is not a fortune-making concern, it has been found useful to many little villages, and has afforded an ordinary income to the proprietor. The vessel is eight tons register, or twelve tons gross, is worked by an engine of twelve horse-power, and carries eighty-six passengers — twenty-six cabin and sixty steerage.

Though sixteen years of age, the *Swifter*, as its patrons call it, is still good in hull and equipment. During the first five days of the week it plies between

Castlecary and Port-Dundas; and on Saturdays it goes as far as Lock 16. It is seen to best advantage on a summer Saturday afternoon; and if one takes a cabin passage, which is not much dearer than a steerage one, he is within talking distance of the old skipper, who finds leisure at intervals to crack jokes and point out the beauties of the scenery to be seen along the route.

The *Swifter* is the last link in the history of passenger traffic on the Forth and Clyde and Union Canals—a route at one time so serviceable; and there can be no doubt that the Kelvin Valley Railway, lately opened, will completely absorb the old system. In these times of precious hours, the more speedy means of conveyance is likely to gain the victory.

Previous to 1790, Carronshore was the great centre of sea trade in Stirlingshire; and in 1765, a shipping company was formed there, for the purpose of carrying goods to and from London; while various vessels regularly arrived with grain from the Baltic and wood from Norway. Originally, the shipping accommodation of Grangemouth consisted alone of a tidal harbour of very limited dimensions. In 1843, a wet dock, however, was opened, capable of containing 20,000 tons; but even that in the course of a very few years was found altogether unequal to the demands of a rapidly increasing trade. In 1859, another large basin was built, with a width of 200 feet; while provision was made at the same time for taking vessels with timber cargoes through both docks into one of the ponds for delivery. Within the last twenty-five years, few seaport towns have

advanced with more rapid strides than the ancient Sea Lock. Taking an average of ten years, the number of vessels that entered the port prior to 1840 was 612, with a gross tonnage of 31,686. In 1874, the number of vessels was 1853, and the gross tonnage 393,463. In 1876, the total traffic in and out was 840,326 tons, and of that 524,526 tons were inwards—timber composing twenty per cent. of the trade. Of the inward traffic, again, 335,519 tons went by canal, and 153,355 tons by railway; only 480 tons were carted away from and to Grangemouth, though about 2673 tons were taken into her saw-mills from the docks. Year by year the port is largely increasing in business. At present it ranks about sixth in point of importance amongst the seaport towns of Scotland; and when the new docks, now being constructed by Messrs Charles Brand & Son, for the Caledonian Railway Co., are completed, a great stimulus cannot fail to be given the general trade of the once "Sleepy Hollow." Meantime, the Caledonian Railway Co. give an open preference to steamers trading regularly between this and Middlesbro', and also to Hamburg and Rotterdam; while for a similar reason—traffic circumstances—they likewise reserve berths for the Carron steamers which run to and from London. The vessels which go to Rotterdam and Amsterdam are five in number, and belong to Messrs James Rankine & Son, Glasgow. Their general cargoes outwards are, for the most part, pig iron and chemicals; the inward cargoes consisting chiefly of Dutch produce—sugar, fruit, &c.—together with traffic from the Elberfeld

district of the Rhine. Loading and discharging are, for the most part, in the hands of Mr Dearness, who acts as manager for the widow of the late Mr Alex. Swan, contractor—a gentleman whose sudden and premature death was widely and deeply regretted; and of whom it was well said, that “a more genuine and hearty soul never stepped in shoes.”

The town, situated at the confluence of the river Carron and Grange Burn, has but a limited population of about 3000. This is to be accounted for from the want of houses, hundreds of labourers on its quays and in its works having to reside in Falkirk and neighbouring villages three or four miles off. It was erected into a burgh under the Lindsay Act on a petition to the Sheriff in 1872, and the first meeting of Commissioners took place on the 31st December of that year. Lying on the level Carse the place was badly circumstanced for sewerage and drainage. From its damp and almost swampy soil, it used to be reckoned a hotbed of fever and ague; and although the drainage of the land has mitigated the evil, it has not entirely removed it; besides it has hitherto been supplied with water from the canal and basins much tainted with sewage. Diarrhoea, dysentery, typhoid, and other diseases were constantly prevalent, and deaths too frequently ensued. The medical men, knowing that the water was bad, denounced it as a predisposing cause, and they suspected imperfect cleansing and drainage as another, and they were right in both. Dr Watson, the medical officer of the Local Authority, was particularly earnest in pointing out these evils and suggesting that steps should be

taken for having them remedied. The inhabitants of Grangemouth are thus deeply indebted to him for the urgency with which he attracted attention to the subject; and he was, undoubtedly, the means of a comprehensive water scheme being introduced. The supply is derived from three sources, viz:—Surface Drainage, Springs and Bores (the latter of sand, sandstone and clay, to depths varying from 150 to 300 feet), which combined yield a steady flow of 75,000 gallons daily, providing 25 gallons per head of the population per day. The spring water can, when required, be augmented to the extent of 40,000 gallons. Another source may, in time, be taken advantage of, namely, the springs adjoining the Millhall Burn on the Earl of Zetland's farm of Gilston. The head works, which are constructed in the Millhall Valley, near Polmont, are close to the sources of supply, and consist of collecting wells and their conduits, a settling pond, filter, and intervening regulator valve well, &c.

Mr John S. Mackay, J.P., senior magistrate, has also been prominent in his good works to the town. His efforts to repress the ravages of cholera in 1832 and 1848, are, from their earnestness and self-sacrifice, well worthy of being here recorded. In 1834, at the suggestion of the Governor of the Forth and Clyde Canal, Mr Mackay was asked to endeavour to form a company for the lighting of the town, and he was successful in forming the present Grangemouth Gas Company, so that in the following year the town was lighted in a manner very much to the satisfaction of the inhabitants. In



recognition of his long and valuable services, he was, in January, 1878, presented with a full-size oil painting of himself, along with a massive silver breakfast tray and handsome drawing-room clock, with ornaments to match, for Mrs Mackay.

Of recent buildings the Public Institute is the principal. It is of a very plain but substantial character, and consists of two flats. Its front faces Bridge Street, where we have the main entrance. The ground flat is devoted chiefly to refreshments; while the second flat is used as a lecture room, and accommodates from 400 to 450 persons. Here there is also a room in which the young men's meetings are held, and a smaller room for committee meetings. The estimates for the building amounted to £2100, of which £150 was subscribed by the Earl of Zetland, who also granted the site at a merely nominal feu duty. The foundation stone was laid in September 1876.

But what of the sea view? No doubt we want here the swell of brine, and the roar of breakers; yet, at this hour, the sun-lit Firth, north-banked by sunny fields, looks really beautiful, with its feathery flock of sea birds beating against the breeze, and fleet of white sails tacking across its sparkling breast. Yonder, too, comes proudly, in full reef, one of the Rotterdam vessels—many of the crew, doubtless, a tip-toe with the prospect of at least another week's home-love and comfort. Our heart somehow takes kindly to those brave rough lads who plough the sea in the cause of commerce at so great peril and hardship. But we must again be going.

Time and tide waits on no man; so now for the classic woods of Dunmore.

Proudly overlooking alluvial lands stands Airth (Hill) Castle, now the property of the Grahams. The portion which faces the south is the original structure, but a large addition, elegant and modern in style, was added to the north side in 1802.

Everything here again, so hoary and ancient, is enveloped in legendary clouds. The tower, especially, is supposed to be of great antiquity—older even than that at Powfoulis. According to Blind Harry, this was the residence of Thomlin Weir, the English captain, who, with a hundred of his men, was slain by Wallace, when the great champion of Scotch rights came to the rescue of his uncle from a cruel imprisonment. We must remember, however, that it was at the lapse of two hundred years that Blind Harry's narrative appeared, and, moreover, that the more thrilling incidents recorded in such historical romances are not altogether beyond suspicion. Fergus de Erth occupied the Castle in 1369, a noble of whom mention is made in the "*Rotuli Scotice*." The estate fell into the hands of the Grahams, through Judge Graham, in 1717. For many years prior to 1802, the Castle was known simply as Airth Place. It was here, too, where the "high town" stood. And closely adjoining are the ruins of the old church, encircled by a burying-ground, in which the tombstones are all broken and defaced, and more than half hid with a luxuriant growth of nettles. This church consisted of a nave, with a north aisle and chancel. The oldest portion now remaining belongs to the transition period

of the 12th century. On the south side of the nave is a chapel known as the Airth aisle, in which is a mural arch which at one time had contained a recessed tomb with a recumbent effigy, probably the mutilated semi-effigy of a female now placed in the east-end of the church. On the exterior of the east wall of the Airth aisle is a Gothic niche and canopy, on the pedestal of which is a shield of arms bearing the well-known saltire and chief of the Bruces. The letters are S. J. B.—initials of Sir John Bruce who married Margaret, third daughter of Alexander, Lord Elphinstone and his spouse Jean Livingstone. All the architectural details of the Airth aisle are in the style of the 15th century. Beneath it is the vault in which the former barons of Airth and their families are interred. To the west of the Airth chapel is the Dunmore aisle, probably constructed about the close of the 16th century. The Ogilvies of Polkneave and Gairdoch, are also buried here. One of the oldest of the stones, however, lies at the southern extremity of the churchyard, and bears the date 1685, with the letters J. L. M. P. Against the western wall is a memorial tablet to the ministry of the Rev. Robert Ure, who died on the 14th February, 1812.

In summer, the avenue leading to the Castle is totally overshadowed with thick foliage. But everywhere on the Airth estate are oaks, ashes, walnuts, chesnuts, and elms of remarkable beauty; while across the ruins of the old garden are many rare specimens of the bay, Portugal-laurel, and holly. Yet the most extraordinary of the trees is an ash, which contains some four hundred feet of wood, and

stands girded about the trunk and branches with several iron hoops. Here we found growing in abundance the *Pyrethrum Parthenium*, and the less frequent *Cistopteris Fragilis*, a fern of very tender but graceful texture, also the *Arum Maculatum*, a plant which is rare on both sides of the Forth. In a ditch not far from the highway, we likewise observed the *Veronica Anagallis*, and by the roadside that aromatic favourite, the *Agrimonium Eupatorium*.

In the village, which may be said to skirt the shore—for the Firth is close at hand—there is little to interest. Thomas Lyle, the author of “*Kelvin Grove*,” and who died in Glasgow in 1859, was for some years surgeon at Airth. The public “Cross” was erected by the Elphinstones. On the south, the pillar displays the Bruce arms, with a lion for the crest; on the north are those of the house of Elphinstone, with the motto, “Do well and let them say,” and the further inscription, “C.E. 1697.” Charles Elphinstone, it may be remembered, was killed in a duel near Torwood by Captain William Bruce, of Auchenbowie. We cannot, however, speak definitely of the purpose of such a cross of stone. For one thing, it can scarcely be regarded as any special landmark, there being no boundary requirement. Neither can it have been erected, as far as business went, as a dumb monitor for fair dealing in the market-place. No doubt stone crosses, in the palmy days of the past, were built to serve a variety of uses. Amongst other things, they were held as peculiarly efficacious in the cure of diseases that had even set at defiance the most popular of natural

remedies. And we also find King Kenethus II. of Scotland decreeing that "all sepulturis sall be holdin in reverence and awe; croce set on thame, that no man sould stramp (tread) thereupon." Airth must at one period have been exceptionally happy in the possession of a tailor with a soul above "cabbage," who is comemorated thus:

"Happy is he who dies  
With a good name,  
Though volumes be not  
Written of his fame."

The trade in Airth, prior to the year 1745, was considerable, but thereafter gradually declined, owing to a number of vessels being burnt at that period. The Rebels having seized a small vessel at a narrow part of the Fallin, by means of it transported a number of small brass cannon to the harbours of Airth and Dunmore, near each of which they erected batteries and placed their "guns." Upon the King's vessels arriving from Leith to dislodge them, a reciprocal firing took place, when the commanders of the former, finding their efforts ineffectual, sailed down with the tide, and gave orders to burn all the vessels lying on the river-side, to prevent them falling into the hands of the Rebels, who might have used them as transports, and harrassed the people. The loss of these vessels was severely felt by the inhabitants of Airth, and their trade ultimately passed to Carron-shore and Grangemouth.

Dunmore is enshrouded in deep plantations. The ancestral residence, however, is totally without ornament. East and north is a terrace garden, rich in



the *cedrus deodora*, Portugal-laurel, &c. Here, too, the Pampas grass may be seen, with its feathery tufts and spear-like branches. Several exquisite panoramic views are to be got from this point. Alloa Tower, where the old Earl of Mar resided, is within range, together with Clackmannan Tower and Stirling Castle.

The garden entrance is under a pine-apple of freestone. It is a masterly work, of octagonal shape at the base, and takes the form of a dome for the apple. The interior resembles the cavity of a bell. Nothing could be more happy, in its way, than this exquisite piece of masonry—a most complete counterfeit of the pine fruit, with its crisp, projecting leaves.

The family chapel, elegant within and without, is approached by a leafy-roofed avenue. Delightful is the walk through this cathedral of nature. A plate within the chapel bears the following inscription:—“To the glory of God, and in memory of her husband, Alexander Edward, 6th Earl of Dunmore, this church was dedicated by Catherine, Countess of Dunmore, in the year of our Lord, 1850.” The windows, for the most part, are filled with Scriptural emblems; while the Decalogue occupies the wall of the chancel. Along the nave are various Biblical selections. One of the most touching of the artistic works is a memorial of marble to Elizabeth Wadsworth, wife of Charles Augustus Murray, who died at Cairo, 8th December, 1851. The death angel points the mother heavenward: but she, with a compliant look, yet clings to the sweet one to be

left behind. A tower stands close by the chapel, which formed part of the old Elphinstone Castle. The under portion of the building is the mausoleum of the Earls of Dunmore. Monuments have also been erected here to the two latest Earls deceased. That to the memory of Alexander Edward is an obelisk of Aberdeen granite, and weighs upwards of twelve tons.

But what of the “woods of Dunmore,” so famous in song? In summer, the foliage of the trees everywhere forms a “bosky umbrage,” and is even now grandly variegated. As seen from the neighbouring straths, the woods display a spread of hues changeful as the colours of Harlequin’s coat. May, too, so shortly past, is a merry month here with the crows, Dunmore being notorious as a seat of incubation. In this “sweet-coloured evening” the birds, perched in thousands across the dense mass of trees, are more than usually loquacious. But, some day or other, powder and shot will effectually silence their clamour. And the rooks have always been a persecuted tribe. The service rendered by the destruction of noxious grubs, is never felt proper compensation for the havoc played in the potato field. James the First, some three hundred years ago, passed a law relative to “ruicks” to the following effect:—“That ruicks be not suffered to big in trees; and where it be tainted [legally proven] that they big, and the birds flown, and the nest found at Beltain [1st of May, old style], that the trees be forfaulted to the King, with 5/unlaw.”

Not an oak, but a fir, is monarch here. The tree

is said to contain upwards of 250 cubic feet of timber, and, as may readily be imagined, stands a noble specimen of the Scotch pine. The largest tree in Scotland, however, is a fine old oak, contiguous to Tullibody House, the property of Lord Abercromby. In that tree there are some 600 cubic feet of measurable timber. In the Dunmore forest, marked with many a winding path, the naturalist will find much to interest him. The wood-reed, meadow-grass (*poa sylvatica*) grows luxuriantly. We saw a plant of the same, seven feet in height, and a stalk of the sea-lime grass (*elymus arenarius*) which measured four feet ten inches. Striking deeply into the woods, we came upon a considerable area of the *Acconitum Napellus*; and also discovered a fern by no means attractive in comparison with its magnificent and gigantic neighbours, but which the practised eye of a botanist could not pass over amid the vulgar throng. The *Lastrea Christata* is a fern so rare that Hooker has not dared to give a habitat for it in Scotland, whilst Henedy indicates only one. This plant delights to inhabit a boggy heath, and such was the soil on which we now stood. We must confess to a high admiration—a love that we have never found misdirected—for those lovely and ever-interesting occupants of the wayside and woodland. In their graceful curves, in the delicate tracery of their fronds, in the beautiful effects of colour and of light and shade which they present, none of the lowlier growing plants come near them.

Nor can the old quarry be overlooked, out of which the stone of the present mansion was taken.

It is, however, quite unlike its natural self—at bottom a miniature valley of shrubbery, carpeted with radiant turf, while the rockyslopes are ivy fringed, and starred with many constellations of the flowering year. Here, also, is a rustic summer-house, thatched and walled with heather. Encircling it are various specimens of the *Wellingtonia gigantea*. And now appear the hermit's cave and elfin boulder. The latter curiosity, as the legend goes, was cast by a witch from the Ochils upon a trio of "banditti," who were thereby crushed unmercifully into the nether world. And do not be jesting over the strange tradition, good reader. You, or "any other man," may be shown the very finger-marks of "Hecate" the beldam. The boulder, in plain language, is a conglomerate of sand and channel, and has its position, no doubt, from glacial action. On this point, indeed, the evidences of the crag and tail are quite conclusive. Just let us look briefly at the data, keeping in view the alterations of levels and temperature. In an earlier geological period, a great sea—another Pentland Firth, in fact—swept boldly from the north-west, joining the Atlantic with the German Ocean; and the gigantic icebergs which were transported by marine currents to the south-east, must naturally have deposited many of the monster boulders everywhere found across the neck of land under consideration. The theory, at all events, must be admitted a more reasonable one than the attributing of such foreign matter to "wind-falls," through the intensity of ancient hurricanes.

On our way to Dunmore Moss, we pass through



acre after acre of the most magnificent ferns. The varieties, however, are not very numerous. The *Aspidium Filix Mas Incisum* occupies fully seven-eighths of the area of the wood; and the variety *Asplenium Filix Fœmina Irriguum* is also met with occasionally. The moss lies upon carse-clay, and is perhaps from ten to fourteen feet in thickness. It is also of large extent, and was lately covered with stunted heather; but a great fire swept over its surface some time ago, leaving the mossy track a black and barren wilderness. At the present moment, this extensive and bleak region exhibits a striking contrast to its surroundings. On every side for miles there are pleasant fields of grass or cereals in a thriving condition, with plantations in various stages of growth and beauty. It is also worthy of note that the green fields are always encroaching upon the black moss, and its entire removal is merely a question of time—and money. Across the dark expanse are numerous piles of peat which have been cast and stacked by the local farmers for kitchen and “boiler” fires. And of the fuels obtained from the earth’s crust, the most obvious and accessible is peat. It is strictly a vegetable accumulation—mosses, rushes, grasses, heaths, and other marsh plants contributing to its growth, the rate of which is very difficult to approximate. Throughout the country, however, many peat-bogs show an accumulation of from three to five feet since the time of the Roman invasion—now nearly eighteen hundred years ago.





## KINNAIRD AND LETHAM.

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ABOUT a mile east of the Tryst-ground lies Kinnaird estate—the house in which Bruce, of Abyssinian fame, met with the fatal fall.

“ A rural mansion on the level lawn  
Uplifts its ancient gables, whose slant shade  
Is drawn, as with a line, from roof to porch;  
Whilst all the rest is sunshine.”

Within the grey old building, the trophies which Bruce brought with him from abroad are carefully preserved, and form a really interesting little museum. There are, among other memorials of the exploratory tour, a cloak and cap—hemp-woven, and clad with feathers of scarlet and black—which were presented to the traveller by the chief who murdered Captain Cook; a petrified impression of a horse's knee-joint, wonderfully distinct; a phial of water from the “fountain” of the Nile; a numerous assortment of reptiles in bottles; the clock carried by Bruce over his rambles, whose pendulum consists of a frame of triangular devices, together with a host of other odds and ends, all interesting, less or more, from certain associative stories of their own. But, by the way, there was also an Ethiopic version from the Greek of the Book of Enoch, which Bruce placed

in the hands of his countrymen by his Abyssinian expedition. These prophecies of Enoch and Noah, we believe, were well known to the early fathers of the Church, although they had been entirely lost sight of during the middle ages. The work, however, is generally considered apocryphal, and no doubt belongs to a period prior to that of the Christian era. Bruce's memory is one that may be contemplated by Scotchmen with no unworthy pride. There are old men in the parish who have a still vivid remembrance of the traveller's *physique*—sturdy champion as he was of his name—and tell with zest many amusing stories of his home-life: of Bruce, when he rode out one day, having been pitched from horseback into the heart of a plot of whins at the Goose-muir; of the profound pity, too, that existed all over the country-side for the steed he rode, whose back was strikingly “howed” from the traveller's extraordinary weight; and of “daft Jamie Wilson's” service on the occasion of the great funeral—marching in front of the burial procession with drawn sword and open Testament.

“Then lift the bonnet, friends, and let him pass  
In silence to an honourable grave;  
The perfect type of old *noblesse*, but not  
The last of Scotland's grand, good gentlemen.”

Bruce was born at Kinnaird House, in 1730. His paternal surname was Hay, being a descendant of the barons of Clackmannan, and closely related to the Hays of Lochloy and Woodcockdale. He received his school education at Harrow, along with his half-uncle, William Graham of Airth, and his cousin,

William Hamilton. Quitting the academy, he began life as a student for the English bar ; but, in 1754, he retired from the profession on his marriage with Adriana Allan, the beautiful and amiable daughter of a wealthy London wine merchant ; and was, at the same time, received as an active partner in the father's business. The young wife, however, died shortly after the matrimonial union while on a trip to the south of France for the benefit of declining health. By this sad bereavement, Bruce's attention was directed to the study of foreign languages, with a view to trading, and he soon became an accomplished linguist. In addition to the ordinary European tongues, he could speak Arabian and Ethiopian with the greatest fluency. Having formed an acquaintance with Pitt (the elder), then at the head of affairs, he proposed to him a scheme of making a descent upon Spain, against which country Britain was expected to declare war. Though this project came to nothing, Lord Halifax, marking his enterprising genius, proposed to him to signalize the beginning of the new reign by making discoveries in Africa ; and for this end he was, in 1762, appointed British Consul at Algiers. In an interview with George III., before setting out, his Majesty requested him to take drawings of whatever ancient architecture he might discover in the course of his travels. On his way to Algiers, which he reached in March, 1763, he spent some time in Italy, visiting Rome, Naples, and Florence ; thus fitting himself, by surveying the works of ancient art, for the observations he was to make upon kindred objects in Africa. Here he

formed an acquaintance with a native of Bologna, whom he engaged to attend him in the capacity of an artist. After spending some time in Palmyra and Baalbec, he thought of still further researches. There was a country beyond, of which the world was as yet comparatively ignorant, that he meant to explore. That country was Abyssinia. Perilous dangers were undoubtedly to be encountered; but Bruce, like our own brave Livingstone, was just the man to grapple with the obstacles of such a splendid enterprise. His was

“A frame of adamant, a soul of fire;  
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.”

The writer's grandfather, who knew the traveller intimately, often spoke of his handsome and manly appearance. His entrance into Abyssinia, which was by Massowah, was made in February, 1770. At the outset, he crossed to Jedda, and traversed the Arabian coast. To gain ready access to society, he travelled in the character of a physician, and everywhere found the warmest welcome; so much so, that, before departing from Abyssinia, he received the title of Lord of Geesh. On his way home, Bruce visited France, where he made the acquaintance of the celebrated naturalist, Count de Buffon. Early in 1774, he again set foot in his native country, and wherever he went had to speak, like any other later hero of the year, of what he had seen and suffered in the course of his arduous and adventurous wanderings through the “dark continent.” He related anecdotes of the Abyssinian and Nubian tribes, and



gave descriptions of localities and natural objects, which certainly appeared wonderful to a civilised people, though only because they were novel. "Come, now," said an impertinent intruder who had penetrated Bruce's study in the house near Loch Lubnaig, "I want to know about those Abyssinians eating beefsteaks raw." Having heard the facts, he went on, "Come, now, you must eat a beefsteak raw; you must indeed. You say you have; I can't believe you, you know, unless you prove it." Bruce rang the bell, and ordered up some raw beef, salt, and pepper. His visitor looked on in delight while Bruce slashed the meat, and salted and peppered it. "Now, then," said Bruce, rising and motioning his guest to his seat, "you eat that." "I! Why, I want you to eat it, and I mean you to eat it." "You come here, a stranger, to insult me in my own house, and I must prove my statements in my own way. You shall find that raw beefsteak can be eaten. You see my staircase (our readers may know that it was rather a formidable one); if you do not completely empty that plate, I will fling you from the top to the bottom." No ordinary man could measure his forces with those of the stalwart Bruce, and the intruder could only eat his very strong leek. His host stood over him, and made him swallow enough to be able to aver that raw beef is eatable, and then turned him out.

Set down, by press and public, as an imaginative liar, Bruce's mind shrunk from the meanness of his fellows; and he retired, indignant and disappointed, to Kinnaird, where for some time he busied himself



in rebuilding his house, and arranging the concerns of his estate. In March, 1776, he again married—his second wife being Mary Dundas, daughter of Thomas Dundas, of Fingask, and of Lady Janet Maitland, daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

For nine years, Bruce made little progress in the preparation of his journals for the press. They ultimately appeared, however, in 1790, and consisted of five large quarto volumes, besides a volume of drawings, dedicated to the King.

Need we here repeat the well-known story of Bruce's death? After having run the gauntlet with so many hairbreadth escapes in his courageous ramblings as an African explorer, he had his neck broken by taking a false step on the stair outside the drawing-room at Kinnaird. And the gallant Speke—for whom was reserved the still more splendid discovery of the great Lake Nyanza—also meets death, shortly after a return from his heroic and exploratory adventures, by the stone of a dyke he was crossing striking the trigger of his gun, when the contents of the barrel went right through his heart. He had crossed the continent of Africa from Zanzibar to Cairo, and had found between Mtesa's country and Kamrasi's a vast lake, out of which he had seen the Nile rushing over the Karuma falls, in a land far beyond the ken of civilised man; from thence he had come northward, striking the Nile at its then highest known point, or nearly so—Gondokoro—and returned home to fame, and to a disastrous end. Doubtless, if either of those renowned heroes of geographical research had had to choose where

and how they should die, they would much rather have fallen by the axe of some savage Zulu tribe on the wild waste of Equatorial Africa. It is so unlike the traditional end of the brave and adventurous explorer, the simple yet fatal mishap at Kinnaird; or even to meet—

“ A cadger-pownie’s daith,  
At some dyke back.”

We assume that the general reader is familiar with the principal discoveries in the Nile country, from the time of Herodotus down to that of the intrepid Stanley himself; and have only to add that, notwithstanding all which has lately been told us of the outlet of Lake Tanganika, and of Lake Victoria, the grand secret of the great Egyptian river’s sources has not yet been revealed. Bruce made forty observations as to the exact geographical site of its fountain, and found it to be in north latitude  $10^{\circ} 59' 25''$ , and  $36^{\circ} 55' 30''$  east longitude; whilst its position was supposed, from the barometer, to be two miles above the level of the sea. But this was the Blue Nile, through whose countries he had, with indomitable courage, wandered all alone away up to Abyssinia. There can be no doubt that the mountains of Lokinga and Bisa on the west, or Killimanjora on the east, give birth to the infant Nile, although it has not yet been determined where those waters actually take their rise.

Immediately to the east of the mansion—a house built to be lived in, not looked at—we have one of the prettiest objects on Kinnaird estate, in

the form of a magnificent arcade of lime trees; and within the garden are also two planes of gigantic dimensions, growing side by side, with a rustic seat between, which were planted by Bruce, the preacher, and his wife, in commemoration of their marriage. It was here where the distinguished divine passed away, without pain or sickness, in August, 1631, aged 77 years. When his sight failed him, he called for the large Family Bible, and asked his finger to be placed on Romans 8th ch. v. 28th, and told those present that he died in the faith of what was there contained.

At Kinnaird we are on the threshold of a vast coal seam. And has it ever occurred to the reader that the vegetation which has thus been converted into coal must have been immeasurably abundant? It needs no telescopic eye to perceive that even to form an acre of coal one foot thick, an enormous supply of vegetable substance would be needed. But for the present we must forego such reflections. Connected with Pit No. 10 is an old engine which was erected by Symington in 1786, for Bruce the traveller; and although now groaning sadly under the pressure of years, the huge machine, as a pumper, still has few equals in Scotland. Here, with all the facts of the question before us, we cannot but observe that there has been a great deal of nonsense written of late about the dusky heroes of the mine. Everywhere they have been represented as a brutal, illiterate, and godless class; and it cannot be denied that their conduct, so far from being the genuine embodiment of every virtue, is still in a great mea-

sure rude, and perhaps not quite up to the ordinary standard. Yet, by the shade of Stephenson! not so sweepingly can they be written down either barbarians or vagabonds.

The great bulk of the men employed in our new collieries undoubtedly lead a most riotous and dissolute life, giving neither heed to the curbing of appetite nor the restraining of passion. And it is not surprising that we should there find so much of the baser dross of humanity. To these young coal workings, all the unsettled Irish of the country flocked; and whatever wealth of wild goodness may be common to the hot-headed Hibernian, at his door assuredly lies, for the most part, the notorious blackguardism of our mining hamlets. That lower and degraded class too, are, without exception, itinerants. Never certain of steady employment, they keep themselves in readiness to take up their bed at any hour and walk. It would be well, therefore, if by some arrangement the Irish miner could be made to feel sure of permanent work and a settled home. We certainly know something of the difficulties in the way. Colliers, of all the "sons of toil," are specially apt to get dissatisfied and restless. Many of the steadiest hands, indeed, have to be frequently shifted in their workings; and even sent at times into a different pit. By-and-by, their power of muscle fails them—their thews and sinews get weakened and worn, and the poor fellows go about, as it were, seeking their lost strength.

As we have already hinted, the general enlightenment and self-respect of the workmen connected



with our older collieries are worthy of all approbation; while a growing intelligence throughout their ranks is ever raising them in the scale of moral being. From Garscadden, for example, sang David Wingate—himself “a weary bon’d miner,” and a poet born. To read his songs, “The Deil in the Pit,” “The Burn in the Glen,” and “My Little Wife,” is as refreshing as a norland breeze.

But it must be allowed that, while the Scottish collier is beyond question a true disciple of progress, his advancement hitherto has been somewhat behind the age. And how could it be otherwise? Look back upon his social history. Previous to 1775, all the “hewers and coal-bearers” connected with the collieries of Scotland were held in bondage as serfs, and were actually transferable with the pits to which they were attached. Nor did the Emancipatory Act of the year mentioned do more than set them nominally free. On account of the vagueness of certain of its conditions, it failed virtually to emancipate the class for which it had been passed; and not until 1799 were the colliers completely relieved from their degrading servitude. But it may be said that their slavery grew insensibly with the demands of commerce and manufactures in the seventeenth century. It was necessary, because no one would do the drudgery of the mine to the satisfaction of the mine-owner, in the amount of work and its price, unless he were compelled to it. True, undoubtedly. And hence it was something far worse than any feudal serfdom—just as the commercial slavery of later times in America, in the plantation gangs, was



something far more cruel and terrible than the domestic slavery practised in the households of the early settlers. But the pitmen of those days groaned under the yoke of various other barbarisms—certain of which, however, were altogether self-imposed. The time is not yet so far gone when the wives and daughters of our miners also wrought underground; and well may every human feeling recoil at the bare mention of such “vulgar matrimonial crimes.” But, of course, those women, in their sphere of social ostracism, knew nothing better. They simply regarded the pit as the only means by which they could earn an honest livelihood. In fact, it was considered a most imprudent step for a young collier to marry a lass who could not wear the “soo-back” jacket and “huggers,” and be below with him early and late. The “fair one,” in her industrial efforts, assisted in the conveyance of the loaded hutch from the workings to the bottom of the shaft. While free to admit that work—steady and earnest work—is the great sanctifier, we think it was well that the reformers in Parliament saw it their duty to pass a bill prohibiting the underground employment of females. Even with their faces black with coal-gum, they might walk,

“Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,  
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn;”

but the dirty drudgery and lewd jest to which, by the pit, they were daily exposed, little favoured those

“Vital feelings of delight,  
Which rear the form to stately height,”

And girls, even now, seem to be held somewhat at a discount by the mining community. When a daughter, for example, comes home to the family, she is practically spoken of as a "hutch of dross;" whereas, when the little stranger appears in the sex of a son, he has the higher valuation of a "hutch of coals."

We have been underground in several localities, and here give a description of the "Carse Pit," near Carron. At the shaft top comes the call, "All ready!" and, making ourselves as much at home as possible in the collier toggerie, we step upon the overarched platform of transport, as if to the manner born. Installed in the cage, down through the dark and dripping shaft we sink some sixty fathoms. On landing, we imagine ourselves surrounded by a darkness so dense as to be even felt. By-and-by the lamp-light is increased; but this to us only serves to make the gloom still more visible. Yet here, as elsewhere, pit labour is being vigorously pursued—forward fly the brisk fleet ponies along the gurgling drifts, with their train of hutches, their eyes burning like diamond lamps as they speed through the deep carboniferous caverns.

Before setting out upon our underground excursion, we visit the pit stable, with its airy and commodious stalls; and also the furnace kept ever in blaze for the rarification of the air throughout the workings. This done, we make for the "railway terminus." Here we find a smart pony and four "boggies" in readiness for the conveyance of our party into the pit; and scarcely has our dashing

young driver got his legs thrown into the foremost hutch, than "Donald" bounds off furiously, with rumbling and rattling din, through

"Those caves whaur vent'rous men  
Hae houkit mony a fathom ben."

But hushed again are the echoes of the dreary mine. Our little Jehu makes a grand pull-up, landing us some four hundred yards within the black diamond regions. And now the real difficulties of our underground ramble begin. Many of the passages are not more than eighteen inches square, and through these we have to creep, or rather wriggle, on all fours. Otherwise, however, we have no serious obstacles to encounter and brave. The "Carse Pit," beyond the immediate surroundings of its shaft-bottom, is comparatively dry. Its air currents, or rather shivers of air, are also so thorough as to render the remotest excavations fresh and cool; and not from any stifling atmosphere, at least, could we have wished, in the fancy of Sydney Smith, to take off our flesh and walk in our bones. Throughout the workings there are upwards of seventy men employed, who turn out about 1000 tons of coal per week. And need we say that the pit as a workroom is peculiarly dangerous. The collier, in fact, must be seen "holing," for the more than common difficulties and perils of his trade to be rightly understood. Flat on his side, or down on his "hunkers" or knees, long and laboriously he pikes, working out the block of coal from the wall or seam. Ah! little think we what our comforts cost! And our national prosperity, too, is largely

indebted to these carboniferous resources. Our "black diamonds," in truth, are the grand source of our unrivalled commercial wealth—the Ophir treasures by which we have become the richest nation in the world.

But what from the enlightened provisions of modern science, and stricter regard to the most ordinary chemical precautions, pit labour is ever getting less and less perilous to health and life. The Davy lamp, no doubt, is in some measure to be thanked for the now comparative rarity of explosions, such "catastrophes" generally having occurred from the workman's light coming into contact with inflammable air, or, in other words, hydrogen gas.

A word now with respect to the collier's general health. From his toil, so peculiarly chest-trying, it is easy to see why he so rarely shows the "auld grey frostit head." With an average life of only twenty-seven years, he is nothing short of a phenomenon at fifty; and when found at that "patriarchal" age, is generally a crouching invalid—emaciated and breathless. And the diseases to which he is specially liable are, of course, those affecting the respiratory organs. "Housemaid's knee"—an acute inflammation over the knee-pan—is certainly a very painful and common sore throughout his class; but the great hydra of the pit is asthma, with the constant tendency to bronchitis in the winter season, and this disease not unfrequently ends in enlargement of the liver and dropsy. "Black spit" is another health-undermining, although not mortal disease comparatively, reaching to such inten-

sity at times that a fluid like tar runs out of the throat. Yet this *melanosis*, strange to say, seems preventive of other affections of the lungs. Consumption, for example, is never heard of among colliers; and its absence from the Hebridean poor has also been observed—people who are continually inhaling a carbonaceous atmosphere from the peat-reek of their huts. The tissue of the miner's lungs appears most tenacious of the charcoal deposits. Lately, on the occasion of a female body being dissected in the neighbourhood of Falkirk, the surgeon who performed the *post-mortem* operation could tell at once, from the blackness of the lungs, that the woman in early life had been engaged underground, although thirty years had elapsed from the day on which she left the pit. And we have the same baneful dust ruining the health of the moulders in our foundries. The late Dr Graham, latterly Master of the Mint, on analyzing the lungs of a workman who had wrought at Carron for some forty years, found even as much as a fourth of them pure charcoal.

When the oil lamp was abolished from the mine, asthma and black spit were thought to have received their death-blow. And the tallow now in use has certainly done away, to a great extent, with the "lamp-black" deposits that have hitherto proved so detrimental to collier vitality. It is, in fact, rare now to find any of the younger pitmen afflicted with asthma, except where the disease may be fairly considered hereditary; and further improvements in pit-lighting are at present being contemplated.



In the means of education for his children, the miner is beyond complaint. No pit village is without its school; and for the support of the teacher the coalmaster reserves a fee of twopence per week from each man, and that quite irrespective of the number of his family. To make matters still plainer, he who has no progeny to educate, has nevertheless the fourpence a fortnight to pay towards the salary of the schoolmaster, with his neighbour, who may have given a dozen "hostages to fortune." But, back some thirty years ago, the ignorance of the collier community was quite a by-word. And their spirit of isolation, together with their universal intermarryings, had no doubt a good deal to do with their intellectual weakness. Several capital stories are told of their childlike simplicity and innocence. For example, the late Dr Knox of Larbert, calling upon a family at Kinnaird, asked Dick, the head of the house, by way of pastoral interrogation, "How many Persons there were in the Godhead?" Dick was puzzled; and so followed the minister's sharp rebuke. "Noo comes my turn," says the collier; "if ye will alloo me, Doctor, tae pit a bit question tae yersel'. Hoo mony links wud ye say were in our pit chain?" Dick's eyes flashed with delight, for the reverend doctor was thoroughly outwitted. "I cannot answer that, my good man," replied the pastor; "and, perhaps, nobody else but yourself could." "Go, billy," exclaimed Dick, "every yin, I see, tae their ain trade; you tae yours, Dr Knox, and me tae mine." On another occasion, the Rev. Mr Bonar stepped in upon a collier

family in the same village, and, amongst other inquiries, asked the mistress whether the gudeman ever took the books? "Books! What's that?" said the simple-minded woman. "Well, well!" observed the clergyman, "but you are in a dreadful state of darkness here!" "Ye maunny say that, minister, for it's no yet a week gane sin' oor Tam put in a bonnie bit window there, whaur we had naething but a bole afore." "You misunderstand me altogether, my good woman," observed Mr Bonar, in explanation; "I mean, does your husband ever engage in family worship, by singing and praying?" "No, no, sir; I'll tell nae lee. Our Tam's no a singer, but he is the best whistler in a' the raw."

Within rifle-shot we have the site of Great Hall at Scaithmuir—the house in which Sir Reginald Moore for some time resided; and who, moreover, fell into possession of said lands by his marriage with a daughter of Graham of Abercorn. A short distance east of Anton's Hill, lies Mount Jerrat, with trees covering the ground upon which once stood a little chapel, that gave its name to the neighbouring burn whose waters, a stone-cast to the south, are collected into two small reservoirs—the one for the driving of a corn-mill, and the other for the grinding of wood-char used at Carron. The Nailor Row—a brick village—is so named from having been in former days a nail manufactory under the management of the Caddells. The Bothkennar lands, which were purchased in 1363 by Sir William Moore, son of Sir Reginald, also lie close at hand. Timothy Pont spells the place Both-Kettard. Bo is generally

thought to be a corruption of the Celtic Mo, or Maogh, a plain. Thus Bothkennar, or Mo-Kennar, will signify "plain of the western headland." During the many centuries that Roman Catholicism was the religion of Scotland, the district belonged to the celebrated Abbey of Cambuskenneth; and out of the parish the Crown received a yearly feu-duty of some twenty-six chalders of grain; while six chalders were likewise handed over to the abbacy above mentioned. The present church is a somewhat antique but barn-looking building. It is, however, the oldest kirk in the neighbourhood, and, with all its architectural simplicity, was erected at no small cost and trouble. From the sandy and brittle nature of the soil, an eminent metropolitan architect had to be engaged ere the foundations of the house could be laid. The site, together with that of the burial-ground, was granted by the Dundas family of Carronhall. It was of Bothkennar Church that the Rev. William Nimmo was minister—a distinguished scholar and antiquary, who, over a hundred years ago, published an interesting "History of Stirlingshire," and which was afterwards ably edited, or rather carefully corrected and amplified, by the Rev. William Macgregor. Mr Nimmo died in 1780. A nunnery once stood on the present glebe, and several stones of the celestial asylum are yet to be seen. It may also be worthy of note here that Bothkennar was the last parish in the shire served by an Episcopalian minister. The locality at present is famed for its fruit.

Between this track and the neighbouring firth,

Letham Moss intervenes. In 1764, the wide peat waste was suddenly floated from its original bed a considerable distance northwards; and so violent was the action of the water, welling forth from its million cavities, that the ruinous wreck covered fully an acre of soil.

“ Ay! this is freedom—those pure skies  
Were never stain’d with village smoke;  
The fragrant wind that through them flies  
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.”

The moss view is, of course, extremely barren—something *sui generis*. As far as the eye, from some points, can see in an easterly direction, not a tree, bush, or patch of green takes pity on the bleak expanse to break its dull and dismal monotony. Timber, however, rich and rare, lies in great abundance within and underneath the moss. Some few years ago, while a number of workmen were trenching in an adjoining field, they came upon a black oak of extraordinary dimensions embedded in the clay. Its circumference, exclusive of bark, was 9 feet 6 inches; and, according to ordinary calculation, the tree must have taken five or six centuries to reach that gigantic growth. When the timber was cut up, it was found in body healthy and solid. The oaks thus got year after year in the track of the old Caledonian forest, invariably lie with their tops to the north-east. Beds of sea-shells, several inches deep, are also met with in many parts of the surrounding district; hence the very reasonable supposition that the waters of the Forth at one period rose as high as the lands of Kinnaird, though

the river is now about three miles distant. Several distinguished geologists, including Lyell, Huxley, and Geikie, spurn the Mosaic account of creation from the *gradual* upheaval of the Scottish coast lines. The great antiquity, as they allege, of these movements proves Scriptural chronology altogether wide of the mark. Yet, strange to say, antiquities themselves have, as it were, come forward voluntarily to light as defenders of the truth, proving from their character, whether as iron implements or Roman relics, that such upheavals could neither have been pre-Adamite nor antediluvian, but must date at least within the period of the generally accepted human era.







## CALENDAR AND LAURIESTON.

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OUR peregrinations still incline to the border-land of old romance. For the present we have chiefly to do with Callendar and other adjoining fields of historical and traditionary note. Then, "which way, good reader, shall we steer our course? the choice perplexes." Again we prefer a roundabout path to the interesting objects of our ramble, and, holding at the outset along the east bank of the Burnfoot, soon gain the breezy and bracing highway of the Union Canal. And with autumn, prodigal even to royalty in her wealth, has come an air deliciously cool—the sun for another year having lost its fiery fierceness, and put its veto on the flutter of wings. From the elevated ground now occupied, an unparalleled prospect lies spread before us towards the north. Here we may well luxuriate in description, and, from the incomparable magnificence of the landscape, may be excused for again returning to its picturesque and classic charms. A short distance west the canal stands South Bantaskine House, splendidly situated, and quite hid by the trees of the intervening dell. The property, which belongs to Mr John Wilson, is a picturesque

as well as historical estate. The grounds, which rise somewhat boldly from the bank of the canal, are well covered with timber; while the mansion, for situation, is perhaps unsurpassed in the county. The view got from the handsome tower of the building is exceedingly fine, embracing, as it does, the whole of the magnificent basin which stretches beyond the Forth to the Ochils. We rest, on our ramble, in the inviting plantation that surrounds the house. And how impressive is this woodland for the genuine lover of nature! Now, as the daylight fades, the sweet melodies of the birds are momentarily hushed. Almost oppressive is the silence. But hark! the stillness is suddenly broken by the blackbird's song. The brilliant burst of music, however, is like the flicker of a dying light. Glenfuir, too, nestles opposite, more than half concealed in foliage, and from its snug seclusion would suggest an etymology very different from that of "Cold Glen." Several sweet peeps of woodland scenery, associated with tiny lakes and sparkling runnels, are also enjoyed ere Summerford is reached.

In spite of the slightly chillish evening air, the canal at certain points is *thick* with bathers. But the swimming practice is felt to be a flagrant nuisance by not a few of the surrounding populace. There are certain walkers, it would seem, of a delicate, or rather morbid sensitiveness—ladies so cataleptic, constitutionally, as to faint at the simple sight of a shirt—who have lodged bitter complaints against the "shocking exhibitions." And, as a matter of course, various expedients have been

resorted to for the suppression of the "offensive" mania. The lock-keepers, to begin with, have day after day laid hold of the clothes of the bathers, and kept them frequently in possession until more than time had been allowed for the cooling of the water passion. Nothing is perhaps more needed in Falkirk than a public bath establishment. And in the summer season especially the want is sadly felt. It so happens that the great bulk of the parish population consists of the artizan class, whose labour in the foundry, with its soot and smoke, denies the body the boon of free perspiration. And the majority of working men want as yet the convenience within their own dwellings for getting thoroughly washed from top to toe. Opportunities for so doing should therefore be supplied them. Generally speaking, the sanitary value of "personal" ablution is little appreciated. The ancients understood those things better. Homer sings of the virtues of the bath; and we also read that the Romans, when entering upon the important duties of the senate house, used ever to take advantage of its refreshing and invigorating tendencies. And the surroundings of Falkirk, above all places, need not be without the boon of a public bath-house. Everywhere there is an abundance of water and feuing ground—the former life-necessary being altogether adequate to the wants of the populace. But failing such philanthropic enterprise, why should there not be a special swimming pond constructed for the town and district? We have not far to look for a reservoir at once commodious and secluded. There is the Ladies' Cut, lying imme-

diately beneath South Bantaskine, and which seems to us admirably adapted for the purpose of bathing. On all sides it is thoroughly shut out from public view by wooded embankments; while it could be readily cleared of all feculent matter, and kept in a state of the utmost freshness and purity. The expense, too, of putting the reservoir into a thoroughly satisfactory condition for bathing, would be comparatively trifling. The petty outlay, indeed, might be met by a fund raised by local subscription.

But we digress somewhat widely. From the point at which we entered upon the canal bank, we hold due east for about 300 yards, and strike up to the Craigieburn road, immediately above the mouth of the Tunnel—a subterranean passage some 796 yards in length, and which on its formation was considered one of the greatest bores of the day. Here we take a short distance down hill, pass the face of the railway tunnel, which, extending to 880 yards, was completed in August, 1841, after a labour of nineteen months; and now Callendar grounds are close at hand. The estate, which embraces about 400 Scotch acres—200 of which are covered with wood—was originally a grant by Alexander II. to Malcolm de Callenter. Forfeited, however, in the reign of David II. by one Patrick de Callentyr, for his allegiance to Baliol, the lands were subsequently bestowed upon his son-in-law, Sir William Livingstone; and in the possession of that family they remained for several successive generations. Of the chief historical families of Scotland few have experienced more of the “ups and downs” of life than the Livingstones.

During the days of their feudal power, they were not more remarkable for the extent of their estates, and their almost regal influence, than for the great alliances which they formed; but, on the other hand, few such families have fallen into more complete and disastrous decay. There is not now a single landed proprietor of the name of Livingstone in the possession of lands, either in the counties of Stirling or Linlithgow, where they were once so powerful. Their chief residences were the castles of Callendar, Herbertshire, Brighthouse, Haining, and Midhope. Of these the largest and most important appears to have been the castle of Callendar—a place of considerable strength before artillery was invented. According to Nisbet, and others whom he quotes in his *Heraldry*, the fortress was built by a Roman, whose office it was to provide fuel for the camp, and who called it after his own name, *Calloner*, from *Calo*, a faggot, or log of wood. Pinkerton, however, is of opinion that the name may be with more likelihood derived from Kelydhon, which in Cumraig signifies Woodlands. At any-rate, according to the Dane, Van Basson, the author of a treatise on armories and others, such was the ancient manner of spelling the name; and in reference to its origin, the chiefs of the family, when arms came in use, adopted the six billets, which still form part of the escutcheon of Callendar. But others allege that the billets represent sheets or scrolls of paper, because the chiefs of the family of Callendar of that ilk were comptrollers, or clerks to the kings of Scotland for several centuries.



In 1634, the barony of Callendar was acquired by James, Lord Almond and Falkirk, afterwards Earl of Callendar; and in 1637, he became proprietor of the barony of Falkirk. In 1646, the same nobleman obtained a charter from Charles the First, erecting his whole estates into a regality, and the town into a free burgh of the same. George, fourth Earl of Linlithgow, died in August, 1695, without issue, when he was succeeded in his titles and estates by his nephew, James, fourth Earl of Callendar, who engaging in the rebellion of 1715, was attainted as Earl of Linlithgow and Callendar, and his whole lands and dignities forfeited to the Crown. In 1720, the entire property was purchased by the York Buildings Company, a London incorporation which speculated largely in the purchase of forfeited estates; but the "Bairns of Falkirk," as they delighted to style themselves, and the other vassals and tenants of the Livingstones were a turbulent and unruly race, even under their feudal lords, and little inclined to yield "suit and service," and far less to pay rents to an association of London tradesmen. Accordingly, the Company soon discovered that the only mode of deriving anything from the estates was to transfer them to the heiress of the family, and a long lease was therefore granted to the Earl and Countess of Kilmarnock, who were thus re-established at Callendar, and might, like the Panmure family, under somewhat similar circumstances, have eventually recovered permanent possession of their original domains. This lease did not expire till 1773; but long before that, the Earl of Kilmarnock, not taught

wisdom by the ruin of his predecessor, joined Charles Edward after the battle of Preston, was captured on the fatal field of Culloden, sent a prisoner to London, and beheaded on Tower Hill, in 1746. On an eminence, or rather hill, above Callendar House, now crowned by a circular plantation, tradition still points out the spot where the last Earl of Kilmarnock, as he rode away to join the unfortunate Chevalier, lingering behind his armed and mounted followers, turned his horse round to take a farewell look at the grand old Livingstone estate, which he was never to see again.

The affairs of the York Buildings Company having fallen into disorder, the Callendar estates were brought to judicial sale, and purchased in 1783, by Mr Wm. Forbes, a London merchant, and descendant of the family of Forbes of Colquhany, in Aberdeenshire. Mr Forbes, the coppersmith, into whose hands the property thus passed, was most fortunate in his purchase. The sum paid for the property was only some £85,000, and it has been alleged (we believe with perfect truth) that the timber alone on the estate was worth double the money. But Mr Forbes, from his first outset in business, seems to have been one of Fortune's favourites—to have had rare opportunities of kicking her golden ball. It was, without doubt, his speculation in copper, when the idea of so sheathing the ships of the line first occurred to Government, that put a substantial backbone to his purse; and for upwards of twenty years he held exclusively the trade of coppering the royal fleet, and the East India Company's vessels. His capital

of £1600, with Admiral Byron as one of his generous securities, was thus soon turned to good account. With Callendar and its tenants he had, however, for a time, many a stiff battle to fight. The estate everywhere was lamentably moorish, and the farmers proved "kittle cattle" to deal with. An amusing story is told of a dispute that took place between Mr Forbes and the Rev. Mr Bertram of Muiravonside, regarding the rent of a park attached to Haining Castle. The minister was one day invited to dine at Callendar, and after dinner the adjustment of the rent was brought above-board. Bertram, who from all accounts was the reverse of a ready logician, had ultimately to yield to the clear and practical reasoning of the laird; but, out of petty revenge, preached for several Sundays from the text, "Alexander the coppersmith has done me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works." Mr Forbes was twice married—first to Miss Macadam of Craigen-gillian, who died without issue. The second marriage was with Miss Agnes Chalmers, of Aberdeenshire, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. His eldest son, William, who succeeded to the entailed property, married Lady Louisa, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March, and was Member of Parliament for his native county over a considerable period. That latter couple were the parents of the present laird, who, in addition to the ancient Thanesdom of Callendar, and the Baronies of Haining and Almond, is proprietor of extensive estates in the counties of Stirling, Ayr, and Kirkcudbright.

The ancestral mansion, which lies in a grand

lyceum, excites interest chiefly by its historical associations. Certain portions of the house are, in fact, very ancient, carrying one far back in imagination; and around these cling not a few reminiscences and traditions of the olden times. The room, for example, is still shown where the ill-fated Queen Mary slept when she visited Callendar on the occasion of a baptism in the family of the Earl of Linlithgow. Another apartment is pointed out as the bed-room occupied by Prince Charles on the night of the 15th September, 1745. And it was here where General Hawley was sumptuously entertained, while the lynx-eyed Charles Edward played sad havoc with the Hanoverian troops. So much, let us add, for Hawley's military incapacity; soldier-weakling, to be so recklessly thrown off his guard by the no doubt more congenial attractions of a banquet-hall! Several other notable characters are historically associated with Callendar House. General Monk, among others, made it his home during the stay of his troops in Scotland; and Cromwell—he who stands a giant among the pigmy race of the Stuarts—on an unlucky day for Charles, advanced with a small force upon the “Castle,” and, after a siege of short duration, took possession of stronghold and estate, mowing down in death-blood the gallant garrison and volunteers who, in the absence of the royal army, snug in their entrenchments at the Torwood, were left as a fearless file of defence. Here the Protector seems to have shown no mercy to the weak numerically, in their brave defiance of his aggressive step; for the lawn is said to have

been everywhere crowded with the ghastly bodies of the slain. At that time, the house was surrounded by a deep fosse, and further protected by a square projection of stone, whose niches were filled with a variety of statues. The lawn outside of this, some few yards, was broken by a species of wall, known as the "barbican."

Immediately in front of the house are five splendid limes. But timber, as we have already hinted, grows here to perfection. Even St Gingolph, perhaps, could scarcely produce anything to surpass many of the grand old trees which, with a sweet gloom, arch the beautiful basin that runs out from the mansion towards the public road. A glorious arcade of planes also lies to the east, conducting to a lochlet full of aquatic vegetation, and by whose rushy margin various flocks of the web-footed tribe find stores of dainties. And now we enter the deeper forest glades—verdant arboreal porticos—

"We hear the wind among the trees,  
Playing celestial symphonies ;  
We see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument."

In one of the leafiest of those sylvan nooks lies the mausoleum of the Forbes family. The masonry of the charnel-house is somewhat imposing—circular in form, with a rustic cell, on which stand twelve fluted Doric columns, crowned with a capital; while a massive dome rises over a corresponding architrave. The latest buried was the young and queenly wife of the present laird—a Miss O'Hara in maidenhood, born of an ancient and honourable family in the



West of Ireland, and married to Mr Forbes on the 23rd June, 1859. The deceased lady died in Dublin; and when the sad news of her death reached Falkirk, a general sorrow prevailed over the district, her short connection with Callendar having been such as to render her memory dear to all classes of the community.

Within the estate we have a portion of the Roman Wall in a striking state of preservation. It forms for a considerable distance a basin in beauty only equalled by the fine fragment of the fosse seen at Bantaskine. The ancient hollow here is richly filled, too, with trees, which add materially to its picturesqueness.

Leaving the Callendar grounds, the barrier runs close by the north side of the garden into Laurieston, where there are still many stones of the great military causeway. Some fifty yards, in fact, of this Roman road were recently opened up by one of the villagers, and who by his excavations turned out boulders sufficient for the erection of a really handsome cottage. When the Union Canal was being cut, a Roman granary, or cell, was also discovered here, in which was a large quantity of blackish coloured wheat.

But we have done injustice to the immediate east of Falkirk—to the Laurieston road, so richly wooded on both sides that, during the oppressive dog-days of the year, the “bairns” have from it a really shady and refreshing “loop-hole of retreat.” For well-nigh half a mile, the wedded muster of trees meet overtop with leafy embrace, and form one of the finest of arcadian highways. The majority of these

ancestral "beeches" were planted by Sir James Livingstone of Brighthouse, the first Earl of Callendar, and, consequently, must have seen two centuries of sunshine and storm. Few public avenues, indeed, can in magnificence of limb and foliage compare with this sylvan alley and rendezvous.

Laurieston, we may mention in passing, was originally called Langtown, then Merchieston; and to the person of the late Sir Lawrence Dundas of Kerse, it stands indebted for its present title. At the present day this sleepy little village is without a public work of any kind. But, some sixty years ago, it had both its brewery and distillery. On account, however, of the quantity of iron present in the local water used, the beverage—beer—was found not to "keep," and therefore proved unsuitable for exportation. Chemistry was in embryo in those days. The trade had to be abandoned for other springs westward.

In a field nearly opposite the Kennel, there stood, until somewhere about the beginning of the present century, the remains of an old castellated building, which was supposed to have been intimately connected with the vallum of Antoninus, and even now the site is locally known as "Castle-towrie." From Laurieston the wall holds on by Mumrills—the *locale* unquestionably of another station; and here, of late years, various relics, in the shape of urns and other vessels, have been found. There was also a millstone, about 18 inches in diameter, which consisted of a dark coloured lava, like the lava of the millstones of the great quarries of Andernach on the Rhine. This

was got lying on a stone that contained the epitaph of a Roman soldier. The wall next touches with some prominence at Beancross, striking through about twenty-five yards above the toll; then crosses a neighbouring burn for a flat field of about twelve acres, leading to the north-west corner of Polmont Park Garden, where it goes boldly underneath the garden wall, and thence through the lawn eastwards to Polmont Kirk. Here it crosses the public road, traverses the property of Mill Hill, and can be traced with great ease along Windy-edge and the Hill farm-house. Within a plantation at Inneravon we meet with the ruins of an ancient tower. Its height is about 19 feet, and thickness of wall 5 feet 3 inches. In diameter it measures 13 feet 9 inches. Its first outer wall stands 90 feet from the base; while the distance between the first and second wall is 60 feet. The building is supposed to have been a fort, as it lies on the line of the "sheugh," about 4400 yards from Laurieston. Eastward of the enclosures of Kinneil a slight vestige of the ditch is again perceived. No doubt another station stood at Kinneil House, which is about 3400 yards distant from Inneravon. On this estate the foundations of an old Roman bridge are also seen. Beyond Grange no remains of the wall are discernible, though it is probable that the last or 19th fort stood on the height behind the Kirk of Carriden. In April, 1868, a sculptured slab was found at Bridgeness while a corner was being dug in a clearance formerly made by Mr Cadell during the erection of iron smelting furnaces. This tablet, which

is of freestone, 9 feet long, 2 feet 11 inches broad, and about 9 inches thick, is perhaps the finest specimen of Roman lapidary art yet discovered in Britain. In the centre is an inscription recording the erection of so many paces of the wall of Antoninus—"To the Emperor Cæsar Titus Olius Hardrianus Antoninus Augustus Pius, the Father of his country, the Second Legion [surnamed] Augusta, has made 4652 paces." On each side is an *alto relievo*—that on the left representing a Roman horseman riding over the vanquished Britons, and that on the right a sacrificial scene. The discovery of this legionary stone settled a matter of considerable antiquarian importance—namely, the exact terminal point of the wall on the east. The word Carriden, moreover, is derived from two British words, "Caer" and "Eden," which signify "the fort on the wing," or extremity.

But of late the trade in antiquities has brought into the market all sorts of inscriptions and carvings which are the work of the individuals who "discover them." No sooner was the Moabite Stone found than similar "monuments" became surprisingly numerous, and even the learned archæologists of Berlin were deceived with a mass of antiquities manufactured by an acute Arab Dragoman. During the years that the flint weapons of pre-historic man engaged the attention of geologists, "Flint Jack"—a Yorkshire vagabond—supplied the demand wholesale, having, while the *savants* were puzzling over the method in which the arrow and spear-heads had been chipped, discovered that of manu-

facturing them. George Steevens, the inventor of the "Upas Tree" story, used to take a malicious delight in hoaxing the solemn antiquaries of last century. But vestiges of the ancient world were not in those days so saleable as now, and so he did not rob, but only ridiculed his victims. Some ingenious persons have, however, discovered it to their profit to go a little further than this, and now the British Archæological Society is occupied not so much in deciphering the Roman remains which are being dug out of the newly discovered "station" near South Shields, as in deciding what are forgeries and what are not. Persons are continually at work on the spot burying "antiquities" only to "find" them again, and to dispose of them to incautious, inexperienced, or credulous collectors. Some of these, with their archaic-looking Latin inscriptions, are so skilfully executed as to deceive all save the most learned. Even then there will always be a doubt about some of them, and there is a danger that by over-caution such really valuable monuments may be lost. Sir John Lubbock has in vain pleaded for the preservation of ancient remains, and, while every other nation has made provision for the exercise of some legal supervision over antiquarian excavations, in Britain they are left at the mercy of any rogue who chooses for his own profit to pollute the very well-springs of our national history.

But Laurieston, humble and lifeless as it now is, will, no doubt, ere many years pass, be a suburb of considerable importance. As yet, its houses, with one or two exceptions, are of the ordinary cottar



character; and notwithstanding the excellence of its soil and situation beyond the brae-top, it lies too far removed from any railway station to attract the villa class of residents. But the day must come, and that shortly, when the Caledonian Railway Company will see it necessary to have a "branch" constructed from their main line at Greenhill, passing close by the Falkirk Poors'-House, and joining the present Grangemouth section near its junction with the Polmont and Larbert branch of the North British. This done, then a station would follow for Laurieston, making the run to and from Glasgow, especially, both convenient and comparatively direct. Into Bo'ness, too, the Caledonian Company must go, if they mean to hold their own in goods traffic; and, by arrangement, they could readily unite with the Monklands line at Kinneil.

Grey dusk, however, is falling fast upon valley and village. Reluctantly we retrace our steps, standing as we now do on the threshold of several romantic retreats and traditionary spots. But to these hidden beauties of glen and legend we shall return anon. So good night, merry youngsters all, gambolling in groups so gleefully on village green and dusty highway. May your joys never be less!

"Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the children's hour."



## WESTQUARTER, POLMONT, AND HAINING.

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WITHIN a mile to the south-east of Laurieston lies Westquarter estate, by far the most picturesque of local pleasure-grounds, and which extends to 300 acres. The founder of the family of the present proprietor — Mr Fenton Livingstone — in the male line was the Hon. Sir George Livingstone of Ogleface, who was created a baronet on the 30th May, 1625. Sir George, who was popular at the Court of James VI., was appointed his Majesty's Justiciary for the trial of various crimes, including that of witchcraft. He was one of the adventurers for the plantation of forfeited estates in Ireland, and in 1608 received a grant of 2000 acres in the county of Armagh, where he died prior to June, 1628. The mansion, which is of considerable size, circularly built, with steep slated roofs and notched gables, is not unlike, in extent and character, the chief *chateaux* of Normandy and Brittany. On the walls of the southern and more modern portion of the building are the dates 1626 and 1648, but the original edifice is much older than either of these. The house contains some ancient arms, skull-caps, coats of mail, and some stern-looking pictures of the old

Barons. The garden, though perhaps nothing beyond ordinary in its floral character, possesses several interesting memorials of the "buried past;" and the ground itself—part of a fine esker, hereafter to be noticed—is somewhat artistically laid out. A verdant knoll, crowned with a tree-shaded summer-seat, runs along its centre from east to west, and which was proudly called "my quarter-deck" by the late Sir Thomas Livingstone, as he, Jack-like, strutted from stern to stem of the cool and close-shaven sward. Built into the garden wall, as we have said, are various historical and family stones. One of these was brought from Kilsyth, and bears the following inscription around a coat of arms:—"Dom. Wilem. Levingstone, De Kilsay, Baro. Aqves. Avrat. Et-Doma. Antonia. De Bord." Underneath is the motto, "Spe Exspecto." A similar sort of stone was, years ago, taken from the front of Callendar House, and has also a place here. Its laconic story is, "Et Domi, Et Foris, 1641." Then, in the wall facing the west, we have a key-stone from the aisle of the old church of Falkirk, together with a barley-stone from the ruins of Linlithgow Palace.

But the great charm of Westquarter is its lovely glen, situated immediately west of the garden. The chief cascades are "the Lanton Linn" and "the Lady's Linn;" and although these falls but rarely display themselves with that foaming fury common to the "torture-riven chasm," there is still an impressive grandeur in the leap of the brawling burn over the rifted rocks, and the hollow rumble of its waters in the raving gorge. Spanning the swirling

stream at scenic points which only such an eye as Mr Clelland's could have selected, are a couple of rustic bridges constructed of natural larch, minus the bark; and from these elevated platforms a glorious view is got of the thickly-wooded dell and its linns of surpassing beauty. Here, too, in the very heart of brushwood and brackens, are a splendid assortment of ferns; and it is only because the heyday of wild-flowers for another year is gone, that there is not an unlimited display of the rarest of woodland gems.

“The south wind searches for the flowers,  
Whose fragrance late he bore;  
And sighs to find them in the wood  
And by the stream no more.”

Strange that William Gilpin, the well-known writer upon the picturesque, who did so much to create and foster a taste for the beautiful in nature, could see in ferns nothing but noxious weeds, and rank them with “thorns, and briars, and other ditch trumpery.” How much healthier a taste now prevails for ferns, in all their varied beauty! The gracefulness even of the waving bracken lends an additional charm to sylvan dells. Nothing could be more in harmony with the character and peculiar exigencies of Gothic design than the delicate tracery and exquisite filigree of the fern leaves and fronds, and yet we seldom find them employed. But the study and cultivation of ferns is essentially of modern and even recent growth. The poets and artists of the last century knew nothing of them. Their rehabilitation seems to have been primarily due to Sir

Walter Scott; and they may be said to have come into fashion with oak furniture, ancient armour, and the revival of mediævalism in general. Scott looked upon them with the eye of a forester and a poet, and pleads their cause in that charming little pastoral, the "Essay upon Planting." Before leaving the charming valley, we are guided to "Duncan's Well," or it might have been "the Cushat Well," and refresh ourselves with a cup of the finest of spring water.

On quitting the deep and solitary surroundings of the glen, we are naturally reminded of the service rendered by these very banks, so steep and rugged, on the occasion of the first battle of Falkirk. The English cavalry, as is well known, occupied the high ground immediately to the west of Maddiston, and riding down upon the Scotch army, who were drawn up in fighting order on Mungall ridge, with a morass in front, adjoining Brian's ford (the spot where Frère Brianjay, a Knight Templar, was slain), were thoroughly checked by the Westquarter ravine, and forced into a more roundabout route.

From several points of the winding foot-path, which with commanding advantages, overlooks the glen, we get an excellent view of the famous esker that extends from Callendar eastward by Westquarter and Meadowbank to Gilston. And what of this bar of drift gravel, that has ever been such a lion in the way to the embryo antiquary? Is it the work of nature, or of man? We must, no doubt, be satisfied to know very little about many of these alluvial relics; yet there can be no mistake that



this bank is simply a vast field of stratified sand which had been washed up by marine action when the extensive plain intervening between our present position and the Frith was completely under water.

Millfield, now the property of Mr Thos. H. Campbell, is another very pretty estate on our way eastwards. Its adornment, in fact, has for years been a matter of special study; and the late proprietor, Mr Miller, C.E., was certainly most successful in making it an altogether lovely spot. To the south of the house, which scarcely exceeds the proportions of an ordinary villa, there is a somewhat picturesque dale; and although to a great extent artificial, still, with its babbling water-course and other rustic auxiliaries, it most effectually enlivens the grounds.

Polmont ("pool of the moor") which had its parish from Falkirk in 1724, is, as times go, an altogether unimportant place. Originally, as is told by the Reformation chroniclers, it consisted for the most part of Church lands, but must have been at a still earlier date the site of a Roman station, seeing that such forts—nineteen in all—stood at regular distances of two miles along the line of the rampart. Some mile and odds south-west of the village lies Blairlodge Academy, an educational institute rapidly rising into note, and which season after season, from the classical superiority exhibited by the cleverest of his pupils in the competitive field, brings fresh honours to the indefatigable and scholarly rector, Mr James Cook Gray. The old church of the village stands in the centre of the burial-ground, and looks

very pretty and picturesque with its ivy-draped ruins and simple belfry. A clear passage runs through the building from east to west; while the interior is filled with a fine assortment of rose plants, yews, and rhododendrons. The new church, which was erected in 1844, has been founded on sand unfortunately, and the keystone of one of the front windows has already fallen an inch or so. Such a serious slip does not promise much, certainly, for its hold of the future.

Polmont, for train traffic, is, without question, one of the busiest and most important junctions of the old Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, yet it stands unconnected with any catastrophe. Mr Drinnan, who succeeded Mr Whitelaw and Mr Smith, has also proved himself a careful and thoroughly efficient agent, and from his frank and attentive turn to passengers, is held in high esteem. Throughout the district there are several fine estates, in addition to Millfield, already noticed—amongst others, Lethallan, Tarduff, Vellore, and Parkhall. Passing the store at the station, we catch the happy countenance of our old friend, Mr William Learmonth, who for many years has supplied the locality with the inward necessities of life. He now retires, however, from business; but though absent from the “shop” his kindly and hospitable ways will be long remembered by the Polmont populace.

For interest's sake we here hold by the bank of the Union Canal, and, just before reaching Manuel, fall upon the ruins of a fine peel-house, known as

Haining Castle. This crumbling stronghold, which was built, and for a time occupied, by Baron Livingstone of Almond, was for several generations a favourite seat of the Earls of Callendar. And no wonder. The situation, for an outlook, is thoroughly advantageous, and yet strictly sequestered:—

“A region of repose it seems,  
A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote among the wooded vales.”

What a strange old solitude we have here! Spectres of the past must indeed haunt a spot so pervaded with the air of antiquity. But we forget. Our resolve was to keep within strictly historical limits. The castle, then, let us say, is very entire. Contrasting it with the dilapidated keep at Torwood, it is far more picturesque and complete. Even yet, there is a substantial stair-case leading to the very top of the ivy-clad ruins. The building, like the great bulk of its class, seems to have consisted of three storeys. There was, for example, a ground flat, vaulted, from which rose a large hall with arched roof; and above that again were the dormitories, or sleeping apartments. But this keep, too, in spite of its walls, four feet thick, is evidently fast falling into *débris*. Vegetation is everywhere forcing its way through the widening crevices of the disjointed stones; and that shattering process of itself will very soon lay what remains of the hoary peel-house in ruins. Yet the reader must not imagine that the old castle is now totally deserted. The very reverse, in fact, is the case. Leaf-hid in its ivy branches are some hundreds of chattering sparrows and finches; conies

in flocks are continually feeding and frisking about the grassy foundations ; and the cattle, too, fattening on the surrounding pasture, resort for shelter to its vaulted chambers.

The “baronial” castle, which is said to have been occupied by Cromwell and his advanced guard, was built by the Crawfords, of Haining, who claim to be descended of that Crawford who, early in the twelfth century, rescued David I. from the attack of an infuriated stag on the spot where Holyrood now stands ; the abbey of which was erected in commemoration of this great deliverance. The castle was transferred by marriage to the family of Livingstone in 1540, and continued in that family till the name was changed to Almond Castle in 1633, when the second son of the Earl of Linlithgow was created a baron by that title.

A short distance east, and we pass Muiravonside burial-ground, which lies hard by the north bank of the canal. The rural cemetery, little cared for apparently at any season, is thickly set with humble memorial stones, and, notwithstanding its limited dimensions, must reckon its tenants by thousands.

“So be it ! ’Twere a weary thought  
That, having warred with pain and strife  
Against the ills of human life,  
The battle must again be fought.”



## MANUEL PRIORY AND LINLITHGOW.

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LITTLE wonder though our poets harp so much on the mellow grandeur of autumn, "rich in fruit and golden sheaves." No season of the year, perhaps, carries with it such inspiring and gladdening influences. Keenly caller the frost-tempered air; gorgeous the yellow stubble glittering beneath the silver sunlight; soothing the plaintive song of the robin, as he hops familiarly about cottage and woodland; and passing sweet the floating fragrance of the fallen and fast-falling leaves.

Fortunately, for the keener enjoyment of our present ramble, we are out by bank and brae on one of the grandest of October afternoons. Passing the Almond Iron-works, which lie close upon Muiravon-side burial-ground, we step buoyantly forward, looking in upon many fine plots of pasture-land encompassed with wood. No spot, however, adjoining the canal, is prettier than where, by a magnificent aqueduct of twelve arches, it crosses the valley of the Avon. The green and leafy dell is exceedingly charming—just a nook where one might expect to find a fairy *fête*; and its pensive quietness seems only deepened by the babbling current of the river, which passes shyly at the western extremity of the bridge.



From this point—the Canal aqueduct—the Avon winds sluggishly round to Linlithgow Bridge, where there is another noble viaduct in connection with the North British Railway, and over which an iron horse, with white mane streaming, dashes furiously as we stand admiring the architectural beauty of the arches. To the immediate east lies the estate of Avontoun, prettily wooded, and whose pastoral undulations are considerable. Here, too, Cocklerue's proud look is cast over the picturesque valley. But, by the way, a capital story is told of the late Rev. Mr M'Call, of Muiravonside, who seems to have been precisely of the right cut for his flock. A sturdy little man, plain in manners, dress, and speech; in a word, of genuine moorland aspect. He generally wore white worsted stocking-trousers and shoes, and rode with one spur—perhaps on the principle avowed by Hudibras, that if one side of the horse went forward the other would not be far behind—exposing, while on horseback, a goodly share of stocking. Kindhearted he was, and very liberal to the destitute portion of his parishioners. In his visitations, he generally carried with him a bottle of wine for some sick and needy one. "Hae," he would say to the invalid, "here's a bottle of wine for you, it's worth a dozen of prayers." M'Call was always punctual in his attendance at Callendar House to receive his stipend on the usual rent-day—"Ah, Mr M'Call, Mr M'Call," cried the Laird, seeing him amongst the tenantry while one day drawing his rents—"There are no stipends in Heaven." "Nor rents either, Mr Forbes, nor rents either," exclaimed the minister

He played a good reel on the fiddle without umbrage to any one, was a connoisseur in aqua vitæ, and enjoyed his “tumbler” without abusing it. He annually watered at Pitcaithly to ward off rheumatism. One season, having tried Strathpeffer, and being interrogated by an old water-drinking crony how he liked the mineral spring there, “Capital whisky, Mr D., capital whisky,” was the rejoinder. “You would give the bodies a word in season?” observed the other. “Ay, ay; could kale het again—could kale het again,” quoth the minister.

For the old Priory we must proceed up the Avon to the vicinity of Manuel (Emmanuel) village. The ruins, consisting simply of a portion of the western gable wrapt in a thick wood-warp of ivy, stand on the north bank of the river, in a haugh on the farm occupied by Mr Inglis. The fragment, which is of hewn-stone, and elegant in its simplicity, contains an arched-door, or gateway, with three small Gothic windows over it; and above these a circular one is placed. In 1739, however, the “chapel” was comparatively entire. There was the eastern gable perfect in form, with a high triple-arched window; also the south wall, which, in addition to a central door, had another close to the eastern gable, with three windows overhead. And it is said part of the south wall of the church was standing until the beginning of 1788, when, the river having risen to an unusual height, it was swept away by the violence of the flood with part of the bank that had been used as a cemetery. Luckily, we have all the facts at hand regarding the history of this local relic

of monasticism, and therefore need not be reminded, by way of caution, of the famous prætorium of old Monkbarns. The Manuel nunnery, as we find from reliable relics, was founded by Malcolm IV. in 1156, and consecrated to the Virgin Mary. It was possessed, too, originally by Cistercian nuns—an order that derived its name from a district in Burgundy called Citeaux, where the first convent of that austere school was founded by one St Robert, but which, of course, was simply an offshoot of the great Benedictine epoch. In 1292 the Prioress Christina swore fealty to Edward I., who, as we learn from a writ of his own, visited “Manewell” on the 24th October, 1301. Alice, Christina’s successor, also swore fealty to Edward, at Linlithgow, in 1296. Her tomb was to be seen here, some years ago, bearing her figure with a distaff—an unusual instrument in the hands of a princess. The nunnery had possessions in the shires of Edinburgh and Ayr, as well as in those of Linlithgow and Stirling; and when the list of ecclesiastical revenues was drawn up in 1562, those of Manuel amounted to fifty-two pounds fourteen shillings and eightpence Scots, three chalders of bere, seven chalders of meal, with a large quantity of salmon. The graveyard lay immediately beneath the nunnery, close upon a slight bend of the river; but for years the water current has been incessantly washing away the very foundations of the monastic burial-ground.

In this neighbourhood, but on the opposite bank of the river, lies the field where the battle was fought between the Earls of Lennox and Angus, during the

minority of James V., in which the former was defeated and slain.

Further up the Avon (*Even-us, Amhainn, or On*, signifying "water") stand the walls of what must have been in its day a gigantic house, now known as Rob Gib's Castle. The building, we understand, overlooks the river at Carriber; but not having visited the spot as yet, we can only allude vaguely to its surroundings. The proprietor, Rob, according to tradition, was stirrup-man to one of the Jameses, although somebody else speaks of him as having been a famous jester at Court. We must own ourselves baffled, however, to find other of that ilk than a John Gib who was valet to James VI.

During the reign of James IV. (1488-1513), when rewards continued to be paid for the slaughter of wolves in Scotland, this district would seem to have been greatly infested by these rabid animals. For instance, under date October 24, 1491, we find this entry in Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials in Scotland":—

"Item, til a fallow brocht  
Ye king ij wolfis in Lythgow . . . Vs."

A walk of another mile brings us to the town, with its "long unloved street" and grand old palace. Linlithgow, so interesting in its topography, is of very ancient date. Many distinguished antiquaries, indeed, whose speculations have some weight with the more intelligent students of history, suppose it to have been the Lindum of the Romans; and this much we know, at all events, favouring such an opinion, that an urn containing 300 silver coins of Trajan—

Adrian's immediate predecessor—was turned up by a plough in the Burgh Muir, in 1781. But apart altogether from mere tradition, or conjecture, Linlithgow (Llynlythew, "Lake of the Sheltered Valley") is a place around which many rare historical associations hang. The period during which it was erected into a royal burgh is not known; but in the reign of David I. it held rank as one of the principal burghs in the kingdom, and continued a place of considerable opulence and splendour until the union. In the twelfth century, we find it one of the royal estates; and, in addition to a noble castle, David I. had a church built here, which he ultimately granted to the Priory of St Andrews. The seal of the town, which is in several places conspicuously exhibited, consists of a representation of Saint Michael treading, with expanded wings, on the body of a dragon, and piercing its head with a spear; while the Burgh arms display a bitch tied to an island tree, with the motto, "My fruit is fidelity to God and the King." But of late years Linlithgow has materially declined in prosperity. We have, in fact, to go back about half a century to find it in anything like a thriving state, at which period there was not only an extensive trade carried on in leather (a craft, by the way, inherited from Cromwell's soldiers), but also a capital stroke of business done in calico-printing. Strange that the commercial tide should have so left the ancient burgh, rendering it one of the drowsiest and dreariest of towns! Its chief industrial resources, at present, are the Lochmill Paper Works, an extensive distillery, a far-famed glue factory, and several



prosperous leather works; while a considerable amount of boot and shoemaking likewise goes on privately among the native inhabitants. The total of the county shows 681 works, giving employment to 3730 males, and 700 females. Mr Penny, in his account of the shire, remarks (p. 102) that "every manor had its mill, its kiln, its malt-house, and its brewery, for the use of the village." "The husbandman," he adds, "used oxen in the ploughs and waggons." And in a note, for illustration, it is stated, that "even as low down as January, 1549, when a fort was about to be erected at Inveresk, the Privy Council ordained that *every plough of eight oxen* between Linlithgow and Haddington should furnish one man, provided with a pick, mattock, shule, and spade; and to work thereat in the erecting of the said fort for six days; and also that each *potch plough* should furnish two such men—Keith's Appendix, p. 57." This author adds, that during the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, lands in Linlithgowshire were all divided by *carucates*, *bovates*, and *organgs*. And referring to the Stat. Account (IV., p. 467) he remarks in a note that "There are 63 ploughgates in Torphichen parish, there are 68 ploughgates in Bathgate parish, each ploughgate contains *not less than seventy acres of land*."

Almost all localities are rich in some proverbial allusion. It is the Lombardians who have applied to Genoa the stereotyped phrase that it has "men without faith, women without virtue, sea without fish, and hills without trees." In a more self-laudatory sense the natives of Kilkenny say of their

city that in it are to be found "fire without smoke, air without fog, water without mud, few women without beauty, and a town paved with marble."

Again:—

"Derbyshire for lead, Devonshire for tin,  
Wiltshire for plains, Middlesex for sin;  
Cheshire for men, Berkshire for dogs,  
Bedfordshire for flesh, and Lincolnshire for hogs."

So we have:—

"Linlithgow for wells,  
Falkirk for belles,  
And Stirling for beans and peas."

A stroll, from port to port, along the dull and antiquated street, is peculiarly interesting. At every turn almost the eye is arrested by some famous historical object. Hard by the railway station, for example, we have the old town-house of the Knights of St John, whose chief establishment lay at Torphichen; and within a stone-cast of the tower stood the house from which David Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, in 1570, shot the good Regent Murray. Now, we have a tablet, which was erected some three years ago, to commemorate the bloody deed. The memorial, which was unveiled by the young Earl of Rosebery, was from a design by the well-known artist, Sir Noel Paton. But we are not, it seems, to regard it as a tribute of respect and gratitude to the good Regent. Sir Noel explains that he contributed the design, and partially superintended its execution, on the distinct understanding that it was to serve the purpose of a "*historical finger-post only*," and was not to be in any sense a "*memorial in honour of*

*the Regent Murray!*" The distinction is a singular one. So let it pass.

At the Cross is seen a very handsome piece of modern masonry, in imitation of the original well that was erected by James V. The elegant structure, which is hexagonal in form, possesses thirteen water jets, and at the top has a lion rampant supporting the Scotch arms. A number of toy figures, chiefly striking in their comical grin, also occupy a midway position on the fountain—jets in stone stuck systematically round the otherwise faultless ornament. In the vicinity of the east port we have likewise the Lion well, topped with the effigy of St Michael, and which, in addition to the date, 1720, bears the hospitable greeting, "St Michael is kind to strangers." Just the other year, too, a number of old armorial paintings, consisting of heraldic and foliated designs, were accidentally discovered on the ceiling and joists of a couple of rooms in Dr Spence's house. Amongst the names and escutcheons exposed by the removal of the modern lathing and plaster were those of the "Erll of Angus, Erll of Cassillis, Erll of Buchan, Erll of Eglintoun, Erll of Ergylle, Erll of Murray, Lord Elfingstone, Lord Setoun, Lord Fleming," &c. The heraldic blazons represented fifteen barons and twenty-two earls of Scotland; and over each of the escutcheons of the latter was a decorative coronet, and foliated in the case of the Earl of Arran. The ceiling of the western room, over which were painted five of the escutcheons noted, was otherwise filled with human heads, griffins, birds, and an emblem of the sun;

while the beams of both roofs were embellished with a guilloche pattern in black. The apartment in which these antique decorations were found might probably be a "Club" where the Scotch nobility met for convivial fellowship after the transaction of "parliamentary" business in the palace. Then, on the front of one of the most ancient of the houses situated some few yards east of the Cross, on the south side of the street, we have the following inscription: "Ve big ye se varle;" by which, it may be necessary to say, is meant, "We build, you see, warily." The date 1527 is also added; and from the circumstance of the town having been destroyed by fire in 1411, and again in 1424—the ordinary houses in those days being simply wooden "foreschots,"—it is scarcely to be credited that any of its street buildings belonged to a period earlier than the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Such, then, are a few of Linlithgow's more prominent relics and associations; and even the curtest attempt on our part at noticing these further would be outside the scope of a simple ramble. Not a step, as we have said, can be taken but some rude and old-fashioned building comes greyly into view, with outstanding gable, and other characteristics of less "enlightened" days. The worthy Town Council of 1633, judging at least from the story of the Burgh Records, must have taken a special pride, however, in the "whitewash" of their town and townsmen. When Charles I., in that year, visited the palace, a house in the Kirkgate which was "theikit with straw," was, by order of

the Council, covered with slates, the thatch being considered "unseemly and a disgrace to the toun." And further:—"The quhilk day [June 7], In respect that his Majestie is to come to this brugh, And considering how undecent it is to weir plaidis and blew bannetis, Thairfor it is statuitt and ordanit That no person athir in burgh or landwart weir ony bannettis or plaidis during his Majesties remaining in this his ancient kingdome; And that none resort in the towne with bannettis or plaidis, under the paine of confiscation of their plaidis and bannettis, and punichment of thair persone." As late as 1711, they also exercised an almost despotic authority when they passed an Act enforcing church attendance, shutting up all shops on Sunday, and forbidding the townsfolk to walk on that day in the yards or yardheads under penalty of a fine.

The old Church and Palace—stateliest and most classic of all Linlithgow's antiquities—from their importance, must be the subjects of special notice.

The most conspicuous, perhaps, of the modern buildings is the Poorhouse, founded by the combination, financially, of seven parishes, and which stands on a ridge at the east end of the town, overlooking the canal and railway. A good story, by the way, is told of the late governor—a man of gigantic and jocular parts. The Rev. Mr MacL——, meeting him one day, was specially struck with his portly appearance, and, knowing his man, joked the governor on his *stout* and thriving condition. "One parish can keep you, Mr MacL——," was the shrewd and pointed reply; "but it takes seven to keep me."



On the 2nd of November last, Mr Ramsay, M.P., was presented with the freedom of the burgh in presence of a large assemblage in the Town Hall. The burgess ticket bore that the Town Council had resolved to make the presentation to Mr Ramsay in recognition of his faithful and valuable services during last session of Parliament, and more especially for his vigorous advocacy of the burgh's right to compensation for the abolition of the pontages leviable on Linlithgow Bridge prior to the passing of the Roads and Bridges (Scotland) Act, 1878. The casket in which the ticket was enclosed is of oak, taken, in 1812, from the ancient church. It is beautifully mounted with silver, and bears appropriate inscriptions.

But what of the Marches? a day in June of equestrian frolic, when the civic corporation, joined by the old guilds, ride the burgh boundaries. The ceremony—corresponding to the beating of boundaries in England—is a custom derived from the age of feudalism, and, in the light of the present day, the parade is as amusing as it is ancient. However, in small burghs, riding the marches periodically serves many useful purposes. To honest burghers it affords a holiday, it gratifies the vanity of the local magistrates by dressing them in a little brief and conspicuous authority, it appeals to the popular love of pageantry by a procession with many ludicrous aspects; while, at the same time, it preserves the rights of the townspeople to their common lands. A few sentences will afford an outline of the annual *fête*. Early even as cock-crowing, a piper and drummer

take the town by instrumental storm, and rouse the sleeping lieges with "The rock and the wee pickle tow." It is noon, however, ere much is seen of the time-honoured custom. Punctually at twelve—and the town from east to west is now profusely busked with blooms—the chief functionaries of the fencing, preceded by the town's officers with their halberds, march from the Council Chambers to the Cross, where the following proclamation is officially read:—"I defend, and I forbid in our sovereign lady's name, and in name of my Lord Provost and Bailies of the Royal Burgh of Linlithgow, that no person or persons presume, nor take upon hand, under whatever colour or pretext, to trouble or molest the Magistrates, with the burgesses, in their peaceable riding of the Town's Marches, under all the highest pains, penalties, and charges that after may follow. God save the Queen." And now comes the grand civic show. A procession is formed of a somewhat imposing and picturesque character, with the local volunteer band in front. The leading "chariot" is, of course, that occupied by the Provost and Magistrates, in which are yoked four prancing steeds, under the command of two postillions. Then follow the minor carriages containing the various crafts of the town—the hammermen, curriers, shoemakers, tailors, wrights, &c., all of whom carry their distinctive badges; while a straggling string of cadger cattle, jumping, as it would seem, on jointless legs, bring up the roaring rear. But the most effective in dress of the cavalcade are certainly the whipmen, who, with their gay sashes, flashing har-

ness, and Rab Roryson bonnets, fantastically decorated with ribbons of many colours, look amusingly absurd.

Linlithgow Bridge, or rather the Burgh Mills, is, according to custom, the first boundary visited; and here, under tavern shelter, the Corporation and dyers exchange ancient civilities. Returning to the Cross, a hot race is next run to Blackness, it being considered something of an honour to take the first horse into the old port. Here, on the Castle Hill, Court is formally held, and the vassals of the burgh called. That imperative performance over, the processionists come back to the tiny village for luncheon, in the shape of salt fish and cakes, after which they return smartly to Linlithgow, and wind up the festal day outwardly by a grand gallop round the Cross Well.

[The date and character of the following formal receipt is our only apology for its insertion here:—]

The good Town of Linlithgow, at the ryding of  
their marches, debit to James Thomson:—

	<i>Scots.</i>		
4 quarters mutton.....	£6	0	0
4 quarters lamb.....	2	8	0
8 pullets.....	4	0	0
1 mutchkien wynegar.....	0	2	8
17 bread.....	0	17	0
20 pynts aell (ale) at 32ds pr pynt.....	2	13	4
1 mutchkien brandie.....	0	10	8
4 pynts seck (sack).....	8	0	0
milk.....	0	6	0
24 wnces (ounces) sugar.....	1	4	0

sinamon.....	0	6	0
tobacko and pyps.....	0	9	0

*Summa,*     £26 16 8

Follows docquet by a Committee of Council, recommending payment to be made:—Then the Council sanction and order on the Treasurer, “Robert *Andro*,” signed by “Robert Turnbull, Provost,” and, last of all, “mine host’s” regular discharge, having gotten *compleat* satisfaction.

17th August, 1692.

Riding the Burgh Marches, however, has as a ceremony, entirely lost its old significance. Ever since the failure of the dye-works at the bridge, there have been, in fact, painful evidences annually of its approaching dissolution; and to the good folks of the royal burgh, in the matter of these observances, we would say with Kent:—

“Vex not their ghost!

Oh let them pass! He hates them,

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch them out longer.”





## LINLITHGOW CHURCH AND PALACE.

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ECCLESIASTICALLY, as well as historically, Linlithgow for centuries has stood prominent among royal burghs. Its presbytery even claims the antiquity of having been founded in 1581; and in connection with the system of Church government then locally introduced, but which was not confirmed by Act of Parliament until some eleven years later, an old seal was found, over seventy years ago, with the following inscription:—"Sigillum Presbyterii Linlithcu 1583." In Reformation times, its schoolmaster, named Wingate, was considered so able in theological controversy that he was selected by the Scotch clergy as their champion in many public disputations; and, in his defence of Catholic opinions, distinguished himself even against John Knox. Ultimately going abroad, Wingate was made abbot of a convent at Ratisbon. Their public burning at the Cross of "the solemn league and covenant" was, however, long considered an indelible stain upon the character of the inhabitants. This event took place in 1662, on the anniversary of the Restoration, the chief actors being one of the bailies, named Mylne, and Mr Ramsay, then minister of the parish. The following characteristic stories are also told of the



Rev. Dr Dobie:—The doctor was a great pedestrian, and seldom seen in a stage-coach or a hired vehicle. Returning homeward from Edinburgh by the banks of the Union Canal, and deceived by the evening shadows, he tumbled headlong into the water at Ratho. Drenched to the skin he made the best of his way to the manse, then occupied by Dr Duncan, and in that pitiful state presented himself before the family. “Get the doctor some whisky and water,” cried Mrs Duncan. “Get me the whisky! get me the whisky!” shouted the doctor, “I’ve got plenty of water already.” It has been said that returning home one evening after a convivial occasion in the burgh the doctor made a false step, fell, and was found asleep by the way leading to the manse by a certain well known acrimonious dissenter coming from the south of the parish. “Bless me,” exclaimed the dissenter, “is that you, Doctor Dobie, lying there?” “And who could it be but me, you auld seceder ——ch,” quoth the doctor, opening his little eyes; “will you no let the servant of the Lord enjoy his natural rest?” The doctor, being engaged to officiate at Carriden on the afternoon of a sacramental fast day, and the weather being sultry, procured a horse and rode down in time to enjoy a bath in the sea before church hours, preparatory to which he tethered the horse at a convenient place by the shore. While engaged in his ablutions the horse slipped its tether and trotted off, to the doctor’s great dismay, with his whole wardrobe on its back, baffling every attempt he made to catch the beast, and which was

only captured by the united efforts of a field of shearers employed in the neighbourhood. Dr Dobie was a "wanter," and entrusted the management of his household to an old female domestic. "Doctor," cried Jenny on one occasion, "there's somebody wants to speak to you at the door." "Who is it?" asked the doctor. "I'm thinking it's a Blackness Foggie," bawled Jenny. Here the honest domestic mistook the Right Honourable James Earl of Hopetoun, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, for one of those veterans who then garrisoned that ancient fortress, deceived by the similarity of uniform, which in both cases was a blue coat with red cuffs and collar. Dr Dobie procured his appointment to the parish of Linlithgow by a mere accident, when it happened to be vacant. Two candidates, named respectively Wilson and Meiklejohn, each of whom had a great deal of influence, petitioned the patron, Lord Melville, for the living, and, to get out of the difficulty, his lordship passed over them both, and gave it to Dobie, who was then minister of Mid-Calder. Several years afterwards, at a Presbytery dinner, Meiklejohn pointed out to Dobie that he was seated at table betwixt Wilson and himself, "and, curious enough," he continued, "it was betwixt us two that you got your church." "Ah! yes," exclaimed Dobie, "it is wonderful by what insignificant instruments Providence accomplishes his ends."

At the West Port there was a chapel, conspicuous enough in its day, dedicated to the good St Ninian—such a building as we find in all parts of the country where the memory of the primitive evangelist was

worthily revered; and on the Friar's Brae, which lies a short distance to the south of the town, stood a Carmelite convent, said to have been established by the burgesses in 1290. These, however, we simply notice in passing, and hasten to glance more particularly at the Church and Palace, which are approached by a lane leading up from the Town-house. At the head of this narrow avenue, just where the eye gets clear hold of the rival structures, is a fortified gateway of some importance, and over which appear the Orders of the Garter, the Golden Fleece, Saint Michael, and Saint Andrew. Here, many who are strangers to Linlithgow will no doubt imagine that the old church, with all its Gothic weight and beauty, must be utterly eclipsed by the Palace ruins, so hallowed with the brighter days of not a few Scotch kings, and of which the heroic "Last Minstrel" sang so truly as he looked fondly back upon the chivalry of the olden time:—

"Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare,  
Linlithgow is excelling."

But not so. The Church, which was founded by David I. and dedicated to Saint Michael, the patron saint of the town, is a splendid specimen of the old Gothic. There is nothing of the frittering ornamentation of mere decorative art about it. It is a structure, both as respects size and style, of imposing massiveness; and even its embellishments, which seem in effect to grow out of the building, have a weight and force but seldom given the ornamental

architecture of modern times. Throughout its exterior there is, however, but little carving work now visible; and its many niches, too, have long been tenantless, with a solitary exception, where a representation of Saint Michael still holds a place. The interior of the building is certainly its most interesting part:—

“Again the past, at thine enchantment, brings  
Her keys, and all my soul within me waits;  
While heavenly troops of long-forgotten things  
Pass through the golden gates.

“Again my soul is bathed as if with dew  
Of that sweet time that brings a heavenly mood,  
And gathers round it all it ever knew  
Of beautiful and good.”

The nave, unfortunately, was destroyed by fire in 1411; but the chancel, thought to have been erected in the reign of James III., yet remains in fair condition, and its roof, though not the old open oak one, is something rich in decorative design. On the south side of the church there is also a fine Gothic window, which rises from Saint Katherine's aisle—the transept where the apparition at “even-song” appeared to James IV., and warned him against what proved his fatal expedition to Flodden. Many curious old things of minor interest might likewise be noted. The stone seats, for example, are still preserved, on which the poorer members of the congregation sat during worship; and the worthy beadle—than whom we could have no better authority in the case—assured us that “as for the gentry's pews in those days, there were nothing of the sort;

the grandest lords and ladies had to carry their own cutty stools."

What a pity that the needful is still wanting for the thorough restoration of this building to a condition worthy of its architectural beauty, its known antiquity, and historical fame! Were the initiative only taken in a subscription movement, there is not a county family in Scotland, we believe, but would come down liberally for the accomplishment of such a work. These grand old mediæval churches are the proudest monuments of a nation's piety and love of the beautiful. But the interior of the church has, in fact, been improved out of much of its columnal grandeur. The old pulpit, previous to 1812—when the choir and part of the chancel were fitted up with the present pews and galleries—stood in the centre of the vestibule; and its removal to the heritors' vaults, with the accompanying alterations, was certainly anything but creditable: nor can we see that the erection of such sittings was by any means necessary, with an area so sweeping and suitable at command. The open oak timber roof of the older part of the church, and the ceiled one of the choir, were also taken down, and a new plastered roof placed over the whole. The fine stonework of the pillars and arches at the same time received a thick coat of whitewash, and the grand old church of the Stuarts, with its historic aisle of St Katherine, where King James IV. and his knight companions sat, and within which, no doubt, Queen Mary has uttered many a prayer, was transformed into a modern meeting-house. The demolition of the crown



which so effectively relieved the tower of the building—rising chastely from its four corners with archings graceful and groined—was another act of wild sacrilege. The work being slightly shattered in the masonry, it was deemed advisable by the worthy heritors to have it removed—not repaired!

The burial-ground connected with the church has nothing noteworthy either in art or letters. It is very tidily kept, however; and such cemeterial order may to some extent account for the absence of the grotesque both in sculpture and epitaph. “Peerie Willie” himself, in fact, frankly told the Provost, on the completion of the churchyard improvements, that “twa pound o’ gude poetry, within his ain kennin’, had been unceremoniously buried through the flattening o’ sae mony headstones.”

The Palace, however, is a monument of still deeper national interest. And even as an edifice it is, far out of sight, the finest of its class in Scotland. For the greater part, its allegorical masonry is sadly broken up and mutilated; but the gigantic ruins, imposing still in architectural conceptions, are something glorious in their very decay. The larger, and without doubt, richer portion of the building belongs to the earlier half of the sixteenth century; and whatever is modern in the ornamentation has evidently been restored after the original mouldings. To the Jameses especially do we stand materially indebted for the rebuilding and improvement of what were even some centuries ago the dilapidated and crumbling parts of the Palace. Everywhere, without and within, the eye catches

fragments of their famous handiwork. The north-west corner with its groined archings, and the west side with its circular-topped windows, are unmistakeably the contributions of James III.; while James V., according to old Pitscottie, actually "translated" the edifice in prospect of his marriage with the Princess Magdalen of France; and it was probably he who erected the magnificent outer gate, and the southern side of the quadrangle. Yet one of the most interesting portions of the Palace is the Tyler's Tower, or, as it is sometimes called, Queen Margaret's Bower. To *connoisseurs* in masonry this royal "attic" is supremely attractive, on account of being not only the termination of the newel, but a rare specimen also of the elaborate architecture of the reign of James III.; while the young invariably find their way to the hoary summit, partly that they may air themselves from the breezy battlements, and partly, no doubt, from the romance that hangs over the Bower.

But what of the Palace as the home and haunt of royalty? How stands it connected with the warrior kings of old? Dunfermline is not more identified with Queen Margaret than Linlithgow with the unfortunate Mary. Stirling Castle itself has not more royal memories. Edward, on the occasion of his expedition in 1301, spent the winter here, and during his residence employed himself, as the ancient chroniclers tell us, in generally strengthening the fortress. It was at Linlithgow, too, where the minority of James III. was for the most part passed; where Henry VI. of England found a temporary

asylum and home when utterly dethroned by his rival Edward IV.; where James V. and the ill-fated Queen Mary were born; where James IV. frequently and peacefully resided; and where James VI., in 1585, held a parliament for the establishment of the Protestant Councillors. The most tragic, however, of the royal dramas bound up with the history of the Palace was enacted by Bruce in 1313. It was an amusing stratagem, certainly, by which, with the co-operation of Farmer Binnoch, or Binney, he contrived to take the "castle." Binnoch having to supply the garrison regularly with fodder had, at all times, free access to the Palace, and shrewdly proposed to Bruce the concealment of a number of armed men in carts, under cover of hay. These, being admitted, soon made themselves masters of the place, to the fatal surprise and consternation of the English soldiery. For this service, Binnoch was rewarded with some lands in the neighbourhood; and the Binnings of Wallyford, who were his descendants, had for their arms a cart of hay, with the motto, "*Virtute Doloque.*" But the trick was by no means original. The Greeks, on a certain occasion, when kept utterly at bay by the Trojans, put a few of their number into a wooden horse, and making a pretence of flight, left the monster to be dragged within the city. At midnight, when all was still, out came the treacherous Greeks, and opened the gates of Troy to the enemy. But Bruce, not content with simple mastership of the stronghold, wantonly engaged in its demolition, and ceased not from his wretched work until little remained of the edifice save the

round towers now occupying the position of buttresses to the three flying arches at the north-east corner of the Palace. The English, however, being again masters of Scotland for a brief period during the minority of David II., partially rebuilt the castle; and not until 1746, when Hawley's troops, who put up for the night in the hall on the north side of the quadrangle, on leaving, set fire to their stately lodgings, was the building again a prey to a relentless conflagration. But might not the reception given the Highlanders the year before by one of the sub-keepers of the Palace have something to do with this blazing display of vengeance? It is stated for example, that Mrs Glen Gordon—the last of such matrons—with all the extravagance of infatuated hero-worship, had the fountain running with wine when Prince Charles with his kilted host passed through the town on one of his mad and fruitless expeditions.

“The women are a’ gane wud ;  
O that he had bidden awa !  
He’s turned their heads, the lad,  
And ruin will bring on us a’ !”

Another very characteristic story is told of the brave lady mentioned. Observing the cool indifference of the King's troops while the fire was playing sad havoc with the Palace, she went boldly forward to Hawley and entreated that the soldiery should be ordered to exert themselves for the suppression of the flames. Her earnest remonstrances, however, were treated altogether cavalierly; and seeing this, she turned her heels proudly upon

Hawley, with the cutting jibe: "Aweel, aweel, I can rin frae fire as fast as ony General in the King's army, even including Cope and yoursel!" And here it may be mentioned, that through the excavating exertions of Mr Smith, the present ranger, and who, by the way, found the place in a sad condition of neglect, it has lately been seen, from the smooth-worn character of the flagstones in the premises where the dragoons stabled, that they must have been longer than one night lodgers in the Palace. That question, however, of itself is trifling. The fact that they were there even for a single night, with the spirit of such base ingratitude, is the pity of it for both Scotch and English.

"Nought, save a ruin, now is left of thee,  
Fair Palace of Linlithgow—Scotland's boast!  
Thy halls resound no more with minstrelsy,  
Nor echo to the tread of kingly host.

No stately warriors there, nor ladies gay,  
Glide through the mazes of the festive dance;  
No bright eyes flash, to lead kings' hearts astray;  
No voice like music whispers to entrance.

'Tis sad to gaze on thee, fair ruin'd pile;  
Recalling scenes of long-since vanished days.  
In thee did first the lovely Mary smile,  
So oft the theme of raptur'd poet's lays!

Fair hapless queen! there thou didst calmly sleep,  
Sweetly unconscious of thy bloody tomb;  
Well might thy guardian angel o'er thee weep,  
So dark thy fate—so sad thy luckless doom."

We need not say that from the balustraded roof a splendid bird's-eye view is got of the surrounding country. Every step ascended, new glimpses are



caught of the glorious landscape that lies stretching far away to the west. In the distance you see Stirling—the Castle is quite distinct; the Campsie hills, and from these a wide intervening prospect with dark clumps of woodland, stately viaducts, tree-capped knolls, and fertile hollows; while Linlithgow itself, in slumber sound, smokes serenely in front. From such a commanding position, the picturesque situation of the Palace is also advantageously seen. The park in which the ruins stand extends beyond fifteen acres, and to the north has a fine lake, well wooded, and with various little islands scattered across its bright waters, now “dimpled o’er with sunny smiles.”





## BLACKNESS AND BO'NESS.

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BETWEEN Linlithgow and its old sea-port there is nothing to be seen of consequence. Yet the road itself, from its arcadian cast, is ever attractive, and the trees this morning, "all shaking with their breezy mirth," have furnished many a golden heap for the little leaf-gatherers laden with their sheets and sacks. Passing Greenpark, where a charming glimpse is got of the eastern extremity of the loch, Bonnington Hill, *alias* Glower-o'er-'em, comes in sight, and we only regret that the short day before us will not allow an extra hour's drive (shanks-naigie, of course) to that grandest of panoramic heights. Arncath—a field on which the Romans fought—is also seen to the north, and on its grassy crown has had a monument placed, in memory of the Hon. Adrian Hope, who, as a Brigadier-General, fell in the late Indian Mutiny. Binn's estate, too, which intervenes between our present position and Hoptoun, is in a sense noteworthy as having been the residence of Dalrymple—that scourge of the Covenanters during the reign of Charles II. Within the house, two capital portraits of grim old Tom are proudly preserved.

But what have we here? Blackness to a

certainly! From the serpentine character of the latter part of the road, we have been led down into the very heart of the tiny hamlet altogether unexpectedly. And for a while—the houses are so few—we are quite at sea as to the whereabouts of the village. But those half-dozen dwellings, we soon find, are all that represents the present of a sea-port that had once the *prestige* of being one of the keys of the kingdom. For many a day there was, in fact, no place beyond Blackness, upon the south side of the Forth, where vessels could berth; and in 1481, when its shipping was burned by an English fleet, its trade and commerce must have borne a very different complexion from that found within its boundaries in the present year of grace. A small but prosperous brickwork is now its only industrial resource. Of course there is also the revenue derived from family lodgers, who during the summer season, resort to this popular part of the Firth for the sake of sea-bathing. Yet even this uncertain, and, at best, brief benefit to the village, is rapidly going elsewhere. Steam, that greatest magician of our time, has, by its economy and speed in travelling, made what was but lately the privilege of the few, the boontith of the many. The west coast, with the lovely Kirn, Dunoon, and Innellan, puts the shores of the Forth sadly into shade, and is, moreover, quite as conveniently and cheaply reached. Rothesay, however, is the general resort of the Falkirk folks; though, for getting beneficially “braced up,” it is the last place of all to which an exhausted, but sound, piece of humanity should retire. Yet there is the

interesting Aquarium, and also the handsome esplanade, which are undoubtedly unrivalled acquisitions to the "Brighton of Scotland."

The fortress stands at the point of a petty peninsula called the Castle Hill—a promontory of dark-looking rocks jutting out for some distance into the sea. As a building, it is anything but imposing; rather the reverse, in fact, with its tall gaunt walls, grassy court-yard, and gunless batteries. Evidently erected at different periods, it externally resembles a ship of the time of James IV.—the front portion abutting on the firth being the bow, and the high building landward the "castle" which adorned the stern of the ships of the period referred to. Pity, we have almost the heart to say, but that the levelling hand of Time—the gentlest by far of inexorable demolitionists—had given it something of a halo romantic and picturesque. Still, if a look, through curiosity, must be taken at the various ins and outs of the sea-beat garrison, we step down to the cabined entrance, whose door is fortified from behind by an old iron gate with ponderous bolt. And what see we within? "Guard-room," "Magazine," &c. As for the history of the castle previous to the fifteenth century, such is to a great extent obscure. Authentic notes of its antecedents, however, are abundant down from the era of the Douglasses. And it has been in its day a somewhat important edifice. Destroyed by fire in 1443, by Chancellor Crichton, it was ultimately rebuilt, and for a time had rank as the chief state prison in Scotland. It was here where Lord Ochiltree was confined while Charles I.

was king, and who only regained his liberty by the ascension of Cromwell.

The magazine, which was erected a few years ago to receive the 230,000 lb. of gunpowder that had previously been stored in Edinburgh Castle and Leith Fort, stands in the centre of the castle ground, and is  $58\frac{1}{2}$  feet long and  $19\frac{1}{2}$  feet high. The end walls—that is, the one seaward, next the flagstaff-tower, and the one landward, next the old barracks—are each 8 feet thick; and the side walls, although not so massive, are also exceedingly strong. Inside, the building is divided into two equal parts by a partition wall 4 feet in thickness, in the centre of which an arched doorway gives access to either part. The roof is formed of huge iron beams, each  $1\frac{1}{2}$  foot in height, the space between them being filled in to the same height with a strong compost; and, above all, there is a thick and solid coat of asphalte. Powder sent to and from the magazine is transported solely by water. For this purpose, an iron pier, 250 feet in length and 10 feet in breadth, supported by pillars and girders, has been erected on the west side of the castle. It runs out into the sea in a north-easterly direction, and has room at the end for at least two lighters loading or discharging cargo. The total cost of the undertaking was about £12,000; but much remains to be done before Blackness Castle can be regarded as a large central dépôt for ammunition such as Leith Fort for a long time has been.

To the south and east, there are many places and objects of interest. Hopetoun House, the



principal seat of the Earl of Hopetoun, is a really palatial edifice, situated amidst splendid scenery, and occupies a magnificent lawn which forms a sort of terrace along the Forth. This imposing mansion was begun by the celebrated architect, Sir William Bruce, and finished by Mr Adam. In 1822, it was visited by George IV.; and it was here, also, that his majesty conferred the dignity of knighthood on Raeburn, the famous painter. Since that time Hopetoun House has been frequently visited by royalty; and, as is well known, the grounds have long been a favourite public resort, the Earls of Hopetoun having kindly granted the privilege of free entrance. Last year a group of burials, in full length cists of rough slabs, were discovered in a sand hillock on the shore of the Forth near this place. The graves were all of one character, the cists formed of several stones placed on edge along the sides, with single stones at the two ends, and covered in with five or six of a flat description. The remains were those of both sexes; some young, and others of advanced age.

Between this and the royal burgh of Queensferry are seen the ruins of a monastery which was founded in 1330 for the Carmelite friars, by one of the lairds of Dundas. We are now at the bottom of the bay into which the Forth expands at Alloa, and the land projecting on each side forms the strait called Queensferry. This gut in the waters of the noble estuary measures about two miles in breadth, but is rendered much less in appearance by the island of Inch Garvie, lying nearly in mid-channel. The

strait derives its name from Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore—a princess celebrated for her charitable and beneficent virtues, who frequented the passage of the Forth here on her numerous excursions to and from Edinburgh and Dunfermline.

Occasionally this sea-port comes out of its shell and makes itself lively. It did so in the autumn of 1870, when Provost Hill, and other members of the Town Council, presented the Rev. Robert Thomson, now of Wellpark Church, Glasgow, to the local Parish Kirk. As tastes in matters generally are found to differ, a portion of the parishioners were so far dissatisfied with the trial sermons preached by Mr Thomson, or, as some said, in not getting their own favourite run in, that they sternly objected to the settlement. Then came the tug of war. The case went through the usual church court stages—Presbytery and Synod—until it finally reached the General Assembly, where Mr Thomson conducted his own case without the aid of either lawyer or counsel, and with such ability as to have gained a high encomium from the late Dr Ritchie, of Jedburgh, then Moderator. But although the rev. gentleman made as little personally as he lost by the worrying contest, it certainly proved a death-blow to the baneful principle of patronage. And this further may be fairly said, that perhaps few men ever entered the walls of the General Assembly with more honourable pluck, nor ever quitted it with more general esteem. The sermons, to which objection was taken by the carping country critics at Queensferry, were delivered by way of a more public self-defence in Edinburgh,

Glasgow, Dundee, and other chief towns, in all of which places Mr Thomson was favoured with large and attentive audiences; while they were afterwards published in pamphlet form, and had unqualified praise from both Drs Wallace and Cook, for the clear and forcible manner in which they treated the most critical of the Calvinistic doctrines. The presentees who followed, were the Rev. Messrs M'Isaac and M'Vean, who were likewise left out in the cold; and not until the Assembly of 1871 was the presentation settled, and that in the person of the Rev. James Whyte, a returned preacher from Canada, who is still pastor of the parish. *Requiescat in pace.*

A steamer, carying passengers and goods, plies regularly between this shore of the Firth and North Queensferry, in connection with the North British Railway; and, by a branch from Ratho Junction, travellers are conveyed down to Port-Edgar pier which is situated a short distance to the west of the town.

On the 30th September last a most important event took place in the waters of the estuary at this point, when the foundation stone of the Forth Bridge was formally laid by Mrs Bouch, wife of the engineer. The spot selected for the ceremony was the Sparrow Craig, on the west of the rocky islet before mentioned. Here the central piers of the bridge will be erected, which will contain two spans, each measuring 1,600 feet, and each leaping from the land to the isle, and from the isle to the land, at a height of 150 feet above high-water mark. It is

needless to say that the merits of the scheme are equal to its daring, as it will have the effect of shortening the distance between Edinburgh and the towns on the north-east coast by 29 to 40 miles, as compared with the present route by Stirling. There will also be a saving of 12 miles in the distance from Edinburgh to Perth, which would be increased to 24 miles in the event of the construction of the Glenfarg railway. But the design in question is not the first project for bridging the Firth of Forth. So long ago as 1818, without any reference to railway traffic, Mr James Anderson, C.E., Edinburgh, proposed to erect a suspension bridge on very much the same site that has now been decided on, and with spans ranging up to the formidable length of 2000 feet. The other day, Mr John Waddell, in pursuance of his contract, commenced the construction of the basement piers for one of the great central towers on Inch Garvie; and it is intended that the erection of this gigantic engineering work shall now be actively proceeded with.

Geologists may find much specially interesting in this neighbourhood. On the south side of Dundas Hill, there is, for example, a basaltic rock, 250 yards in length, and about 60 or 70 feet in height. The masses are in an irregular state, formed like pillars, separated by channels; but many of the pillars consist of well-defined regular prisms. The rock is almost perpendicular in its front, and consists of a light-bluish stone of a close texture.

Dalmeny might be passed by but for its church. Although nothing is known as to the date of its con-



struction, the building is unquestionably very old. It would seem to be of the Saxon style of architecture—partly Grecian and partly Gothic. It is a small fabric of hewn stone, 84 feet long and 25 feet broad, with its eastern part rounded. The windows have the general appearance of the Greek style; but on examination the shafts will be found too thick for the height, and the capitals Gothic. The eastern half of the church is vaulted with semi-circular arches, adorned with mouldings, chiefly in the form of stars and other embellishments. Here, amongst other estates, are the Earl of Rosebery's, Craigie Hall, and Dundas Castle, the latter of which was recently purchased for Mr James Russel, of Arnotdale, Falkirk.

On the farm of Cat Stane, a remarkable monument of antiquity is to be seen. But what it either represents or commemorates is a puzzle. It is a single stone, about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet in height; its circumference is  $11\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and its form that of an irregular prism. On the south-east front of it we find the following inscription rudely but deeply cut:—

INOCT  
UMVLO JACI  
UETTAD  
UICTA

Kirkliston Church is also an ancient edifice, having been erected during the early part of the twelfth century. It originally belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem—a body which had their principal Preceptory at Torphichen Priory, and



was called Temple Liston. The celebrated Earl of Stair—a nobleman equally distinguished for his talents in the field and in the cabinet, was buried here; but no monument marks the spot where his ashes lie.

A short distance to the south-west of the church is the ground which Edward I. of England occupied for nearly a month as a camp, waiting the arrival of his fleet with provisions and stores, when on his way in 1298 to Falkirk, where he completely vanquished Wallace and the Scotch army.

On the top of Tormain Hill (in Gaelic, Toir Maen, the hill of the stone), we were shown a group of those curious early carvings in the trap rock, which have been described as sculpturings of cups and concentric circles. They were partly covered by the soil. On the shoulder of the same hill is the Witches' Stone, regarded by Dr Daniel Wilson as a cromlech; but we are inclined to follow the late Sir James Simpson's view, that there is not sufficient ground for so styling it. Two miles southward, on the Kaims Hill, are the vestiges of an early fortification, consisting of a triple wall drawn round the sides of the hill; and within this defensive line, on a level plot under one of the shoulders of the eminence, there are also a large number of hut circles.

Niddry Castle, a very fine ruin, lies on the north side of the railway, a short distance east of Winchburgh tunnel. At one time it belonged to Lord Seyton, of Seyton (Seytoun or Seaton), but it is now the property of the Earl of Hopetoun, and was within a recent period the place from which a

British peerage was derived. The building, however, is chiefly interesting as having been the first resting-place of Queen Mary after her flight from Lochleven Castle. To Niddry she was conducted as a place of safety by Lord Seyton and the gallant Earl of Winton; and she slept here on the 2nd May, 1568, on her journey to join her adherents at Hamilton.

But again to the water-edge. And for Bo'ness, with its sewers, squalor, and soot, we hold right along by the surly shore. There is, indeed, no other public path within decent distance; and, take it for all in all, we could not desire a better. Directly facing the Firth, for at least a mile, we have a thick belt of wood; and all over the shady track thousands of severed leaves flutter merrily in mid-air from the boisterous breeze that comes sweeping from the sea. The view across the Firth, seasonably studded with a scattering of sails, is also very fine—Culross, Newmilns, and Torryburn lying peacefully by the shore, and further east, though now almost out of sight, Limekilns and Charleston. Above the plantation to the south stands Carriden, the seat of Admiral Sir James Hope. The house, which was originally Scotch baronial in style, has of late been handsomely enlarged and improved. Immediately adjoining said estate, is Burnfoot, the birth-place, in 1687, of Colonel Gardiner, who fell at the battle of Prestonpans in 1745. "Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing!" were, we believe, among the last words spoken by this brave and godly soldier. One of the walls of the old house now forms part of the orchard dyke; and in the garden several plum-trees may still be

seen fresh and prolific, which are known to have been fruit-bearing even in young Gardiner's school-days at Linlithgow.

As we near the old shipping-town—its bay bearing striking evidence of having been moulded by the rushing flood previously referred to, and which, at the same time, cleared the soil of many of the ordinary superficial minerals—the shore gets fully covered with pits. Here both coal and ironstone abound; there being some seven or eight principal seams of the former, one of which carries a thickness of twelve feet, and two seams of the latter, which is black-band in character. The Bo'ness colliery is, on all hands, allowed to be several hundred years old; and one of the most remarkable collieries in the country was wrought here under water. The strata of coal being found to extend far out beneath the firth, the colliers had the courage to work half-way across the channel. A building, or moat, as it was called, half-a-mile from the shore, and, taking the form of a round quay, afforded an entrance into the sea-pit; but at last an unusually high tide came, which drowned the whole of the miners, not even one having had time to escape. The Snab pit at Kinneil, with a depth of 1200 feet, is one of the deepest shafts in Scotland. Mines, we know, are apt to become more fiery the deeper they are wrought; and in those instances where the area excavated is so extensive, special statutory attention should be given to additional upcast and downcast shafts. Never in the annals of our mining industry has there been havoc to equal the appalling destruction of

human life of which the present year has been witness. Our colliers, considering the critical character of their calling, are careless beyond all credence. They may be reasoned with, fined, and even dismissed, for rashly flying in the face of rules specially framed with the object of protecting life and property, but all to no purpose. A deceased friend of the writer's, for example, and who was manager of one of the largest of the Scotch collieries, once caught a workman hanging over a barrel of gunpowder, filling a flask therefrom, while from his bonnet hung an oil-lamp with open flame!

Bo'ness, as we have said, is both dull and dirty. Its situation, for one thing, is very low, which militates against its sanitary interests. It is ill-constructed and worse kept; each narrow crooked street is in a more neglected condition than its neighbour; and the authorities apparently leave everything to the laws of nature, not thinking it part of their business to make the place clean, healthy, or sweet. The architecture is said to have been once admirably described by an old gentleman, with the aid of a decanter and a handful of nutshells, thus:—"You see this decanter; this is the church." Then taking the shells and pouring them over the decanter, he said, "and these are the houses." Nothing could be truer. There is not one regular street in the town. The poorer lieges, too, have the same wretchedly "reekit" appearance as the place itself. And thus looking at Bo'ness with its back to the wall, it is strange to think of it as a proud burgh of regality. With the exception of the queer-looking



old church, it has not a house that would do credit to the humblest clachan. This building, the pulpit of which came from Holland, was erected in 1638, and had for its first minister Mr John Wauch, who suffered in the "persecution," and was drowned in 1673. But let us not forget the handsome Academy presented to the town, in 1869, by Mr John Anderson, a local banker and shipowner. The school is situated on an eminence near the west end of the town, known by the name of Providence, having been so called in consequence of a house in the vicinity having frequently formed a safe haven from the press-gang for many young men during the wars about the beginning of the century. It is a plain substantial edifice of two storeys, 51 feet in length by 30 in breadth, with a spacious playground for the recreation of the children. The building, exclusive of the site which was Mr Anderson's own property, cost over £1000.

Even until 1780, Bo'ness ranked as the third sea-port in Scotland, having a Custom-House to boot—which, by the way, came from Blackness through the influence of the Duke of Hamilton. But we have simply the same old story to tell. Its trade, from want of county capital, quietly fell away into other channels; and hence its condition of comparative indigence. Brighter and better days, however, may not be very far distant for the old sea-port. The present year has seen a greater number of ships in the harbour and lying in the roadsteads than ever came here before; and it is to be regretted that the accommodation is not sufficient to prevent the necessity of



many waiting for berths. But this is in a fair way of being remedied. At present, enterprising and important works are being carried out in the extension of the harbour itself, which is not only of easy access, but very safe. In fact, two of the new contracts have already been completed. First there was the west pier, in part, which measures about 360 feet on the centre line, while the width is 72 feet, and the depth of water alongside it 24 feet at spring tides. On one side of the building a powerful steam crane has also been placed, capable of lifting 25 tons. Then followed the east pier, with a length of about 400 feet—the whole costing upwards of £30,000. And now we have a new wet dock being constructed by Mr T. S. Hunter, at a contract price of £145,000. The size of the dock is to be 774 acres, and will provide accommodation for all kinds of vessels, and especially for steamers—a want which has long been felt in Bo'ness, and which has kept the port from progressing so rapidly as it might otherwise have done. For shipping purposes there is at present a basin with four sluices. During spring tides these sluices are opened, and at full sea are shut, by which means a large body of water is obtained. After the retreat of the tide, they are again suddenly opened, and the flow of water thus arising has not only been found adequate to clear the harbour of all depositions of sand or mud, but it has likewise considerably deepened it.

But apart from its importations, much could be said of the trade of Bo'ness, from first to last, in its changes and vicissitudes. In 1688, it was made a

burgh of Regality; and afterwards, a burgh of Barony. The first settlers appear to have been fishermen, sailors, and miners. In 1750, shipbuilding was started, chiefly for the West India trade; and in 1800, some 30 vessels belonged to the town, those built varying from 40 to 400 tons. In 1780, we find a large trade carried on with Holland and the Baltic ports. In 1784, a pottery was commenced on a small scale by Mr Roebuck, who was succeeded by Mr Thos. Cowan. By and by, the works passed into the hands of the Messrs Cummings, and then into those of Messrs James Jamieson & Co.; while the after and present proprietors are Messrs John Marshall & Co., who carry on a most extensive and successful business. About the end of the last century, between 30,000 and 40,000 bushels of salt were annually made in the town; and, from its being the east port for Glasgow, it was nothing unusual for even 50 carts starting in the morning laden with merchandise for the west. After the opening of the Forth and Clyde Canal, however, its trade gradually declined. Originally, Bo'ness was the intended terminus of the canal on the east, for at Grangemouth vessels had occasionally to lie a considerable time waiting on stream tides and suitable winds for an entrance into the harbour; but, notwithstanding these natural advantages, the port westwards was unanimously preferred. The Grange Foundry, the Forthbank Foundry, the Seaview Iron Works, a distillery, an iodine works, and an artificial manure manufactory, are amongst the more modern industrial establishments of the place.

Is not the fact remarkable that this old sea-port town possesses no fewer than five Friendly Societies—one 244 years old, one 219, one 140, one 121, and one 97? The “General Seabox” was instituted in 1634, the “Landsman’s Box” in 1659, and the “Beneficent Society” in 1781. For the information of our younger readers, we may mention that the cow-clubs of our border counties are still often termed “cow-boxes,” and the treasurer of an ordinary Friendly Society is sometimes called its “box-master.” In Durham, also, local burial societies have the name of “life-boxes.”

On a moor, which lay a short distance south of the town, a portion of the Pretender’s army in 1745 encamped for three nights on their journey eastwards. The Highlanders, in plundering the villagers of everything eatable and portable, consoled them by saying that they would bring them a *praw* new king; while one Sunday morning they came down the Wynd playing the bagpipes for the purpose of robbing the Custom House. On this same common, certain of the lairds had the privilege of grazing a mare and foal, a cow and calf, a goose and goslings, &c., with liberty to hunt and hawk over the whole of the estate. One, Laird Hardie, is said to have parted with his right of so doing for £15.

Leaving the town by the west, we are reminded that here was enacted among the last of the executions for witchcraft. In 1679, Annaple Thompson, Margaret Hamilton, Margaret Pringle, and another associate, all widows, for sundry meetings at the cross of Murestain, above Kinneil, drinking ale, and

dancing with his Satanic majesty, who acted the part of piper, were condemned to be taken to the west end of Borrowstouness, the ordinary place of execution, and there, upon Tuesday, the 23rd day of December, betwixt two and four o'clock in the afternoon, to be worried at a stake till they be dead, and thereafter to have their bodies burned to ashes. The "deil" apparently either escaped or was pardoned.

The village of Borrowstoun and the now extinct hamlet of Kinneil—which was built on the side of the Roman Wall, the causeway of which formed the street—were both older than Bo'ness. In the former, there were at one time four breweries, while it had also a considerable population of weavers.

In a previous chapter, we referred to the Legionary tablet of a highly ornate character that was found at Bridgeness in 1868; but scarcely a year passes without some reliquary treasure turning up to interest and engage British archæologists. Just the other day another sepulchral slab was discovered at South Shields, in the course of foundations being dug for a garden wall within the cemetery that had been attached to the Roman Castrum. A lady, loosely draped, and apparently weaving, is represented as seated within an alcove with a crescent overhead; while the pediment of the stone is supported by Corinthian pillars. Upon the plinth there is a Latin inscription, together with a base line, quite unique, in Oriental characters, which inform us that one Barates, a civilian of Palmyra, erected this monument to the memory of his wife,

Regina—a freedwoman of the British Catuvellauni tribe, who died at the age of thirty.

Kinneil House, which lies to the south-west, is the only note-worthy building in the parish. Over the mineral estate there is still a rich stock of wood; and, a short distance west the avenue which leads to the bald and naked mansion, a handsome bridge spans a glen full of foxgloves and ferns. But the “approach,” from neglect, is fast becoming a positive eyesore. The petty dykes, which on south and north wall the avenue, are now, for the most part, dilapidated; while the surrounding glades have no longer the wealth of wood and foliage to shut out the various smoking stalks which, in connection with the mines, skirt the ancient seat of the Hamiltons. Here, at the “Head of the Wall” (such being the etymology of Kinneil), the famous Dugald Stewart lived for upwards of twenty years; and the estate, from its then deep seclusion and picturesque reliefs, must have well suited the studious life of the distinguished philosopher. James Watt also matured some of his improvements on the steam-engine during his residence here. But, as Sibbald says, this once princely seat has been the abode of nobles and the retreat of kings.





## TORPHICHEN AND BATHGATE.

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“Now the joyous winter days frosty succeed.” And it was quite refreshing to get quit of November, dark and drear. The season, need we say, opened altogether spring-like—made its *début*, in fact, with a floral crown; although there were, of course, certain stripping evidences of approaching winter:—

“ Boughs were daily rifled  
By the gusty thieves;  
And the book of Nature  
Soon got short of leaves.”

Yet, until December, which came with a splendid snap of frost, the temperature continued meek and mild. Field and garden bushes were in many quarters breaking out in bud, and Nature in various other *branches* showed striking signs of a “green Yule,” with which there was, unhappily, the proverbial accompaniment of a “fat kirkyard.” But, by-and-by, there was given us remarkably fine winter weather—clear and intensely cold, and happy those who were comfortably clad for it! Though men talk sadly of the good old years when you could count confidently on so many weeks of black frost, with dams and “dubs” bound in iron, few, we presume, will now dare to repeat the slander that

old Winter has well-nigh got all his wonted energy and spunk *drained* out of him. He is, we see, when he cares to show his piercing "ivories," still the grand and powerful potentate of the past. And such a sudden and bitter freeze made even the warmest-wrapped feel at times benumbed; while hosts of the poorer class were glad for heat to draw themselves up into their thin ragged robes.

Soon, however, came a shrill whistling wind with a drifting snow-fall. Over all the morning hours fiercely fell the floating feathery flakes. Then followed an icy air still more clear and crisp, making the more delicate fly at once to furs, foot-pans, and respirators. And when the wild winter so braces itself up, and thus grandly hangs out its sparkling ensigns, there is much to interest and even charm the eye. True, there are few signs of vegetable life—nothing flowering to be seen, perhaps, save the snow-drop, that, on some bleak bank, hangs the drooping head pure as the virgin flake itself, and in spite of its so slender stem, heeds neither the biting frost nor the blinding drift. But what silence and solitude are suggested by the sight of the snow-mantled soil! The usual harsh industrial noises come muffled to the ear. Horse-hoofs strike no sound from the crusted causeway, and street vehicles of all sorts softly spin along. Yet who will say but the eye is feasted? Nothing, surely, in art, can match the frostal tracery of rime pencilled on the humblest window pane; the eave-array of crystal icicles; and the myriad plumes and pearls of tree and hedge. Beautiful, too, beyond all rivalry, the ice-drapery of

the rocks, where the water-springs, trickling down their ragged face, give form to the pendant pillar. And as we pass farm-yards which the snow has turned into vignettes for winter idylls, we thank God for the fall and the warmth it gives the fields, on whose fertility we so much depend for sustenance.

Not for some forty years have we had a winter storm so protracted and intense. The snow, apart from the snell atmosphere, fell generally to a depth of several feet; and many were its cunning drifts in nook and by-way. Such seasonable weather, in fact, brings forcibly to mind the great snow storm of '23, the flakes of which, as we have been told, began to fall on a Sabbath in February of that year, just as church-goers had returned from the afternoon service. That winter the principal thoroughfares, "from Land's End to John o' Groat's," had all to be cast; and even for weeks after the thaw set in, our seniors—"those but for whom we had not been"—speak of having walked to kirk and market between great walls of congelated snow. Another heavy storm fell three years later; and a third in October of '36, when the cereal stooks stood all but buried in the warm winding-sheet in which mountain and moor were so prematurely wrapped. We have, however, a most fickle and fluctuating temperature—a climate amusingly interesting in its very caprices. The brilliant and the bitter, the sultry and the sunless, the dusty and the drenching, are at times strangely intermingled. Scarcely had the first frost storm of the present year reigned a week, ere a fresh tendency from the south-west was felt; and

then followed a brief instalment of weather dull and damp, and withal so hot that the very ghost of *Leonato's* niece, Disdain, *alias Beatrice*, might reasonably have "run mad." With such a thawing atmosphere, the snow of course quickly disappeared; yet no sooner had it gone than frost returned with double rigour, and, what must gloriously gladden the heart of our many ice enthusiasts, seems from its keen grasp of earth, likely to hold for a time. A wag remarks that boots are converted into *slippers*. He might have added, that soles are turned into *skates*.

Now field-day follows field-day upon river, loch, and pond; and the ice everywhere is not less strong than splendid, although skaters, of all sportsmen, are perhaps the most reckless and careless of consequences. No doubt the "artistic" amusement is peculiarly luxurious and exciting. Intensely enlivening, even to the mere spectator, is the scene of disporting crowds shooting hither and thither—now near, now far—in the most graceful groups and gyrations. And the skating part now generally played by the ladies renders such exhibitions all the more pleasing and picturesque. Need we here say that many of the "lovely dears" skate with exquisite ease and skill—skim, in fact, along the glassy surface like swallows on the wing, and seem quite as familiar with the *modus operandi* as any of the sterner sex. Here and there, it is true, a mere learner is to be seen snatching, as she toils and staggers along, at the empty and intangible air; but such ludicrous and *striking* appearances on the ice are as common

with Tom and Harry as with Bessie and Kate. The best lady skaters in the world are probably to be found in the great cities of Lower Canada, Montreal, Quebec, or Ottawa, where balls, carnivals, and ice parties are matters of weekly occurrence, and the skating rink is a national institution. Two of the finest figure pictures in groups that were ever done in photography were those of the "Fancy Ball" and the "Carnival" given at Montreal on the Victoria Rink, in honour of Prince Arthur, H.R.H. Duke of Connaught. They were executed by command of Her Majesty, every figure in them, some hundreds in number, being portraits taken separately, and afterwards grouped by the celebrated photographer, Notman. All the figures in both pictures are on skates, the range of costumes adopted being very wide—Turkish Sultanas, gipsies, Indians, fairies, and historical characters alike careering along in dizzy waltzes or stately quadrilles.

See, however, most jovial and jolly of all, those frantic groups forming the pitted players of the "roaring game." What a wild flourishing of "coves!" What airy, eager soopings as the misshapen stone runs along the lead from tee to tee! The ice may be "bauch," hence the occasional necessity of warmly welcoming up the shot. Let us, for the reader's special edification, here give a few of the characteristic phrases of the Curliana brotherhood. Social equality is the order of the day:—"O man, Laird, that's a bonnie curl! That's grand wark! Come on, my boy; I like ye; come on—a perfect pat-lid. I say, Earl, haud up that cove.



Leave her tae hersel'. She's a stane that kens the tee. There she gangs, roarin' in, straught as a crow's flight! Weel played, Laird! You for a curler!" Or hear skip No. 2 as the Doctor lifts his stone:—"Noo, Doctor, I want ye tae pit a lang guard on that. Dae ye see my cove? Weel, jist play till't cautiously, my man. Dinna attempt the tee; the port's stret. There she comes rowin' and spinnin'! O Geordie, soop her! soop her! She's a howg! she's a howg! Dag on't, Doctor, ye've spoilt a'. But let her come hame. There she curls—a bonnie laid-down stane. Leuk at that, Carsebreck. Touch't if ye can! That's what I ca' weedin' them out tae some purpose. A bonnie curl, Doctor. Come owre and gie's a grup o' your hand. It wis a feather i' the kep o' oor club that nicht we brithered ye." And so right joyously goes the match, contested ever with the kindest feeling, and closed—no matter who wins, for one side or other must—with the friendliest gratulations. But, as we have indicated, it is also keenly contested, and no wonder. Not only honour depends on it, but the dinner of beef and greens, that has to be defrayed by the losers.

What, however, of the youngsters not yet at their majority for even skates? Are they all the while idle on-lookers at the lake's edge, shivering with chilled feet and frost-bitten fingers? By John Frost—"old Nature's jeweller"—not they! The slippery slide is their acme of enjoyment, which they bound up and down for hours together with ringing mirth. Highway and loch are alike the scene of their bickering merriment.

But we must be done with such friendly prattle. The day is short and our ramble long. Rather a bald and bleak season, too, it must be admitted, for making a pleasure excursion over the hills by Cocklerue and Bowden. Yet winter, with all its nakedness, has its compensating advantages. Every step taken through the richly wooded and boldly undulating strath affords an unbroken glimpse into the very heart of the surrounding estates, which include conspicuously Avontoun, Lochcote, and Wallhouse. The proprietor of the latter property—Colonel Gillon—has long been prominent in the county as a leading sportsman; and, true to his nature, took a keen interest in the Volunteer movement, particularly in the welfare of the Bathgate corps, of which he was for several years captain. And here, we are again in a neighbourhood rich in pre-historic remains. There is scarcely a knoll, indeed, between Linlithgow and Torphichen, but would yield, if unearthed, a variety of exhumations for the museum of the antiquary. Several of the more prominent of these barrows have already been opened by Professor Duns, and who, for his pains, was rewarded with a number of stone cists containing human skulls, &c.

A rare geological field also lies hid on all sides of us. Hugh Miller, while bank accountant in Linlithgow, was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance with the organisms of the Mountain Limestone in a quarry near the town, and which he found, moreover, overflowed by a bed of columnar basalt. Here, too, he first met the Palæozoic shells as they occur in the rock; and in a bed of trap fell upon numerous pieces

of carbonized lignite, with the woody structure strikingly retained.

We reach Torphichen after a pretty stiff step of some four miles. The village, however, consists of only a score or so of cottages scattered at random over an irregular brae-face, yet with an effect that inclines upon the whole to the picturesque. The principal houses of the hamlet are the two manse—the “Established” and the “Free.” In the former lived the late Rev. Wm. Branks, M.A., author of “Heaven our Home,” and other attractive books of religious fiction; while from the latter came one of the most interesting, instructive, and elaborate works of the current century—“Biblical Natural Science,” by the Rev. (now Professor) John Duns, who was for several years minister of the local Free Church. And Henry Bell, of the Comet steamer, was born here, April 7th, 1767—his ancestors having been millers in the district from the 14th century. In his thirteenth year, the lad was apprenticed to a mason; three years later he joined his uncle’s employment as a millwright, and spent his nineteenth year as a shipwright at Bo’ness. Afterwards he wrought as an engineer at Bell’s-hill, and latterly found his way to London, where he was engaged by the famous Mr Rennie, “which shows,” quaintly observes the autobiographist, “that I was not a self-taught engineer, as some of my friends have supposed.”

Below the village, on the east, lies the “Old Kirk,” hoary and hallowed. The building, now anything but imposing either in design or extent, is rich in ecclesiastical reminiscences. Connected

with the ruins—for the structure is simply a wreck of its former self—are the remains of the famous preceptory of the Knights of St John, which was founded during the reign of David I. Faint traces of the former grandeur of the southern transept and choir still cling to the sorry inelegance of the modern church; although both chancel and nave, for years beyond remembrance, have lain as low in burial as their wonted company of military ecclesiastics. To this complexion the mightiest representatives of both men and matter must come at last. On the walls within are an unintelligible coat of arms with the motto, “*Je Becois Pour Donner*,” and a marble tablet to the memory of various members of the Bridgehouse family, whose burials date from 1645 to 1836. One of the earliest preceptors was Raldulph de Lindsay, who held office under Robert I. In 1489 followed Sir Henry Livingstone; and after him, again, Sir Henry Knolls (Lord St John), who fell on the field of Flodden. Later still came Sir George Dundas, and Sir Walter Lindsay (afterwards Justice-General of Scotland); and last of all, Sir James Sandilands, who was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Torphichen.

Here, too, in those “good old times,” lay a sanctuary of refuge for the criminal and bankrupt classes. The boundary of the protection lands extended a mile on all sides of the preceptory, their centre being marked by a stone prominently fixed in the burial-ground. Law-claimed fugitives, no matter what their offence, placed their persons out of all jeopardy, so be it they could manage to out-distance their pur-

suers, and get within the compass of the crime-fenced circle. About a mile eastward stand four unpolished whinstones of a large size, which are supposed to have been a Druidical temple; and, according to tradition, sacrifices were frequently offered upon them.

Bathgate is situated some three miles south. The inner man, however, calls for service, and within the clachan hostelry we have him substantially accommodated. Resuming our course, we pass on the right a tiny farm-steading, interesting in its promiscuous groups of calves, pigs, and poultry, and from which a circuitous path leads to the "sheddings" of the public road. Now we ply our good oak staff with pedestrian will. Still it freezes keenly, and the sun with its pale beams makes little impression upon the hard-crustcd highway. But what silvery sound is that by the icy footpath? Sweet and musicfui the brooklet's gurglings in a passing kiss to the stones of its pebbled bed. Yet what a want of real river melody with the majority of our streams!—no liquid croonings, airy as the music of the Æolian harp—no stately sweep of waters, such as led the clown in Horace to fancy that the river ran so fast he had only to sit down till it ran by. On our way to "town," there is nothing to be looked to of topographical interest. The road, however, is by no means destitute of the picturesque—rare, for one thing, in its serpentine ups and downs; while on right hand and left the eye is everywhere delighted with the finest of pastoral undulations and tree-plumed knolls. We pass Glenmavis, the site of a



small distillery. The distiller's house—a plain yet not inelegant two-storey building—stands on the brow of a gentle ridge adjoining, and has a considerable floral frontage, which in the season of leaf and bloom must be somewhat ornamental.

Here, by the outskirts of a tiny plantation, is an encampment of gipsies. Of horn-spoons and pitchers, the little tent displays a fairish stock. As we pass, a “toozie” and swarthy jade does everything but seize our pocket, that a copper may be “spared” against the supper of seven. The not less importunate *lazzaroni*, four in number, are gambolling about the highway, and the very haughs ring with their joyous laughter. The boys—but really the sex at a glance cannot readily be distinguished—have made a carriage of a fir branch, and are giving a “wee hempie” a flying pull along the public road. And may we add that the Linlithgow and Lochgelly gipsies were a very distinguished class towards the middle of the last century? They had many desperate fights at Raploch, near Stirling, and in the shire of Mearns—Lizzy Brown and Ann M'Donald being the leading Amazonians, whose authority and skill in training boys to thieve have rarely if ever been equalled. But gipsyism is declining, and its days are numbered. There is a *force* abroad which is doomed to destroy it, a force which never sleepeth either by day or night. That force is the rural police, which, had it been established at the commencement instead of towards the middle of the present century, would have put down gipsyism long ago.

A walk, now, not worth counting in minutes, lands us anywhere in Bathgate. Here, there is an old and new town, both of which lie on an airy slope facing the south-west. The former, unhappily, in its by-streets, is deplorably cramped and confined, leaving everything in the form of social status to its *head* partner. Even where proper respect is paid sanitary requirements, there is scarcely a house that has any pretensions to architectural beauty. Several of the shops, however, in Hopetoun Street have a decidedly “bien” look, and here also stand the handsome offices of the Union Bank. On the east side of the town, a street, too, of very tidy cottages has been placed down for the accommodation of the influx of families consequent on the extensive operations of the neighbouring chemical works. But, treading the causeway, the following must not be omitted:—The Rev. Mr M——, it is said, came up to a street-pavior one day, and addressed him, “Eh, John, what’s this your at?” “Oh, I am mending the ways of Bathgate.” “Ah, John, I’ve long been tryin’ to mend the ways o’ Bathgate, and they are no weel yet.” “Weel, Mr M——, if you had tried my plan, and come down to your knees, ye wad maybe hae come mair speed!” The most noteworthy of Bathgate’s buildings is its fine Academy, which was endowed by a native—Mr Newlands, of Jamaica. The classic structure, from its elevated site, not only overlooks the town, but with it a wide expanse of country—whose vegetation, however, is sadly blighted by poisonous smoke, and starved by a cold and poverty-stricken soil.

Annually, the pupils hold a great gala day in honour of the founder of the institution; and the procession spectacle, with its bounding band of "bairns," bannerets, and music, is well worth going out of one's way to see.

Burghs change their councillors as naturally as serpents change their skins. And Bathgate, like other republics of its class, has not been without its spectacle of a municipal "Bear Garden." Erostratus, it is said, set the Temple of Diana on fire just that he might be notorious down the ages. And the same love of unenviable fame seems somehow to take hold of certain civic rulers who, for the sake of a little notoriety, do not scruple to act the part of buffoons rather than that of shrewd and sagacious councillors. Gentle words may perhaps be always gain; but, as Hamlet says of the robustious, periwig-pated actors—"We would have such fellows whipped for o'erdoing Termagant." Coleridge tells an anecdote of a man who invariably took off his hat with profound respect when he spoke of himself, and such sorry self-conceit is a too common characteristic of those who by favour form our various public boards. We have a vivid recollection of several senatorial squabbles that brought the place prominently before the world,—meetings which, for storm, confusion, and uproar, out-Babelled Babel. There were, for example, the boring operations, with the view of procuring for the town a full and pure supply of water; the installation in the same year, 1862, of Mr Waddell as Provost; and the bitter tussle by the Clerk, the venerable Mr Dick, to have reporters ex-

cluded from the Council meetings. But the liveliest times of all were undoubtedly those associated with the public fight against the late Mr Fleming for the "use and wont" freedom of the burgh muir. No sooner would the proprietor have the lands substantially enclosed than the indignant and enraged populace, led on by the Watts, the Wilsons, the Forrests, and the Gardiners, had the fences as quickly levelled. And the inhabitants gained their point—this victory for the people's rights being proudly celebrated by a procession, with instrumental band, to the bloodless field. The town, in its weaving days especially, was great in gossip. We remember once hearing one of its wags remark with respect to the prevalent "clash," that "it would beat a fellow tae ken his ain lee ten minutes after it had left his mouth."

But we should have referred ere this to Bathgate's historical associations. Its church and adjoining lands, we read, were granted by Malcolm IV. to the monks of Holyrood, and thereafter transferred to the abbot and monks of Newbottle; while Robert Bruce, in 1306, also presented the local lands to Walter, high steward of Scotland, as a dowry with his daughter Marjory—better known, it may be, as "Queen Blearie."

A retrospect, however, must be taken of the industrial resources of the town. At one time weaving was its mainstay. Forty years ago, upwards of five hundred of the inhabitants were employed at the loom, and made, moreover, very fendable wages. The articles manufactured were pullicats and gingham,

with the addition occasionally of a little woollen work. Tambouring, up till 1856, also paid well; and this was a branch of trade at which many of the women wrought industriously. But now the jingling sound of the wabster's shuttle is only heard from an "antrin theekit house." Those of the people on whose side were youth and vigour, have to a man betaken themselves either to the oil distilleries or the mining pits, with their shorter work-day and higher wages. Fortunately for Bathgate, its paraffin manufactory from the first has had a wide and unrivalled fame. Its splendid returns, too, for the exchequer of the proprietary, led to the erection of various rival "stells" throughout the adjoining parishes. Everybody, in fact, touched with speculative mania, rushed recklessly into the business; and with such an inflammable article of trade, it need be no surprise that many greenhorns got their fingers burned. The market after a time—but not until a flock of speculators had the best part of their capital sunk in simple plant—got overstocked through the importation of American oil, and which, being produced at a comparatively trifling expenditure, was offered at a figure that defied British competition. The magnitude of this industry, even locally, may be inferred from the following particulars:—Young's Paraffin Light and Mineral Oil Company, Bathgate and Addiewell, employ 1,200 hands, operate on 370,000 tons of shale annually; use 7,700 tons of sulphuric acid, 1,360 tons of caustic soda and other alkalies; produce 270,000 gallons of naphtha, 2,300 tons of crude paraffin, 422,000 gallons of lubricating



oil, and 3,785,000 gallons of illuminating oil, besides 700 tons of sulphate of ammonia; and burn 113,000 tons of coal a-year. The beginning of this branch of trade which has speedily assumed great importance was very simple. Some bituminous coal obtained from Boghead, was tried by Mr Young in 1850, and found to be peculiarly rich in oil. As the supply was abundant, Mr Young, after protecting his discovery by a patent, was joined by partners, selected a site near the town of Bathgate, and erected thereon an extensive establishment for extracting oil from coal, and converting it into a variety of useful products. A proof of the marvellous success that attended the enterprise, and the deep hold that it took on the district, is afforded by the fact that, though the population of the parish and town of Bathgate had increased only from 2513 to 3341 between the years 1801 and 1851, the ten succeeding years, witnessed an increase to 10,000. The manufactory was extended until it covered a great space of ground; and the value of its products was recognised all over the world.

About nine years ago, the partnership under which the Bathgate Chemical Works had been established was dissolved, and Mr Young carried on the concern by himself for a year, during which time he conceived the idea of creating new works in the neighbourhood of West Calder—a district particularly rich in bituminous shale. Having acquired the necessary leases, &c., Mr Young chose a site on the estate of Addiewell, about a mile west from the village of West Calder, and began the construction of an establishment on a

more extensive scale than that at Bathgate, though the latter enjoyed the distinction of being the largest chemical manufactory in the world. After considerable progress had been made, Mr Young organised a company to undertake the working of both the Bathgate and Addiewell establishments. The new co-partnery went, as it still goes, under the designation of Young's Paraffin Light and Mineral Oil Company (Limited), and Mr Young, besides holding stock to a large amount, occupied the place of general manager. Mr John Fyfe, formerly of the C. R. Co., succeeded Mr Young in his important position, and this gentleman, by his shrewd and sound management, has made the Company foremost of all such manufacturers. The firm is also ably represented in London by Mr Thomas Hay.

The Bathgate Chemical Works are situated about a mile from the town. They occupy twenty-five acres of ground, and are connected with the main lines of railway in the vicinity by branch lines, which afford convenient conveyance for the raw material to any desired point, and for sending out the manufactured goods. The various departments are admirably arranged, and the appliances in all are so completely adapted to their purpose that it is difficult, after examining them, to believe that the manufacture of paraffin is but a thing of yesterday as compared with most other branches of industry.

About a mile to the south-west of the town lies Torbanehill—the field of the mineral, gas-coal or bituminite, as this substance was variously termed,

by the supporters of different theories, when it formed the subject of a vigorously-contested trial by jury in Edinburgh, in August, 1853 (*Gillespie v. Russell*). The question raised was, whether the substance in question should be regarded as coal, and whether the lessee of the coal-field in which it occurred should be entitled to work it as such. Many of the principal scientific men of London and Edinburgh were called in to give evidence as to the nature of the article. Professor Bennet held that it was a substance quite distinct from coal, and not to be confounded with it by any one who paid strict attention to the microscopical character of the two substances. Coal he believed to be formed of coniferous wood, and the structure which coal exhibited under the microscope accorded with this idea; but in the Torbanehill mineral the wood fibres of *Coniferæ* were not seen. He particularly referred to certain bodies of a circular form which were seen in transverse sections of all true coals, when examined under a high magnifying power. But in the Torbanehill mineral they did not occur, and their absence showed it not to be a kind of coal but a mineral having a different origin. The Doctor further stated that those bodies which had been called "cells" in the Torbanehill mineral, did not exhibit the character of cells; they were merely spherules of bituminous matter; and the fact that they polarised light was sufficient evidence of their not being vegetable cells. The bituminous matter, moreover, was the same as that found in Binny quarry, which was there used by the workmen for illumination. There could

be no doubt about the fact that organic structures occur in the mineral; namely, the scalariform ducts of cryptogamic plants; but when such a specimen occurred, it was merely accidental, and no more to be regarded as entitling the mineral to be called vegetable, than the occurrence of a fossil bone or tooth in a rock entitled it to be called animal. That the scalariform vascular tissue could not belong to Coniferæ was proven by the fact that no Coniferæ in this country exhibit cross fibres in their wood cells. Even if it were granted that the yellow bodies in the mineral had the character of vegetable cells, and that the ducts occasionally found amongst them were the tissues of the same plants, Dr Bennet considered it impossible to conceive a plant having such a superabundance of cellular tissue with such a paucity of vessels; for the latter would be quite inadequate for the nourishment of the former, and with such a structure, of course, the plant could not exist. It was, therefore, clear that the Torbanehill mineral was not a fossil plant.

This *questio vexata* was the subject which, above all others, occupied the attention of scientific circles in Edinburgh throughout the season of 1854, and was from time to time fully discussed by the Royal Society of that city. But the controversy resulted in little good towards relieving the mind from the difficulties of the case. Even the Lord President, in his address to the jury, had to confess to being puzzled with the conflicting character of the evidence. He said:—"The pursuer's witnesses told you that there was no trace of organic structure, no



woody fibre nor tissue, in short, no trace of vegetable matter in this substance, although occasionally there might be the incidental presence of vegetable remains. The witnesses on the other side told you, on the contrary, that in every part of it there was the most clear vestiges of vegetable structure. I do not know, when I have so many geologists and so many microscopists telling me that it is not coal, and so many on the other side telling me the opposite—I say, I do not know that I feel myself much the wiser or further advanced in the inquiry. But if you have, in addition, a great number of chemists, and speaking with equal authority and equal contrariety, it is difficult to know what to make of the controversy.” For ourselves, we were, as we are still, content with the light thrown out by the mineral itself. The difference of opinion, however, expressed by the various Doctors was to outsiders as amusing as unedifying, perplexing as it may have been to the learned Judge.

The district for several miles south and west is exclusively in the hands of the coalmaster. Such villages, in fact, as Durhamtown and Armadale, consist entirely of miners’ houses. To the north, there is also a spot called the Silver-mine, which is said to have been wrought originally by “Tam o’ the Cowgate”—the first Earl of Haddington—who sold the property to James VI. for £5000. The king, it is said, brought a number of skilled workmen from Germany, who explored the hills, wrought the ore, and extracted from it silver and lead, the latter, however, being greatest in quantity. Several



small nuggets of gold have also been found on different occasions, and silver pieces, coined from the produce of the mines during the period when Linlithgow was the residence of royalty, are still extant. The place where the metal was formerly smelted is to this day called Silver Mill, and the farm on which the mines exist is called the Silver Mine. For many years the vein was lost; but some time ago the quarries were leased from the Earl of Hopetoun by Mr Henry Aitken, coalmaster, Falkirk, who was successful in its discovery. It is quite thin at the roof of the pit, and expands, as it reaches the bottom, to about three feet. It is mixed with quartz, and is what is termed the steel ore. Three "lairds' lands meet" close upon the spot where the ancient pit is situated, and, strange to say, these lands converge and terminate in a well similar to the one described in Burns' "Hallowe'en."

A short distance south of the town, a fine cemetery, for several years, has taken the place of the "auld kirkyard," which, from its intramural situation, was judiciously closed against interments. In former days the market at Bathgate was held quite close to the churchyard—indeed, some of the stalls were partly supported by its walls. One old woman, who had long made traffic in peas and beans, was asked whereabout she would like to be buried. "Oh," was the answer, "juist beside the wa' here, it wad be sae cheerin' tae hear the peas rattlin' on the market days."

But we pass on. It would be a simple matter, and withal pleasant pastime, to extend this sketch

to greater length. We might, and perhaps should, have spoken of the town's importance as a railway junction; of its foundry and engineering establishment, fast thriving into note; and of the hill, not far distant, hallowed by the Covenanters' Cross. These, however, may, some day, have full justice from a kindred pen.

Travelling southwards, we pass the estates of Boghall and Polkemmet. In the former residence lived the late Mr Durham Weir—a true type of the good old country gentleman, who is fast dying out. Many Bathgate people, with ourselves, must still retain a life-like remembrance of the plain little laird, with his big heart, kind bright eyes, fussy gait and manner, rural “drosky,” and care of the swallow migrants that made his home their favourite haunt. Whitburn, a regularly-built little village, is supported chiefly by coal and iron mines, and the weaving of cotton goods. The Brieche, which separates the county from Edinburghshire, and the Almond, flow close by the place. Blackburn, situated two miles further east on the same south road between Glasgow and Edinburgh, is another unimportant hamlet. It possesses, however, a lake stone quarry, of which there is only another in Scotland. This stone, from its heat-resisting qualities, is largely used in the construction of ovens, but is entirely useless for building purposes. Passing Livingstone, through which the Almond also meanders, we step out sharply for Uphall, as train time is quickly approaching. Here shale is found in abundance, and of a very superior quality. Hence there are various

oil companies in this locality on to the prosperous parish of Broxburn, which is rich in sandstone, limestone, coal, and ironstone. In the chancel of the Uphall Church are deposited the remains of the Hon. Henry Erskine, and those of the late Lord Chancellor of that ilk. Annually the village assumes an air of gay activity, when the steeplechases take place over the neighbouring farm of Oatridge, at the close of the hunting season of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire pack. These sports are invariably attended by most of the leading gentlemen of the county, as well as by those connected with the hunt.

Thus end, for the present, our middle-age rambles round about Falkirk. Although we have travelled miles for a single date, and read, or rather ransacked, piles of old records for a simple paragraph, the work of these chapters, from first to last, has been to us a veritable labour of love; and we have now, as we had from the outset, only one regret—the want of some congenial spirit in companionship throughout our many interesting and exhilarating excursions. And as we write these closing words, in city pent, a blackbird caged on a neighbouring window still pipes bravely, as if 'twould strain its little throat, recalling many a similar, but not sweeter song to which we have listened, enraptured, in leafiest woodland. In another box-cage, too, a merry mavis hops and sings day after day, just as happily and contentedly as if it were perched in some shrubbery garden miles removed from the dirt, dust, and disorder of a great city. To our more youthful

readers we would say, on parting—cultivate early, familiar intercourse with the book of nature, and the landmarks of history. Perhaps no study could be found more beneficial for health, and, at the same time, so fraught with mental benefit and pleasure, as the so-called “hobby” of the topographer. And in this world there is need for acquiring sources of pure enjoyment apart from society and its various spheres of recreation. Let these lines be deeply engraven on the tablet of every juvenile mind :—

“Life is a thorny beaten track,  
Where man works out his busy day,  
And passes joys upon the way,  
For which he fain would travel back.”





## THE BOULDER CLAY FLOOD.

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THE general configuration of the country around Falkirk, and the causes which, in bygone ages, may have operated in moulding the land into its present shape, give rise to some very interesting thoughts and speculations. We shall briefly advert to a few of these, which will readily be understood by any one acquainted with the locality. Looking at the surrounding coal stratification, and taking it to have been deposited in a more or less horizontal position, we see that great dislocations and changes of level must have been produced by the eruption into it of enormous masses of trap rock, or whinstone. That the trap rock was not, in the first instance, thrown up, and the coal strata afterwards deposited, is evident from the fact that the coal, where it comes in contact with the rock, is found to be singed. And that the condition of the trap when erupted was really molten, is beautifully shown by the strata in the grounds at Castlecary. Connected with the sweet little cascade in the "Fairy Dell" there, it is interesting to see the trap, over which the water falls, with the strata on each side running towards it, and likewise the curious alteration of angle which



takes place as these strata come close to the rock. The late Mr Charles M'Laren first suggested, what is, no doubt, the true explanation of this phenomenon, viz.:—That the rock, in cooling, contracted, and hence allowed the strata in contact with it to fall in.

Subsequent to the irruption of the trap into the coal measures, we have many evidences in this district of the existence of what is called by geologists the drift, or boulder-clay flood, and this appears to have been one of the chief operative agents in giving the land which has been left us its present configuration. The reality of such a flood was clearly shown by Sir James Hall, and no one can doubt its existence and power who will look at the well-known phenomenon—the “Crag-and-tail,” so well seen at the castles of Stirling, Edinburgh, and elsewhere, where the solid rock has protected the softer stratifications lying on its south-east side. The natural inference from this is that the flood set in with its chief force from the north-west, and keeping this in view, let us consider what would be its effect upon the adjacent country when the land, as it evidently then did, stood at a much lower level than at present; and to do this the more effectually let a position be taken on the high ground—on Cannel Moss, for example, to the south of Falkirk, which is now about 612 feet above the level of the sea. But before commencing this survey it may be well to notice how peculiarly, even now, this portion of Scotland is situated. Take, for instance, the neck of country through which the Forth and Clyde

Canal runs, and we shall find that its highest point is under 150 feet above our present sea level. If a canal were therefore dug, only 20 fathoms deep, in the same line, we should have a direct communication between the Atlantic Ocean and the German Sea. The extraordinary effects that were produced by this great flood must force themselves upon the mind of any one who will look at the huge rolled boulders that are exposed in almost every field to the south of Falkirk, or have been excavated in the neighbourhood, and these generally from fragments of rock not otherwise found in the district. In the railway cutting between Laurieston and Redding, for example, some large boulders of grey granite were found, portions of which were afterwards converted into elegant curling stones. At the same place, or at Brighton's Quarry, above the sandstone may be seen multitudes of boulders, several many tons in weight, embodied in the stiff clay, or "till" as it is sometimes called.

From the elevated position we are supposed to occupy, let us now look towards the west and north-west—the directions from which the flood has come. We perceive at once that there are two great gullies, or valleys, through which this flood must have chiefly set—the one between the Denny Hills and other high grounds on the south, and the Ochil hills on the north, with the trap rock of Stirling Castle standing in the centre; and the other between the Denny Hills on the north and the high ground west from Cannel Moss on the south. These two great currents would naturally meet a few miles to the

east of Falkirk, and the more northerly one seems to have struck with great force the land which now forms Bo'ness Bay, and probably was the chief agent in scooping it out. The south current has, apparently, been less intense, most probably from the protection afforded by the Denny Hills; but even here we shall find that its effects have been very decided both upon the strata carried away and those which have been left. Directing our view still further north, we see that it was in all likelihood the same agent which scooped out what must, at one time, have been a bay at the Bridge of Allan; for here, also, the current no doubt flowed with great force, striving to get an exit through the Stirling valley.

Generally speaking, it is found that where the currents have been strongest, there the denudation of the strata has been greatest, and a knowledge of this fact might be advantageous to landlords and coal proprietors in their searches for the different kinds of minerals. The survey already taken will show this pretty accurately, for at Bridge of Allan—the most exposed of the localities mentioned—all the upper portions of the stratification have been swept away, and consequently we find not the coal measures of the Falkirk district, but the old red sandstone. At Bo'ness, on which the chief force of the north current seems to have been reflected, only the lowest portion of the coal deposit is formed; while at Bannockburn appears the coarse sandstone which underlies the Shieldhill coal-field. On the south side of the Ochils, however, to the east and

south of the Denny Hills, and between the two currents at Kinnaird and Grangemouth, we find some of the higher of the Shieldhill coal strata. At Bonnyside, again, which was specially exposed to the influence of the south and less powerful current, all the upper Shieldhill minerals have been removed, and those above the lower Bannockburn series are alone left; while from Glenfuir eastwards only the lower and inferior series of the Shieldhill minerals have been, or are ever likely to be, found. In fact, from the elevated position occupied, it seems to us a simple matter to say generally where coal ought to be got, and where it need scarcely be looked for—the important consideration being as to whether it was protected or otherwise from the operation of the flood. Depth beneath the sea bottom, elevation above the sea level, and the shelter afforded by some solid mass of rock seem to have been the chief circumstances by which this valuable mineral was locally preserved.

Naturally, as the land continued to rise, a period arrived when the communication we have alluded to between the two seas became more and more shallow, and at last closed altogether. The impress left on the surface of the land by the changes which hence followed, is both marked and curious. Above the level previously indicated we have a stiff boulder clay—the former sea bottom of a pent up current similar probably to our own Pentland Firth. Below this level we find the natural products of a comparatively quiet sea—gravel, sand, and soft clay. When the sea had become shallow, but with the current

still setting from the west through the Falkirk valley, the gravel might possibly preponderate; and this may have some connection with the great deposit of gravel known as "the Redding Ridge," which extends from Laurieston on towards Linlithgow Bridge, the causes leading to the formation of which, in this and in other localities, are still matters of conjecture with our scientific men. However this deposit may have been formed, when once brought into existence and raised above the sea level, it must have given rise to a somewhat extensive loch, or series of lochs, on its south side. One of the passages by which the water has escaped is well seen a short distance to the east of Polmont station; and through this gap the Gilston burn, from the upper grounds to the south, now takes its course.

After the entire stoppage of the current through the southern valley, a quiet, sheltered sea must have existed, into which the various streams—but especially the Carron, whose embouchure would then be above Denny—began and continued to pour down the *debris* of the high grounds which they drained. This process, it is clear, had continued until a considerable part of the valley left by the former current had been filled up with such fine sand, gravel, and clay, as it at present contains; but still not in its present form, for as the land continued to rise, another agent came into operation which has had much to do in giving character and variety to the picturesque portion of country lying between Falkirk and Denny. As the potter with his handful of clay, and the turner with his rude piece of



wood, bring out beautiful forms by a few apparently simple touches, so here nature, working with the sharp cutting edge of the Carron, has shapen this uniform sandy deposit into the beautiful valleys lying along the course of the river, and has given us the exquisite rural scenery of Dorrator, Larbert, and Dunipace.

But what of the ancient sea-beaches which are thought to be so well seen in the course of the Carron? Here we can only refer those interested in the subject to the elaborate and ingenious work of Dr Robert Chambers, and mention a few places where the beaches are prominent. At Lock No. 2, on the Forth and Clyde Canal, and at Carron, we have well marked the 20 feet beach, upon the top of which stands Mungal mill, as do also parts of Glasgow and Dundee. The same beach is finely seen at the foot of the Red Brae; and from this situation, looking towards Dorrator, may be had an excellent view of the 20, 40, and 53 feet beaches rising in succession above each other, and thus constituting the fine terraces which have long given a character to this part of the Falkirk neighbourhood.

The erosions of the Carron are best observed from the road between Larbert and Dunipace, in the direction of Carmuir. In fact, the mounds at Dunipace are but evidences of the same eroding action, being composed of stratified sand, part of the original uniform deposit. The river, as we see, formed a passage for itself at Larbert Church, and then appears to have been reflected

southwards, cutting out at the Red Brae what is said to have been the site of the Roman Port of ancient Camelon. Along a higher portion of the deposit, and between the two valleys, runs the Stirlingshire Midland Railway, and an inspection of the ground shows that had the eroding action continued much longer, this ridge would have disappeared and the two valleys would have been laid into one.

“God bless the fishes!—but now on the dry land,  
In days when the sun shone benign on the poles,  
Forests of ferns in the low and the high land  
Spread their huge fans, soon to change into coals!  
Forests of ferns—a wonderful verity!  
Rising like palm-trees beneath the North Pole:  
And all to prepare for the golden prosperity  
Of John Bull reposing on iron and coal.”

Space now warns us to conclude. We need hardly say that we have done little more than skirt the fringe of this interesting subject. But, in geological matters, we occupy the room of the unlearned, and quit the ground in the hope that what we have said may induce some abler pen than ours to go more fully into the many difficulties—speculations and fancies—which encompass the problem of the character and actions of the external, objective world in the remote past.

Some time ago, we concluded this sketch in manuscript, and since then an ancient river channel buried under drift, extending from Kilsyth to Grangemouth, has been discovered through means of borings for minerals. Journals of these operations were collected for the purpose of ascertaining

the depth and character of the surface deposits of the country; and it was while examining the same that the incidental discovery was made of a deep preglacial, or perhaps interglacial, trough or hollow extending from the Clyde above Bowling, by Kilsyth, to the Firth of Forth, near Grangemouth. It is clear that this hollow was due purely to denudation, as the strata which it intersects was found to be intact and unbroken beneath—consequently cut out of the solid rock. It was at first supposed that the denuding agent might be the sea; but be it observed that however effectually a sea-current might deepen and widen this trough where it was narrowest, or shallowest—that is, in the tract between Kilsyth and Castlecary—it could not have hollowed it out at either end, as these parts must have been, in that case, sunk about 410 feet below sea level, and, consequently, far beneath the eroding action of the current. Moreover, it is quite contrary to the ordinary action of sea-currents that they should cut out in the comparatively flat bottom they flow over a long narrow channel, the sides of which are everywhere steep, and in some places perpendicular, and even overhanging. For these and other reasons, it may be concluded that this hollow had been cut out by running water in the form of rivers, when the land stood higher than now. These rivers, starting from the present watershed of the district near Kilsyth would run, the one westward, flowing along the valley of the Kelvin, into the Clyde near Bowling; and the other eastward, along the present course of the Bonny Water, till it entered the Firth

of Forth near Grangemouth. The geological state of this ancient river channel is shown by the deepest bore at Grangemouth to be either just before, or shortly after the beginning of the glacial epoch, which conclusion is confirmed by the deepest bore in the western portion of the hollow. The chief geological value of this discovery consists in the evidence it affords, that at the time when water flowed down this ancient river channel into the sea, the land must have stood nearly 300 feet higher than at present. The surface of the land at Grangemouth is only 12 feet above the level of the sea; and as the bottom of this old river channel is 273 feet below the surface, it is evident that the land must have stood about 260 feet higher than now. It is satisfactory thus to find on land a confirmation of what has long been inferred from the mammalian and other remains found in the German Ocean, the English Channel, and other parts, that at a very recent period our island must have stood several hundred feet higher than at present, and formed part of the great eastern continent, which then included in its area the present isolated lands of Great Britain and Ireland.





## A VILLAGE CHARACTER.

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ALEXANDER MILLAR, *alias* Young Scatters, was born at Sunnyside, near Camelon, on the 10th October, 1817. His parents, who were not only poor and ignorant, but the father at least notoriously dissipated, lived in a dingy hovel in the above neighbourhood. Ere “wee Sandy” had outreached his infancy, the old folks removed to Larbert, and even when he was the mere child, the wild and mischievous spirit did not fail to manifest itself. Those who knew him then speak of him as a “bairn” fearless and frolicsome—fond of wandering through all the ins and outs of the village, and taking a special delight in playing tricks upon his juvenile associates. There was not a corner or loophole of the locality, in fact, which the roving and dauntless little fellow had not explored; not a boy of his acquaintance but he had either totally besmeared with mud some inclement day or other, or sent him through the still worse performance of what was called “riding the stang.” By-and-by the poor, half-starved outcast was sent to school. But Mr Oliver, who was teacher, found it impossible to give this “rough diamond” any sort of polish. Such a feverishly restless lad could not be taught even the most



rudimentary branches to any purpose. He could give his mind to nothing save mischief. Here, for example, was a somewhat characteristic display of his natural bent, and, indeed, may be taken as an ordinary specimen of his boyish freaks. The dominie had found cause to chastise Millar rather smartly one forenoon, so what does the revengeful little rogue at the dinner hour, but burns the master's chair on the school fire! He was at this time only in his twelfth year; and several other such like petty "ploys" might be narrated of him in the course of his truant-playing.

Shortly after the boy had entered his fourteenth year, he was indentured as a sailor in the service of the Carron Company. But ere he had made many trips, he fled from sea, and was nothing afterwards but a common vagabond. And young Millar, now, was a character even to look at. Wild nature had to some degree developed herself. Yet the lad was quite of ordinary stature, and by no means athletically formed—rather thin and elastic than Herculean in his person. When the young sailor so uncereemoniously left his ship, he found it necessary to take to the fields and woods. The interior of Captain Paterson's tomb, in Larbert churchyard, was his great resort when pursued by any of the officers of justice; and, coming down at night-fall from his place of refuge, he would roast a few potatoes in the fire of the neighbouring watch-house, and immediately retire again to his dismal and unsuspected "dwelling." From this period, Millar went headlong from bad to worse. He now became the

terror of the whole district—a scamp, thief, and poacher.

The means by which our “hero” obtained his first gun were quite in a piece with his every-day life. The sound of the parish church bell he could not bear—its sweet and hallowed tones acting upon his aural nerves much in the same way as they affected those of Mephistopheles; and, to escape the uneasiness thus produced, he regularly resorted to the neighbouring dam-head, where the musical peals were drowned by the rumbling and tumbling of the river. While thus lounging about the Carron one Sabbath morning, Millar found a cow, with life extinct, being borne down the stream; so, getting Crummie ashore, he set himself to the skinning of her, and actually went home with the hide wrapt round his shoulders. The appearance which the now notoriously eccentric lad presented was, to say the least of it, slightly hideous. As we have been informed by an eye-witness, he had so arranged the skin on his person as to throw out the animal’s horns from his forehead. On the day following, he bartered the hide for an old “single-barrel.” Now began the wonderful poaching career of Young Scatters. And, together with his speed of foot, he was a capital marksman. Of himself he said, “Yince I brocht doon five pairtricks at ae shot; and on the same nicht killed fourteen brace. I could sae cry, that I jist fetched them into a hatter; they didna ken me frae yin o’ themsels. Some folks hae asked whether I shot wi’ a single-barrelled gun or wi’ a double yin. But the fact is that I never cared what

kind o' a gun it was. I wad hae killed wi' a paling stab if there had been a barrel on't." And there was one special companion that never deserted Millar through his many poaching adventures. A splendid little fellow—Friday by name and a Scotch terrier by birth, with brown wiry hair and a most determined visage. He was, we believe, the best of his breed—naturally complete in all things save his tail, and even that deficiency, it is but fair to state, was no freak of nature. The *cur-tailing* had been executed to improve the dog's appearance. Between Friday and his master there existed the most friendly and intelligent alliance. How well the terrier understood the part he had to play! When not actively engaged ransacking the brushwood, he would place himself somewhere outside the plantation, and watch the approach of their mutual enemy the gamekeeper. And Millar once on the run, no local "Deerfoot" could overtake him. To quote his own words—"I never saw a dyke that I couldna manage to get owre. When, wi' some ither anes, we robbed Sir Gilbert Stirling's garden, I cleared the wall—but I had to mak twa trials—and I'm sure it was ten or eleven feet high. I thought nothing of clearing a five-barred gate; and wi' a very short race, could as easily have cleared yin of seven." When hotly pursued by the gamekeepers, it was a favourite trick of his to take to the water, and he was known, on more occasions than one, to have turned round, while in the act of swimming across the canal or river, and drown the very dogs which were at his heels. But

the following was perhaps one of his cleverest agilitic performances. A local gamekeeper, who had long been on the watch for Scatters, got him, through the persuasion of an old couple and their daughter, wiled into a game at bowls on a sward in front of their cottage; and as the poacher stooped to lift a bowl for a quiet "shot," the gamekeeper, who was concealed behind the outside door of the house, made a spring at him, but as usual missed his man. Scatters, with his wits ever about him, made off at a bound, and in the twinkling of an eye was again beyond immediate danger. His gun, however, was left behind in the hurry. But that was a loss soon to be repaired. Millar simply waited his opportunity—stole in upon the gamekeeper one day as he laid down his own fowling-piece—a double-barrelled gun to boot—and made off with it as fast as his legs could carry him.

Millar's pranks in the village were seldom worse than amusing. With all his roving inclination and thieving propensities, he was, undoubtedly, at heart a great coward. We see this from the sort of people he marked out for his victims. Nothing suited him so well as a helpless child to rob, or an unprotected woman to terrify. And could a spectacle more touchingly pitiful be presented than we have in the life of this poor vagabond and sluggard; hating everything like honest toil—delighting, with demon chuckle, in deeds of thoughtless blackguardism and rapine; yet not brave enough to face the world which he so wrongs and molests—afraid, in fact, of the very rustle of a leaf, which he mistakes

for the footsteps of avenging justice? There were many in the village which Millar, even in his most innocent days, could not muster up pluck to meet. He was as shy as he was roguish.

An early and special pleasure in which he indulged was the teasing—indeed the torturing of his poor old mother. Unnatural as it may seem, he positively gloried in the hot, burning tears and the bitter heart-agonies which the sad and sorrow-crushed woman suffered and endured on account of his foolish and reckless behaviour. Think of the confession: “I took a kind o’ pleasure,” said he, “in vexing my mither.” And in keeping with such wretched and cowardly heartlessness, it was by no means an uncommon trick of his to waylay some solitary child proceeding to Carron with her pitcher-burden of dinners, and coolly help himself by drinking the “kail” and pocketing a “piece.” On another occasion, he followed his friend, Sandy Greenoway, the sexton, into a grocer’s shop in the village, and maliciously cut the tails from a brand-new coat which the grave-digger had just put on. But worse than even that, he had Sandy almost buried alive one morning. Scatters himself thus described the scene:—“Man, there was ae day that twa or three o’ us advised Sandy to gang into a grave. He gaed, and we buried him up to the neck, and he had to be howkit out. How we laughed when we saw him coming out o’ the kirkyard wi’ a face like a dishcloot!” When hard pressed with hunger, he allowed that he was never at a loss to get “onything he thought on.” Here is his own story once more:—“I used to burn the end o’ a lang stick sharpened at



the point, and spit it through four or five loaves at once, on a baker's counter, and carry them off. There was ae nicht I took awa fifteen. And when I was under hiding, mony a bairn was cheated o' its breakfast. I was fond o' takin' away the parritch cogs that folk put out on the sole o' the window to cool. Ay! and was glad to get them." An old schoolmate tells a most characteristic story of Scatters and the porridge dishes. One afternoon Mrs G——, the village schoolmistress, sent two of her pupils to her hay-stack for fodder. When the boys got to the stack, however, they heard the grunt of a pig proceeding from its interior. Off they ran to tell the worthy dame of the circumstance; but on their return with the mistress, Millar (the pig) had decamped, yet graciously left behind him three luggies—cleared, of course, of their contents. On another occasion, too, the proprietor of Glenbervie found the fellow poaching freely over the estate. Scatters, as usual, started fleetly off the fields, when Mr Stirling at once following up, shouted vehemently that he would hunt him "to the gates of hell." Actively they went at it—pursuer and pursued—until one of the larger fences was reached, which Scatters cleared at a bound; but left Mr Stirling on the other side thoroughly beat. The poacher seeing the helpless predicament of the proprietor, turned back and jeeringly exclaimed—"Ay, man! hae ye got tae the yetts ye were rinning for at last?" and again took to flight.

A most tragic close approaches this burlesque of a life. Scatters plays the part of Pantaloon but

for a short season longer. Yet in spite of its riotous harlequinading and farce, this brief span of wasted youth had many stern realities for the "marvellous" lad who so perished through his vicious indulgences and imbecility. Summer and winter, no home—no blink of social cheer had he. A pig-sty or the "lown" side of a hay-stack was his common dormitory; and right thankful must he have been of their kindly shelter. And all this was certainly but the natural fare of indolence—the fruits of parental neglect, together with an unquestionable predisposition to rascality and sloth. Larbert, however, eventually got quit of its "wolf." Through the influence of "Sir Gilbert," Millar was apprenticed as a cooper in Dennyloanhead. But here his conduct was still more profligate and wild. By-and-by he fell into dissipation, and his passion for the gun grew with his years. Poaching now became a nightly, and indeed daily, trade with him. Nor could the fiercest threatenings of the gamekeeper terrify him into desistance. And by this time he had become quite an adept at that sort of work. A surer marksman, perhaps, never handled a weapon; and the following story, which we have from a most reliable source, may serve to show his general proficiency as a poacher. One afternoon, near Castlecary, when the gamekeepers were in hot pursuit of him, Scatters swam the canal, and had actually the barefaced audacity to kill a hare ere he had well landed on the other side. But the climax is near. On the 12th November, 1836, an old portioner, named Jarvie, is found murdered at the foot of the

garden hedge, about ten yards from his own door, at Wester Shielyards. Humanity shudders at the revolting way in which his assassination was perpetrated. According to Millar's own confession, he seized hold of a "paling stob" and drove in the old man's skull, while he was in the act of carrying a bundle of straw. The news of the horrible deed soon spread throughout the district. Immediately the police authorities were on the search for the murderer. And Scatters was at once fixed upon as the guilty villain. Nor at this time of day need we wonder much at that. He had himself owned to several parties that he had done something which, if they knew of it, would make them sorry for him. He had Jarvie's watch, too, in his possession, and actually exhibited it to satisfy a doubting acquaintance that he had assuredly killed the portioner. But how was the scamp to evade the gibbet? Sally M'Ghee, a woman with whom he cohabited, proposed that they should drown themselves. Death, however, was not a thing at all to his liking; and, dressing in the habiliments of a woman, he took to the woods, but was ultimately apprehended in a ditch in "Hunter's Volley." Here he was completely besieged. Several special constables on horseback surrounded the outskirts of the plantation on all sides, so as to make his escape impossible. They had with great difficulty hunted him thus far, and the bird must not be lost sight of now. Realizing the fix in which he was at last placed, Millar ran to an iron pit for the purpose of throwing himself headlong into its gloomy precincts;

but, in his own words, God denied him even strength for that cowardly ultimatum.

On the 18th of March, 1837, Millar was tried at Edinburgh for the wilful murder of old Jarvie. Rutherford, then Solicitor-General, together with Mr Innes, conducted the prosecution; while Mr Logan was counsel for the prisoner. After what has already been said of the condemnatory features of the assassination, it is unnecessary to enter into the judiciary details of the trial. Mr Logan's defence on behalf of his unhappy client was exceedingly able and ingenious; but the evidence against Millar was of the clearest character. Justice, in fact, was the very thing which he had most reason to fear; and, passing over particulars, the sentence of the court was that the malefactor should die on the gibbet—that he should suffer the extreme penalty of the law at the hands of the common hangman.

Mr Logan's defence was little comprehended by Millar; still, in his own words, he “saw weel eneugh that Maister Logan was keen keen to get him aff. He was that way, that I really think, if he could have managed it, he would have carried me out in his pouch. *It'll be a lang time ere I forget Maister Logan.*” Meadowbank, however, he called “a chatterin' body, wha did naething a' the time o' the trial but gabble and eat sweeties.”

Immediately before leaving the court-room for the gibbet, Millar fervently requested that a portion of the 5th Hymn should be sung—“I leave the world without a tear;” after which the parable of the Prodigal Son was read, and that followed by a most

affecting and appropriate prayer. The gallows was erected outside the walls of Stirling Jail. Millar placed himself on the hideous drop with a firm step. And unusual precautions were taken even yet for his security. A rope was attached to the belt with which his arms were bound, so as to prevent the possibility of his leaping down from the platform into the assembled mob. To the last he held that he was innocent of Jarvie's murder; and when on bidding him farewell, a friend begged of him to declare whether or not he was guilty, his reply was, "No, no!" But a characteristic action still remains to be performed. An aunt, foreseeing the certain end of such wanton irregularities, strangely prophesied, in her nephew's hearing, that he would yet die with the shoes on his feet. To make her words false, Millar, even while bearing the death-cap under the fatal drop, forced off his shoes and kicked them from the scaffold. At length the executioner pulled the bolt, and Scatters was launched into eternity.







P O E M S.





## P O E M S .

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### WAR AND LOVE.

BARD with stream-notes Ossianic, tune I now my pipe  
to sing

Of the Carron's classic waters, while as yet their  
copses ring

With the love-song of the mavis and the blackbird's  
roundelay,

Lutings sweetest far and blithest at the early break  
of day.

Wild the music of the river, gushing from the Lennox  
hills

Down through glen and strath historic, rushing till  
it floods and fills

Eye poetic with its grandeur, ear heroic with its tale  
Of the Past's red stream of carnage—coronach with  
sob and wail.

Not in summer, when its waters babble in pellucid  
rill,

Flows the Carron as I've seen it, thundering with the  
torrent's will

Over cliff into the cauldron, where the kelpies wildly  
shrieked,  
Or like demon, onward leaping, mad to have its  
passion wreaked.

Fierce the hissing of the river by tradition's hallowed  
linn!

Through "The Lady's Loup" triumphant, see its  
eddies how they spin!

And list to the boiling spring-spate, wheeling round  
the Douglas cave,

Sound as awesome as the groanings of a grisly  
goblin's grave!

Then how sad the fate of valley, flooded with the  
roaring tide!

All the plain so rich and seedful, drowned in lakelets  
far and wide;

Nor is scene, alas! a rare one, of both corse and  
carcass borne

Down to ocean on the red-spate, that holds "break"  
and bank in scorn.

But serene the Carron gurgles in the rays of rosy June,  
Scarce a ripple with its wending—nerveless in the  
scorching noon,

Until wedded with the Bonny, when it trips with  
festal grace

Through the bosky glades so fragrant, in the vale of  
Dunipace;

And sends feeders full to dam-lip into many a still  
retreat,

Where the mill-stones loudly clamour, where the  
great forge-hammers beat.



Here is heard the clang of armour; here is seen the  
flash of steel;

Mail-clad knights with axe and dagger, fated to  
invader's heel:

For tradition, hoar and haggard, points to Caledonians  
slain,

Whose green-mantled tombs, tree-crested, in two  
tumuli remain.

And to Charlie, the Pretender, wildling of the heath  
and cave,

With his martial clan elated, here the Carron fording  
gave.

What a mimicry of kinghood—Chieftain of the  
yellow locks!

Prince of Beauty! whom misfortune from the toe  
to bonnet mocks.

But of other mould a hero sought the river in re-  
treat—

Wallace, chief of patriot-martyrs, kinglly even in  
defeat.

See him, leonine defender of his country's dearest  
rights,

Standing out by far the noblest of the Scoto-Norman  
knights.

Just beyond the tawny sand-bank, near the furnace  
glare and glow,

Held he commune, o'er the streamlet, with his  
mighty Southron foe,

As from Redding Muir he hasted, leaving Stuart and  
the Graham

Dead upon the gory war-field, with Comyn of fiery  
fame.

Earnestly the Bruce entreated, fond to soothe the  
Celtic ire  
That within the breast of Wallace burn'd an ever-  
flaming fire ;  
But that hate of English thralldom, with its savage  
mien and lust,  
Was a root-fast growth of valour, not a petty  
passion-gust.

Hark ! the bell-tones, sweet as music from fair  
Beulah's shining shore ;  
Ring, O Sexton ! ring the belfry—charm against the  
imps of yore.  
'Tis the Kirk of Larbert, looking with a worship-  
deepen'd peace  
Down upon the lovely vale—a plain but pretty edifice.  
Enter, saint and sinner, enter—sweet the singing of  
the psalm,  
And the “still small voice” pervading in and out  
the holy calm :  
Hear'st thou not the tenor Carron joining in the  
choral call,  
O'er the verdant grove that slopeth from the ivied  
churchyard wall ?  
Bruce here rests, the early hero who explored the  
mystic Nile ;  
Turn into the sacred pasture—by his tombstone  
muse awhile :  
Think what valour, love of country, burned within  
that kingly breast ;  
Think of his revilers vanquish'd ; think of such a  
patriot's rest.

Here, too, sleeps my comrade Aitken, soul-twin  
through my checquer'd morn ;  
Comrade still for all the future, though from me so  
rudely torn.

Once I knew not which was deepest, grief for thy  
untimely end,

Or this heart of mine so bleeding with the sunder-  
ment of friend :

But those later years have taught me—yet 'twould  
shame thee to repine—

That the gain was all with Aitken, that the loss alone  
was mine.

On through greenest glades the river sings and  
sparkles to the Forth,

Hiding, playfully, its windings as it jouks from  
south to north.

Broomage Ford, old haunt of lovers, dear to me thy  
pools and braes ;

Scene of many a happy ploiter in gay childhood's  
holidays ;

From thy grassy eddy-islets, which were kiss'd with  
gentle swirl,

Have I watched the mermaids bathe, and in the  
mazy dances whirl ;

Watch'd the linnets dress their feathers ; heard the  
cuckoo's plaintive cry ;

Gazed for hours into the dell, to get a peep of bird  
so shy.

Ah ! how silvery sang the Carron in its wantonness  
of joy !

But its foam-bells were less airy than the heart of  
poet-boy.

Not in melody enchanting could such gleeful mirth  
be sung—

Mirth that had no birth in sadness, and is not for  
human tongue.

O'er the stepping-stones we bounded, Dora Honey-  
lips and I,

To the breezy banks where grasses kiss'd in wavelets  
with a sigh:

Dora smiled to see such wooing of the flower and  
counterpart,

As the rill-born wind so gently brought the lilies  
heart to heart.

Or with fingers locked we rambled through the  
whin-heath and the brake,

Hunting for the nest of chaffinch, or of duck by  
Lamond's lake;

And when bush was found with barelings, what a  
cast of sparkling eyes

From beneath the rashy chaplets, to the cozy  
“gorblin” prize!

Steathily a glance was taken in amongst the gaping  
brood,

And repeated, ere the scamper to the stream-side  
from the wood.

Where we nestled, minnow-anglers of the Carron's  
fairy pools.

Pensively, O river, murmur for thy Dora in the mools!

But the Carron has a purpose in its ever-widening  
flow,

Service must be rendered Commerce everywhere  
its waters go ;  
To the works where mighty forges send without  
gigantic plant,  
Keeping thousands—wives and children—from the  
bitter pangs of want ;  
Where the roaring fiery furnace issues forth its  
forking flame,  
Where the sweat of blackened workmen gives to toil  
an honest name.  
Dams and basins here are furnished for the local  
lighter fleet  
Plying to and from the “Sea-Lock,” now a rising  
shipping seat.  
Then the Carron hurries onward to the Forth in  
union free,  
Giving all its self and sources to the deep and  
boundless sea.

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## THE FALKIRK WATER.

1865.

Wae on the dreedfu' state o' things,  
That a' the toun is loudly mourning ;  
They've pooshion'd, noo, oor water springs,  
And heartlessly the wrang are scorning.

Shame fa' that sinfu' Railway Co.,  
For this sad plisky they ha'e played us ;  
'Twould sav'd the wauchts, and e'en the woe,  
Had they jist cer'mently arrayed us.



Tae set my mind a wee at rest,  
I broach'd the Coouncil on the matter ;  
When they thus answer'd my request—  
“A smut o' tar's got in the water.”

It seems the sleeper-fac'tries stand,  
Richt overhead the fountain storehouse ;  
And ever seething through the sand,  
The pitch is noo ayont the Poorhouse.

But we a' kent, frae very stink,  
The sort o' *scum* that's made us sickly—  
That's fairly spoil't oor meat and drink ;  
And yet oor waes are borne sae meekly.

O whaur's teetotal action gone !  
Thae so-called maister-hans o' railin' !  
They little dream o' what's gaun on ;  
The thoosands wha are nichtly *ailin'*.

But hoo should we ha'e nae remead,  
We, wha are burden'd sair wi' cesses ?  
Hoo should oor bairnies cry for bread,  
And starve withoot their parritch messes ?

The auld folks, tae, are spaned frae tea ;  
And as for kail, nae wean can sup them ;  
I'm perfectly deleerit, see !  
Let's at the Co.—the law shall whup them.

Oor Clerk has put me up tae this,  
That every day the evil's lastin',  
The Palmerites must pay doon jis'  
Some hunner pound, without a quastin.

But what's a' that tae loss o' health,  
And waur than a', tae loss o' braething?  
'Twould raily seem—thae men o' wealth  
Kill honest folks, and coont it naething.

---

## CRADLE SONG.

Whishtie ! whishtie ! little pet,  
Noo, noo, no' a single fret ;  
Minnie canna cuddle yet  
Her wee darling sonnie.

Creep it 'mang the blankets cozie ;  
Think it in its Minnie's bozie,  
Borin' wi' its wee bit nosie,  
At a breest o' honey.

Ah ! it spurns—anither pain !  
Lang eneuch the dawtie's lain,  
Plaguit like nae ither wean,  
Come my jewel bonnie.

Surcey a' ! O what a row.  
At the head-screech, and its pow  
Reddens as it were on low,  
No' tae please wi' ony.

See its deddie there, and a',  
Cruel hivies flee awa',  
Gie my dooie lea'e tae fa'  
Into sleep, sweet sonnie.

## THE FLOWER O' AVON GLEN.

Come, lassie ! free ye o' dull care,  
And meet me in yon hawthorn den ;  
That I wi' love beyond compare  
May woo the flower o' Avon Glen.

Blithe nature, in this rosy spring,  
Is fairer than the burnish'd dove ;  
While linties pipe on very wing,  
Wi' hearts sae fu' o' mating love.

And hear, 'mid Manuel's leafy woods,  
The cushats wi' their plaintive croon ;  
As lav'rocks gay, 'mid fleecy cluds,  
Come singing frae the hie-lift doon.

And o'er fair Booden's tangled braes  
The broom in tassell'd beauty shines ;  
Oh ! nocht has sound or show o' waes,  
But whaur fond love for fond love pines ;

Or wi' the thrush whase nest is gane,  
Prey to some thochtless laddie's e'e ;  
Sae dolefully it sits alane,  
Heart-broken on the leafy tree.

But, lassie, hoo should we be wae,  
Wi' sic a wealth o' love in store ?  
In heart o' thine myself I'd lay—  
Sweet flow'rs are sweetest at the core.

A LADDIE'S LAMENT.

*August, 1846.*

O mither, come and tak' the wean.  
Whaur can my nest o' speugs hae gane?  
The cat, I wager, has them taen,  
    See, they're twa heads;  
I've aften said I wud her spane  
    Frae sic like deeds.

"But, Archie! ye maun be discreet.  
Noo, jist reflec' wha should be beat;  
'Twas you that snar'd their little feet,  
    Wi' joy elate;  
Dry up your tears, ye needna greet,  
    But mind their fate.

"Embosom the advice I gie ye,  
Through thick and thin aye carry't wi' ye,  
Perhaps 'twill be a guardian tae ye,  
    In life's sad bustle;  
Yea mair, wha kens but it may free ye  
    Frae Franklin's whistle.

"O Archie! ye get mony a lesson.  
Tae wisdom's breast then childlike fessen;  
Your faither labours hard impressin'  
    Your mind wi' knowledge;  
He's gien your brains an unco dressin',  
    Micht fit for college."

I thank ye baith for what ye've din,  
By guid example, stick, and spin;  
And though in virtue's paths I'd rin,  
    May step agee.  
Then, mither, look I up for yin,  
    Tae strengthen me.

---

### HEMPIE JEAN.

A rosy-robed fairy cam' hansel tae me  
    Ae nicht, wi' a winter blast drifting and keen;  
This ither we gat jist that twa nicht agree,  
    And gied the wee stranger her grannie's name, Jean.

A darling wee dooie the howdie brocht hame,  
    Her cuddlin' and coaxin' are mair than a croon;  
And maybe it's true that I'm no free o' blame  
    In makin' the lassie sae steerin' a loon.

Nae speedwell that sparkles wi' dew-siller'd stem,  
    Has een mair bewitching at day's dawning hours;  
Nae rosebud in promise can match wi' the gem  
    Wha's peer tae the fairest in Flora's lo'ed bowers.

Nae lammie that gambols o'er summer's gay meads,  
    Is fouer o' frolic or fonder o' play;  
Nae butterfly sports where the honey-bee feeds  
    Wi' airier revel than my merry fay.

She's up in the morning as fresh as a trout,  
    And lang ere the sleep is aff wifie and me,  
She's screechin', and gabbin', and tumblin' about,  
    Like ony wee mermaid on breast o' the sea.



On partin' at meal-time, the sweet, cheery mou'  
Is up for a smackie, wi' tiptoe delight ;  
And mad, by my coat-tails, and madder she'll pou,  
As if the bit hempie had railly gane gyte.

And O, but the hame-come coves a' in its glee,  
'Twould ease ony aching o' heart or o' bane ;  
Nae toil can o'ercome me, nae cares o' life gee,  
While cheer'd wi' the love o' sae winning a wean.

---

TO ISA.

I wonder if she thinks of me,  
Sweet Isa, whom I lov'd in youth ;  
I love her still, to tell the truth,  
Though mine she nevermore can be.

She lives within a rustic cot,  
'Neath which the Dora gaily sings ;  
But, now, a merrier music rings  
From "fairies" in the garden plot.

Why should I thus illume my lays  
With Isa, and her children dear ?  
Ah ! she to me is ever near,  
The darling of my early days.

## OUT OF WORK.

Our present lot, dear wife, is drear,  
But check despair, heart-fight the tear ;  
It may be brighter times are near.

Have we not seen, on darkest day,  
The silver lining with its ray  
Gleam out, and shine the gloom away ?

'Tis hard to hold the ready pen  
Outside the ranks of busy men,  
With nought for cheer, but—"call again."

Yet, what though bitter tides prevail,  
We've youth and health to breast the gale,  
Your hand in mine, I cannot fail.

I know that face had looked less wan,  
Could I have shown, when ills began,  
More grit and temper of the man.

God of the weak ! strength of the strong !  
Who know'st the singer and his song,  
O guide him from the paths of wrong.

Be Thou his stay ; and Lord impart  
Thy succour to the broken heart ;  
Our loving Father still Thou art.

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

Brother Jack lay sick and dying,  
In his hammock swung,  
'Neath the yard reefs gaily flying ;  
While the wild waves sung  
A vesper, with their plaintive moan,  
As boldly blew Euroclydon.

Fiercer roll'd the mocking ocean,  
Wailing—sore distress'd—  
For poor Jack, no balmy lotion ;  
For the sea no rest.  
“ Well ! how now, comrade, feels the bed ? ”  
“ Ha ! look ye,” said he, “ land's ahead ! ”

Morning dawn'd ! but still the heaving  
Of the bosoms twain ;  
Fast the tide of life was leaving  
One poor troubled main.  
Again his achings we anoint,  
When murmurs Jack—“ Rounding the point ! ”

Evening came ! and all was *restful* ;  
Calm the sea and sky ;  
Jack had got a Christian's *breastful*  
Of Heaven's peace, to die.  
“ How blows the gale, Jack ? Soft at last ? ”  
“ Right ! comrades, right ! the anchor's cast ! ”

## IN MEMORIAM.

HARRY LIDDELL MITCHELL.

*Born 23rd July, 1878. Died 11th April, 1879.*

Baby "Punchie" has departed,  
Leaving Ma-ma broken-hearted,  
Gone to home above ;  
Darling, now, we cannot keep thee ;  
Farewell, Harry ! sweetly sleep thee,  
God, our God, is love.

How I longed for Pa's returning !  
Ever praying, with tears burning  
In my grief-dim eyes,  
That he would be here to kiss thee,  
Here to see, and to caress thee,  
'Mid our bitter sighs.

But our Saviour could not tarry ;  
Angels waited little Harry,  
Round the throne of God ;  
All unseen, He gently took thee,  
When thy waning life forsook thee,  
And we kiss the rod.

Yet, O yet ! thy very toys  
Will recall departed joys,  
All thy mirth and more.  
Baby "Punchie," thou hast left us ;  
Still, though death has thus bereft us,  
Thou'rt but gone before.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILFRID CARTER MILLER,

(Contributed to "*Words of Comfort.*")

Little Wilfrid gone to rest ;  
Sweet as cherub, fitly dressed,  
As a Saviour's saintly guest.

Baby-bud, in wisdom taken  
To that land, where bloom unshaken  
Throne-flowers never sun-forsaken.

Passing strange that should be seen  
Reaper with his sickle keen,  
Mowing harvest fields so green.

The agèd, yellow for the sheaf,  
May fall without the wail of grief ;  
Earth-weary, long they for relief.

Sweetly sleep'st thou on thy bier ;  
Heaven, 'twould seem, is very near ;  
Little Wilfrid, thou art here.

Just one kiss—the last on earth—  
God-given darling of our hearth !  
Dead, but to diviner birth.

Great our joy when home thou camest,  
Picture-born of him thou namest ;  
Evermore our love thou claimest.



'Twas thy winning, gleeful heart,  
Made it sad with thee to part,  
Gave thy going back its smart.

Yet those years must number few,  
Ere to earth we bid adieu,  
Crowned in heaven, rejoining you.

---

#### A MESSAGE.

Kate, yestreen I met your Jamie,  
And a happy nicht had we ;  
Guess the something he sent wi' me :  
'Twas a smack nae less for thee.

“ Na, na, Colin ! you're owre friendly,  
Fine I ken the tricks ye try ;  
Though your manner is sae kindly,  
Sic a gift I maun deny.”

Will ye no' believe me, lassie ?  
Why sae doubt my word, and me ?  
Tutz ! ye needna be sae saucy,  
Hae the kiss was meant for thee.

“ Weel, I railly think I'll hae it,  
Gin it cam' frae his ain mou' ;  
Sae jist be as guid as gae it,  
For the sake o' him I lo'e.”

“ WAR.”

What a masterpiece, O Paton, limner of the tragic  
tales

Furnish’d by the cannon’s havoc, such as soldier’s  
cot unveils;

Husband home, both maimed and sickly, to a loving  
wife’s embrace

Melting in its tender *feeling*; pallid, too, her grief-  
worn face.

He who could survey, heart-callous, heaths blood-  
red with battle foot,

Must, in truth, be e’en as soulless as the rock-born  
“ Maids of Bute.”

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DUOLOGUE.

“ Come, gie’s yer sang,” the Slater said  
Tae squinting Willie Lee ;

“ What need o’ that,” was Will’s reply,  
“ When ye have aye my glee?”

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EPITAPH.

For ony sake gang cannie by,  
And dinna rouse him up ;  
Jock soundly sleeps, sae let him lie  
Frae grog, horse, cart, and whup.

## A VILLAGE TERMAGANT.

All is quietness! What's ado?

"Meg Moodie's dead."

Is she gane? If it be true,

Keep doon her head.

---

## A REVERIE.

Rest! O brothers, rest! and listen to the song of  
mother Earth;

Listen to her tones of sadness—listen to her voice of  
mirth;

Let thy fancy frame the pæans uttered with seraphic  
joy.

When into the land Judean came the promised Syrian  
boy.

Music truly is eternal, speech of Heaven, where life  
is love,

Language of diviner natures, happy in the world  
above;

And to earth the charm extended of the common gift  
of praise,

Man and nature strive, unceasing, in the rapture of  
their lays.

Had I but the lute Phœbean, or Apollo's golden lyre,  
Then in worthy warblings would I, sweet as Queen  
of Lydian choir,

Sing of all the choral voices heard in Nature's concert-  
hall,

Of the music soft and swelling—harmonies that never  
pall.

Oh ! how sweet the liquid tinklings of the merry  
rippling rills,  
Songful now as when they mingled in the anthems of  
the hills !  
Charming, too, the flute Æolian sounding in the castle  
towers,  
As the wind, with wings Pegasian, whistles through  
the eerie hours.

But the summer breathes a zephyr burdened with the  
hum of bees,  
That, o'er ev'ry golden chalice, revel deep in nectaries :  
Hive-born artists fondly buried in the gaysome laugh-  
ing rose,  
Toiling through the honied petals of the sweetest  
"moss" that blows.  
And the carol of the sky-lark rouseth all the feathered  
throng,  
Tuneth throats till every warbler joins in one melo-  
dious song ;  
Nor less rich the life-stream hummings of the bustling  
city street,  
Music that, with passion movements, gives to pulse a  
thrilling beat,  
Such as rings in sounds heart-stirring from the mighty  
hammer's stroke,  
Sounds the chief of deafening voices heard amid the  
foundry's smoke.

Happy country ! land of freedom ! where no cannon's  
boom alarms ;

Where no foreign foe distracteth with the ghastly  
gloom of arms.  
Long, O Britain, may thy home hearths know the  
tranquil joys of peace !  
Long may plenty fill thy garner ! soon may every  
guild-strife cease !  
Yet we want a song celestial : " Peace and good-  
will ! " theme sublime !  
And 'tis ours, my brothers, truly ours, to speed the  
coming time.  
Think ye such a strain too saintly for the human  
voice to reach,  
Dreaming that the " key " millennial suits alone  
angelic speech ?  
Rid thy mind of such a falsehood, have a faith both  
fast and free  
In the kingdom of thy being, in the perfect man to be.





## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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### ROUND ABOUT FALKIRK.

Mr Gillespie has produced an interesting little book in which he shows considerable familiarity with the "historical and antiquarian landmarks" of the counties of Stirling and Linlithgow.—*Scotsman*, October 6th, 1868.

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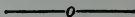
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